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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

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Martineau

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God our Father; man our brother

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

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The decrease in the number of British seamen, and in expert knowledge in that decreasing body, has caused the national committee on sea training to recommend an expenditure of one million dollars annually in subsidies to training ships and shore institutions for all trained boys reaching the required standard. Shipowners are to be given a money allowance for carrying indentured boy sailors. Andrew Furuseth says that unless conditions for sailors be improved on the Pacific Coast it will be found necessary to admit Chinese and Japanese to citizenship to provide for the navigation of our shipping. This illustrates the working of the power for righteousness. Natural laws, in the long run, seem to compel at least decency in the treatment of our fellowmen.

Sir William Gilbert was a public benefactor. He demonstrated that wit and fun and gaiety may be all the more delightful for being clean. He could be good-naturedly satirical and was never bitter, though his cuts were keen. He was never dull, and his fooling often had a purpose. His philosophy he seems to have put in the mouth of Jack Point, in the "Yeoman of the Guard." The lieutenant says: "And so, good fellow, you are a jester. Tell me, what are your qualifications for the part?" To which Jack replies: "Marry, sir, I have a pretty wit. I can rhyme you extempore; I can convulse you with quip and conundrum; I have the lighter philosophies at my tongue's tip; I can be merry, wise,

quaint, grim and sardonic by one, or all at once.

"I can teach you with a quip if I've a mind;
I can trick you into learning with a laugh;
Oh, winnow all my folly and you'll find
A grain or two of truth among the chaff."

Proof in the law of compensation is afforded by the testimony of the knowing as to the effect of the automobile monomania. Ministers of the gospel charge them with decimating their congregations, and it is by no means a "flattering unction." It is probably a large contributing cause to thin attendance at church on pleasant Sundays. But there are other practices far less commendable that also are interfered with. One who knows avers that the saloon business in San Francisco isn't anything near so good as it used to be, and he attributes it largely to the automobile habit. He says people who used to spend a good deal of money at the bars of saloons save it up and buy machines, and Sundays and pleasant nights they go out in them, and the saloons see mighty little of them.

This being the case, we must in final settlement with these "devil wagons," as a pious farmer friend calls them, place to the credit of the large debit account a just allowance for diverting the support of that great social barnacle—the saloon.

The social changes wrought by invention through the providing of new forms of amusement are a striking feature of modern life. It is said that fifty-five thousand miles of motion picture films a year are required to meet the world's demand, which is still rising. Indeed, the industry is in its infancy. In its advanced forms of cinematography, it is moving forward to a high plane, necessitating an investment that will bring the total to five hundred million dollars.

At the present time rooms in the New Gallery in Regent Street, London, are being converted into a cinematograph theater at an expense of three hundred thousand dollars.

The cost of films is steadily advancing. Sir Herbert Tree, the foremost of English actors, was lately paid a fee of ten thousand dollars for his services in posing for a play. The Kalem Company lately sent a complete company to Palestine to depict, on the historic spots, the scenes portrayed in the gospels. The original film, from which many copies are now being made, is insured for five hundred thousand dollars. In London six hundred thousand people on the average attend the "picture palaces" on each Sunday.

The possibility for the extension of information and knowledge, as well as of entertainment and amusement is incalculable, and it certainly conduces to better family life when a father of limited means takes his children, at the cost of one glass of beer per head, and sees something that extends his knowledge, or with them enjoys a good laugh. It is far better than earning a headache in a corner grocery or a demoralizing saloon.

The meeting of this combined danger and opportunity demands discrimination and control. The owners will give, when permitted, what the public demands. Responsibility for censorship on the part of the authorities cannot be avoided, but the final and the best control is in the hands of the people. If the best is demanded, it will be furnished. If the demoralizing is shunned, it will shrink to nothingness. New forms have no effect on old principles. The eternal distinction between use and abuse still presents itself. It is the part of wisdom to welcome the new, and to see to it that it augments the good.

In the October *Unitarian Advance*, Mrs. Henrietta R. Eliot, of Portland, Ore., contributes a suggestive article on "Should the Church Go to Smith?" in which she continues the discussion began in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. Nicholson's article last June, entitled, "Should Smith Go to Church?" She makes many valuable comments on the situation and views the subject of church-going from many points. The strings most freely harped upon in criticism of the church are,—

Its shortcomings in social work, and its failure to "attract" people to its services. This last may or may not be wholly the fault of the church, for while it is sometimes true that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," and finally stop looking up, it is equally true that the sheep do not always want the food that is good for them; and there are few sadder things in the church to-day than the frequent spectacle of a minister who, in his efforts to "attract" a big congregation, lowers the church service almost to the level of vaudeville.

She gives a graphic account of her recent attendance at a crowded church, when the subject was "Play Ball: Hits Hot from the Bat," from which she returned to her hotel sick at heart at what she had heard and also failed to hear.

Regarding social service she makes this pertinent observation:

The lack of activity in social service is a serious charge, and only too often a just one. But it, too, needs a "grain of salt," for although social service is the natural, indeed inescapable, accompaniment of true church activity, it is not, if I am right, its primary function. That function, I take it, is to plant and foster religion in the hearts of men and women; a religion that will indeed issue, not only in love of God, but in love to man, with all that this implies of social service. Food and water, air and light, are not blood and bone, but they make it; and churches are not primarily clubs for good citizenship or the relief of the poor; but

if doing their duty, they are inspiring people to just these things.

You may say, "Why, then, is secular philanthropy so successful?" The question seems apt; but does not another one answer it? Would a single so-called secular philanthropy exist to-day but for what the church (with all its sins and blunders through the two thousand years of its existence) has brought into and kept alive in the world? I believe speaking largely, that every secular philanthropy is as truly the offspring of the church as if housed in one of its buildings and supported by its contribution-box; but its work is often better done by virtue of better business management than that of the philanthropies conducted directly by the church. Indeed it is sometimes wiser for church members to do such social service work as they have strength for, under the direction of one of these well-managed plans than to start another in their own church.

As to liberalizing theology, she points out two dangers:

One, the recklessly destructive criticism which, so to speak, pulls a man's house about his ears, and goes off smiling, without offering him a better shelter. The other, the ignoring of all theological differences with a sort of glorified good nature, or pooh-poohing indifference. The first, namely destructive criticism, is responsible for very many of the Smiths among thinking and reading men. Their faith in the old beliefs is irrecoverably gone, and no new ones replace them. They have, as they often express it, "thought themselves out," and they do not care enough about it to think themselves in again by another door. There are ministers who could help them to a faith at once reverent and emancipated, but they do not care to hunt them up. They have been fooled once, and they do not care to try it again.

She admits freely that the church has great need "to mend its ways," but does not admit that Smith's non-attendance upon its services is entirely its fault.

A part of the blame lies with Smith himself and with the social and economic

conditions which make so many of him possible. Smith was probably honest in saying that he left his church because it failed to satisfy his needs; but how much finer a thing it would have been to have stayed with it and helped it to satisfy somebody else's needs!

Her final conclusion is:

I doubt if anyone is wise enough to tell the church, as a whole, just what to do. Individual churches must work out the problem on their own ground as the light comes to them. I think, however, one general principle is safe to follow; that all methods be measured by what they help the church to do for humanity rather than for its own upbuilding, either in numbers or churchly equipment, for more real good is often done by a small church with a modest building and congregation than by more pretentious ones with "a name to live." It is as true for a church as a soul that "he that seeketh his life shall lose it."

If anything were needed to prove that the Japanese are awake and alert, and not engrossed in material life, one might peruse the English titles of the articles in Japanese in the October *Kikugo-Zasshi*. Among them, the first place is given to "The Controversy on Life Force—Rev. R. J. Campbell vs. Mr. Bernard Shaw," "Ideal of Unity," "Bergson and Nietzsche," "Translation of a French Poem," "On the Hill of Jerusalem," "The Control of Vagabonds and Their Relief," "In Memory of General Booth," "A Talk on Methyl Alcohol," "Study of the Fourth Gospel," "Tanka," "All the World Theistic Conference" (by Dr. Wendte), "Criticism of Memorial Songs of the Late Emperor," "On the Death of General Nogi," "The Background of the Military Tragedy," "Christian View of Suicide" and "The Latest Impressions."

We are in receipt of No. 1 of Vol. I of *Church and State*, a publication devoted to the preservation of American

institutions. It is published at 27 Beacon Street, Boston, monthly, at 50 cents a year, and hopes within a year to have a circulation of two million. It contends that the most important question before the American people is the relation of church and state, and finds in the action of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, lately held in Louisville, Kentucky, demanding government support of parochial schools, a serious menace. It declares that it will not be a narrow or intolerant publication, but that it will speak the truth fearlessly at all times.

When we are called upon to put our judgment in action we need to be forewarned of the danger of unconscious prejudice. Every individual has certain predilections, and unless the knowledge of the fact is kept in mind due allowance will not be made for the consequent handicap. If a person has a scale that does not balance till he puts on an eight-ounce weight, he can never weigh fairly if he forgets to add it or allow for it. We are apt to favor what we like, and to be partial to the attitude we ourselves occupy. It is hard to do justice to those we do not approve and to be fair to those who are not quite fair to us.

Take the matter of succeeding. There are different ways of getting what we think we want. There is the way of patiently working—steadily pursuing, waiting if need be, winning perhaps through a slowly accomplished change of conviction or feeling, and there is the resistless assault, the violence of ruthless energy that scorns patience and beats down all opposition. In the physical world there are distinct forces that accomplish results. The sun shines genially, the gentle warmth coaxes the sap to flow, and the tree grows. Storms rage, the angry wind assails the tree, and it falls. In the world of business, one man is bold, strong, aggressive. He pursues his course

with determination and he succeeds. Another is perhaps finer by nature. He is considerate of others, and he lacks the strong directness and vigor that commands success. He does not succeed in the same way or to the same extent. He may not succeed at all so far as business goes. He may not care, but if he does, he must not feel injured and wronged at his lack of success or indulge the thought that his moderation and kindness entitle him to something he has failed to get.

No one is entitled to anything for which he is not willing to pay the price. Success is dependent upon the kind of effort that accomplishes it, and a man may have a clean heart and a pure soul without being in any manner a successful business man; and, having none of the elements that win material success, he has no right to expect it. One preacher is gentle, persuasive, kindly; he wins the few who learn to love him. Another is vehement and exudes vigor. He puts passion in his appeals and stirs the sluggards and the sleepers. He arouses and perhaps arrests and inspires. Still another, from the depths of his feeling and the heights of his faith, strengthens the faltering, brings courage to the faint-hearted and plants the seeds of trust, aspiration and devotion. Each does his best work when he accepts with simplicity his own nature and is true to it, not assuming or copying another's way and not indulging in either envy or severity of judgment.

There are also quite diverse methods in the pursuit of the avocation of the reformer. There are those who have been led to distrust short cuts and violent methods. They are disposed to be more or less patient and to trust to the slow processes of education. They are commonly classed as conservatives.

There are others who are constitu-

tionally impatient. They want what they want *now*, and their impulse is to fight for it. They are apt to use strong language and to assail all who differ from them with harsh severity.

These temperamentally different reformers need to be on guard lest they judge unfairly. They both need to remember that the manner is comparatively unimportant, and in a large measure a natural form of expression. The progressive who shouts must not think that no man can favor progress unless he shouts, and the calm, mild-mannered progressive need not conclude that the man who seems chronically mad is merely noisy and not sincerely in earnest.

We are on the eve of a national election, peculiarly disturbing and trying in the deepest sense. For better or worse, intense feeling has been stirred and apparently the national administration is to pass to a party long exiled from power. The contingency is the success of a new party formed, let us admit, by men who ventured all for principle, or the continuation of an administration handicapped by the character of its support and by the result of action on the part of the new aspirants for control that is justified with difficulty.

The situation demands on the part of all determined fairness of judgment. Whoever succeeds, the interests of our common country, under the grave questions that confront it, call loudly for consideration, for just forbearance, for mutual co-operation in promoting justice and in carrying out or giving a fair chance of success to all honest efforts to promote the public good and minister to the individual well-being of our citizens. When the smoke of battle settles, let all accept the situation and give peace, real peace, a chance to do its perfect work.

C. A. M.

Notes

Rev. Thos. Clayton of Fresno resumed the evening services on October 6th, speaking on "The Great Mikado of Japan, Mutso Hito." The musical program included piano and violin solos as well as vocal selections. On October 16th he preached in the evening at Hanford on "The Unitarian Message."

Rev. N. A. Baker was given a farewell reception on October 3d, the night before his departure from Eureka to take up his residence in Alameda. The attendance was not confined to his church people, as he is highly thought of by all citizens.

An interesting item in *The Christian Life* of London records that Rev. Benjamin A. Goodridge, of Santa Barbara, California, is at present in London. He and Mrs. Goodridge will spend the autumn in England and the winter in Italy.

At the opening service of the Bellingham church after the summer vacation, Rev. Fred Alban Weil preached a sermon marking five years of service as minister in Bellingham, the title of his discourse being "Five Years and What Does It Mean?" It means a good deal to any community when a good preacher gives it continuously to uphold and quicken the best in thought and life.

The Woodland church has let the contract for building a community clubhouse, and the work will be pressed diligently. It is designed to afford a place for nurturing the social community life under proper conditions. It will without doubt be of distinct advantage to the church and the community.

Rev. Thos. Van Ness preached his first sermon before the Second Church of Brookline, Mass., on October 7th, taking for his subject, "What This Church Hopes to Do for Those Attending." He drew a comparison between living conditions a century ago and those of the present, and expressed a doubt if greater happiness had resulted. Jesus did not preach that contentment comes from externals. His message was that peace

and happiness proceeded from the inner spirit.

Abdul Baha, leader of the Bahai movement, who occupied the pulpit of the San Francisco church on October 5th, spoke on the evening of October 8th in the Unitarian Church of Palo Alto.

Dr. Martin A. Meyer, rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, addressed the Unitarian Club of Alameda on October 16th on "Newcomers to America." Dr. Meyer is endeavoring to awaken the residents of the Pacific Coast to action regarding the influx of immigration that will come from European countries with the opening the Panama Canal. From thenceforward European immigrants may be expected to come to the Pacific Coast quite as fully as they will to the Atlantic. He urges that we should be prepared to meet, and intelligently care for this great influx of strangers, and not leave them to shift for themselves, and become the prey of corrupt influences, moral and political, as they have in Eastern cities.

Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes addressed the Outlook Club of Pomona on October 7th, speaking on "Woman's Part in Civic Betterment," interesting a large audience. She said that if woman wished to really help, she must give up luxury and be simple and sincere. She very truly remarked: "The paucity of imagination of Americans is shown in their gloomy holidays."

The Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry has received from Dr. Charles W. Wendte of Boston a large and very fine photogravure of the painting unveiled two years ago in Hungary, at the time of the International Council pilgrimage, and representing Francis David, the founder of Unitarian churches in Hungary, and their first bishop, in the act of making his famous plea for religious toleration at the Diet of Torda in 1568. This plea resulted in the first legislation in Christian history, granting equal rights and perfect freedom to all churches without discrimination. The Unitarian Church has had a continuous history of some 350 years in Hungary.

Plans completed by the directors of the Pacific Unitarian Divinity School call for the erection of a splendid group of school buildings at Allston Way and Dana Street, Berkeley, at a cost of \$350,000. Funds for the purchase of the lot at the south entrance to the State University grounds and within five minutes of the center of the city were donated by Mrs. Sarah Abbie Cutting, founder of the school, who died last week in Oakland. The originators and principal donors of the funds which will provide for the erection of the group of buildings were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis of San Francisco and Mrs. and Mrs. Francis Cutting of Oakland.

Rev. A. H. Sargent and his wife arrived at Eureka on October 4th, and he immediately took up his duties as minister of the church. On the evening of October 15th a reception to them was given in the church parlors. On October 20th, through the generosity of an interested member, a weekly church paper called *Good News* made its appearance. The minister is the editor and it is circulated gratuitously.

The golden anniversary of the ministry of Rev. James de Normandie, D. D., was celebrated in Roxbury, Mass., on October 13th. In his sermon he said: "I have been in most of the gorgeous temples of worship over the world. I have seen the Mohammedan devoutly kneeling in the grand mosques of Constantinople; witnessed the gorgeous ceremonials in that grandest of all temples devoted to the worship of God, St. Peter's at Rome; in the vast spaces of Cologne Cathedral, with its wonderful organ; the numberless statues of Milan—but none are quite so beautiful to me as the two unadorned but sanctified sanctuaries with all their memories, where for fifty years we have taken sweet counsel together and walked into the house of God in company. Fifty years in the ministry and not a note of discord, no harsh words of criticism. What patience and forbearance and tolerance have you shown, what gracious hospitality, what unceasing generosity, what sacred confidences, what helpful sympathy, what sweet affection, what golden hours, what high

companionship full of refreshment have you given me for these fifty years."

Rev. J. D. O. Powers of Seattle in his sermon of September 29th on "Modern Religion Facing New-World Problems," closed with an earnest appeal for a return to good religious habits. "Come back to, the church of your fathers. Come back to belief in prayer in Christ's name. Come back to belief in the Holy Spirit as to the creator of the new life. Come back to the belief in the Bible as the word of God. Come back to the belief of a loving, compassionate God, touching your life and saving you with an everlasting salvation. Religious habits also fill the soul with the sense of God, and obligation to Him. In church, the soul hears the voice of God which may have been enfeebled or silenced by a rumbling worldliness, harsh challenges, or weaknesses of the flesh. It is in the temple that we hear the divine voice saying, 'I shall be your God. Ye shall be my people.' No life is safe, or fruitful where there is no reverent sense of the divine. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' If you have given up the church-going habit or prayer habit, reinstall them. Be a blessed 'come-back.' Give us the old-fashioned believer."

The *London Inquirer*, founded in 1842, is celebrating its seventieth anniversary this year. Its issue of October 19th took the form of a commemorative number, with various articles on the liberal movement in religion and other matters of interest, including "Christianity and Citizenship," by the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*; "The Liberal Movement in the Church of England," by Canon Lilley; "The Rationality of Spiritual Trust," by Professor G. Dawes Hicks; "The Liberal Movement in Evangelical Christianity," by the Rev. H. E. B. Speight; an interview with Professor Sieper of Munich on "Anglo-German Relations."

The *Inquirer* was founded in 1842, and its first number bore the legend "Truth, Freedom, Charity" as the watchword of its career. Its original staff included in addition to the editor and sub-editor, a dramatic critic and a writer on the

money-market, a sign of the variety of interest which its promoters thought suitable for the religious press. During the seventy years of its existence *The Inquirer* has remained faithful to this largeness of aim, and it has played a considerable part in the widening of the meaning of religion so as to include the hallowing and uplifting of life in all its aspects. It has always sought to promote an attitude of cordial co-operation between the finest human culture and the interests of a tolerant and spiritual Christianity. Supported by men nurtured in tradition of tolerance and freedom, it has sought to promote the cause of mutual co-operation and understanding among the various sections of the Christian Church, and to lay more stress on the things which unite than on those which divide. The attitude of wide religious sympathy has won for it recognition in many quarters, and writers of eminence have been glad to contribute to its columns quite irrespective of denominational allegiance. At the present time it supplies an interesting object-lesson in the possibility of cordial co-operation of this kind.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers of Seattle spoke on October 13th on "The Science of Human Happiness." Speaking of the brotherhood of man, he pertinently said: "For one hundred years and more the Unitarian Church has proclaimed as one of its fundamental principles the brotherhood of man, a truth universal in its scope for which multitudes of prophetsouls have suffered and died. For generations it remained an intellectual belief, till science and commerce came to prove the universality of it and the absolute necessity of its recognition in terms of life in our science, in our commerce, in our daily affairs, in our religion. Thus the heresy of the Unitarian Church of yesterday has become the orthodoxy of the world to-day; thus the science of yesterday has become the religion of to-day, and thus the science of to-day will become the deepest faith of our sons and daughters." He concluded with a quotation from Lester F. Ward: "Meliorism, the science of human happiness, instead of an ethical,

is a dynamic principle. It implies the improvement of the social condition through cold calculation, through the adoption of indirect means. It is not content merely to alleviate present suffering; it aims to create conditions under which no suffering can exist.' Faster than we realize, that dream is becoming a reality; we live in the most hopeful era of human thought and activity, and you and I to the limit of our ability should appreciate it a privilege to have a humble part in this great work."

Rev. Thomas Clayton on October 20th preached on "The Revolt Against Authority," being the fifth sermon in his series on "The Revolution of Modern Thought." He treated of its various aspects — governmental, moral, and religious. "As soon as men freed themselves from civil tyrants, they began to chafe under the despotism of ecclesiasticism. Then followed the revolt against intellectual slavery, which for many centuries was even more complete and ruthless than political tyranny. From the time when Copernicus, Galileo, Bacon and Descartes challenged the infallibility of the professors and theologians of the established religion, the revolt has been on, and the struggle has been more and more intense and widespread. The advance of modern science is in itself an ample justification of the intellectual revolution. The authorities in religion that have been more or less successfully resisted and disowned are infallible councils, popes, decrees, creeds and bibles. We have come to the age of the full assertion of the full right of all people to individual opinion and conviction of truth and duty. In the last analysis, the individual soul is its own authority, but limited, of course, by the race consciousness and judgment. God may be considered as speaking through both, and when the individual reason and conscience harmonize with the universal or general, we have the most complete authority possible. Disobedience to legitimate authority, whether conscious or unconscious, brings its own punishment; and the human race will be governed as heretofore, by the wisdom gained through experience."

Contributed.

[FOR THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

Within.

I muse upon that well-worn theme,
 Debasing humankind—
 Inherent good an idle dream;
 The world with sin made blind.
 But, lo! evolving years efface
 All rules of critics' art;
 Responsive from within, I trace
 The aspiring human heart.
 The harmonies that thrill us so
 From voice or instrument,
 From sighing trees, where waters flow,
 Where'er our feet are bent,—
 What would it mean, the symphony,
 However grand or vast,
 But that the heart attuned should be
 To catch the strains at last?
 So when we meet a fellow-man,
 A seeming wreck of sin,
 Would it not be the better plan
 To wake the soul within?
 To say, "For even thee there's hope,
 I would thy true self see,
 Fulfill thy promised horoscope,"
 A glorious destiny."

—Sadie C. McCann.

Bergson as an Interpreter.

By A. J. Wells.

II.

In a previous article I tried to sketch Bergson's idea of the Essential Life which is at once the mystery and the explanation of all that is; in this paper I want to put together certain statements of this original thinker which may help us to a clearer comprehension of life as it manifests itself in a world of matter.

I.

We are to reverse all our inherited rules and methods, abuse our pride of reason, and trust to our instincts. Thus, "the intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life." The intellect sees only the garments of life—the outside. "It was made to think matter." Instinct, on the other hand, sees life from the inside. It sees it as it were organically, because "it is molded on the very forms of life." If we could question instinct and it could reply, "it would give up to us the most intimate secrets of life."

But there is an "if" in the way, and so the word intuition is used in place of instinct. It is not something radically dif-

ferent, but is instinct made conscious by use—a trained and developed instinct. Of this he says that "it is to the very inwardness of life that intuition leads us." It is possible, he says, "to restore to intuition its original purity, and recover contact with the real."

We need not debate this possibility, or the reality of the results which follow. Argument is useless. We must be able to see what he means—to make it a part of our life. "What the mind does not see," Emerson says, "what it does not use, it does not know." We ourselves must be conscious of the unity of life. We are part of the eternal substance of the world: the life that is in us is the life of the universe, and if we would know what Reality is, we have only to look within and note what is fundamental there. Life is not a mere play on the surface of things—a coruscation of the intellect, nor can we think our way to its meaning. The solution does not lie at the end of a hard problem. Our instinct will reveal more than our intellect. "The most essential of the primary instincts," Bergson says, "are vital processes, and it may be difficult in some cases to say which is instinct and which is life." So instinct developed is intuition, is insight, is immediate perception. It sees not things or visible nature as final facts, but looks through them to something which is the abiding background of being. Conceptual thought deals with the surface; our instincts give us the deeper quality. "Instinct," Bergson says, "is sympathy," and we understand by sympathy and get what he calls "a direct vision of reality."

In sympathy and naturalness of feeling before a flower or a sunset sky, we get the feeling of life itself, the life that loves beauty and is the reality in the flower and behind the mists and clouds which are the bases of the sunset glory. Do we understand the flower we have torn to pieces in botanizing it? Do we comprehend the sunset when we have analyzed it and explained it by the refraction of light?

II.

But Bergson would not only set the whole man face to face with reality, but would have the man make the best use of

himself in order that he may feel the fullness and richness of life. Thus: "Life may be lived at different heights, now nearer to action, now further removed from it, according to our attention to life."

That is to say, now quiet, that we may receive, feeding our minds in what Wordsworth calls "a wise passiveness," and now active that we may know by doing, coming thus into larger relations with the great steady movements of life in the universe.

We need to be quiet at times, to "journey inward to ourselves and listen by the way," for intuition does not cry aloud, nor use a megaphone on the noisy streets.

Always, in quietness or in activity, the aim of life is self-development. "In effort," Bergson says, "we draw from ourselves not only what was there but more than was there. We lift ourselves above ourselves," which suggests the old poet's words:

"Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How mean a thing is man—"

A mere animal, treading automatically around his little circle, getting nowhere.

Man is free, that he may raise himself above himself and that he may continue the movement of life endlessly. For "the living being is above all a thoroughfare," and the body but scaffolding for the building of character.

There is change, decay, but persistence of life. Something abides. The body grows old, but we do not, and satisfaction comes not from length of life, but depth of life.

The intellect deals with the material flux, finds its laws, determines its properties, but that which is spiritual in man must go beyond this—must respond to the initial impulsion of the essential life, move with its purposes, and understand it by sympathy and co-operation.

III.

Thus Bergson says: "Life is an effort to remount the incline which matter descends." Elsewhere he says: "Life as a whole, from the initial impulsion which thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter." Perhaps the fundamental idea can be ex-

pressed for our purposes in this way: Life is the abiding reality; the body is the form it takes; the body is not life, but a product of life. It is matter, and is not a thing, but a flux—a process. It is always changing and steadily descending toward disorganization.

Life—the true, the essential life—is an effort to climb above matter, and life in man by his own volition must continue the movement.

"Everywhere but in man, consciousness has had to come to a stand; in man alone it has kept on its way. Man then continues the vital movement indefinitely."

But he does this only when he sees, as Bergson says, the "body where it really is, on the road to the life of the spirit."

This is familiar doctrine, but the impressive point is that here philosophy "introduces us into the spiritual life" on quite independent grounds.

Life is tendency; it is movement onward to higher life, and the cosmic purpose must be our purpose. It is conceivable that there is pain at the heart of Nature, because she cannot do for man what she would do if he were more responsive to the stress and push of the psychic life.

At the heart of our normal consciousness there is something responsive to the great movement. There is in us "not rest, but effort; not peace, but struggle; not enjoyment, but strain," and to relax the tension is to descend—to feel the pull and gravitation of matter.

The task of our species is the complete spiritualization of the animal elements in us, and toward this goal the race moves steadily, persistently, in a sense inevitably.

Now it is along these lines that we come to a deep and ever deepening sense of the meaning of life, the direction of life, the sanity and nobility of life. We see it from within and as a whole, synthetically and not analytically and fragmentarily; we create anew in through the cosmos of the eternal order, of which intuition has given us a vision, and we are lifted to where we have sight of the good for which all things work together. We see our human world in the making;

we know the direction life is taking, and we come to feel, as Emerson did habitually, that "we live in the lap of an immense Intelligence."

IV.

This will indicate in a feeble way that Bergson's interpretation of life is not without its inspiration. He says of his own philosophy that under it "many difficulties vanish or become light," and that his doctrine does not only "facilitate speculation, but also gives us more power to act and live."

It is impossible not to feel this. One taking up his meaning but imperfectly, is conscious of a tremendous reinforcement of courage and hope. We see our little baffled and perplexed lives included as the birds are and the flowers, only in a larger way, in the great world-movement of life, and we see ourselves not isolated in nature, but a part of nature, the product of that life which expresses itself at once in the beauty of the lily and in the character of the man who blossoms into freedom and love.

It is not difficult to see that there must be peace and strength in a life "directed," as Bergson says, "the same way as the universe."

And the world—the human world—is going that way. In spite of gloomy prophets the world, as we have said, is intensely and vehemently alive, and old views, old creeds, old methods and standards are not sufficient for the expression of the growing life of man.

If there is here and there a want of zest—a tone of sadness—the pessimism of doubt—it is because the track of life has been missed.

There is a deeper suggestion also in this philosophy, the hint of a gospel of good will rooted in the nature of things. Men ask if back of all this movement there is love. Is the universe friendly? or is all this vast cosmic process of struggle and effort as impersonal as gravitation. And the busy intellect speculates about what it cannot answer, and was not made to answer. Ask poetry; ask instinct, intuition, will. I am of the substance of the universe; its life is my life. That which swells up in me in the form of consciousness is one with that which speaks to me in star and

flower. But what am I? A body? No. Thought? No. I am will. This is the essence of my nature—the root of Freedom—the possibility of Love.

Well, would I build a world of order with a heart of love if I could? Would not you? Do not men at their best, will the good of the world? And is not the ultimate reality Will as well as Life? Does the stream rise higher than the fountain?

But if our life at its highest is good will, then the heart of the universe is good will. We can have no question about this; we can have no doubt under this creative evolution of the direction in which life is moving, or of the friendliness behind the long process. We have glimpses, Bergson says, of the whole great movement of which we are a part. At times the invisible breath that bears us on is materialized before our eyes. We have this sudden illumination before certain forms of maternal love so striking, and in most animals so touching, observable even in the solicitude of the plant for its seed. This love, in which some have seen the great mystery of life, may possibly deliver us life's secret. It shows each generation leaning over the generation that will follow.

In the hands of such a master, evolution is seen to be truly creative; a vital and uplifting process, in contrast with the depressing mechanical form it took in Spencer's thought. And I am sure, if we could see it as it is, we would say, not simply with Margaret Fuller, "I accept the universe," but with Thoreau, "I am eager to report the glory of the universe. I go forth to make new demands on life."

Fastidius, a British bishop of the fifth century, has some wise sayings. "Men sin egregiously when they believe that God is the avenger not of sins, but of heresy." "Unless a man is just, he hath no life." "No one is to be judged a Christian except the man who, in following the teaching of Christ, imitates his example." "A Christian is he who extends pity to all, who in no case is ruffled by injury, who suffers not a poor man to be oppressed if he be present."

Women of Our Faith—Sallie Ellis

By Emma R. Ross.

Cincinnati has added the present incumbent of the White House to our list of Unitarian Presidents, but that city has also given to Unitarianism a woman whose name, unknown to most of us, certainly unheard of by the world at large, may yet, in the final scheme of things, outweigh that of any mere President. That woman was Sallie Ellis, to whom all the similes appropriate to the truly feminine woman of seventy-five years ago might well be applied—"a modest violet," "shy, delicate, reserved," "shrinking and tender."

This little, mouse-like woman, frail of health, deaf, not an easy talker, is hardly one the busy world would think of canonizing. Yet if Unitarianism ever had a saint it might well be Santa Sallie,—

"But only as her soul took flight
We saw the aureole of the saint."

Because of the good she has done, because she not only "kept the faith" but with her candle of the Lord lit other minds and hearts from its flame, we honor her.

It was Sallie Ellis who was the pioneer of the Postoffice Mission, now the heritage of the Women's Alliance. This unique missionary enterprise, thoroughly Unitarian in spirit, and one which our evangelical friends declare was a mighty inspiration, was begun by Miss Ellis about 1880, and carried on for a brief four and a half years till her death, December, 1885. Naturally, as a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, our people know little of her and almost less of the splendid harvest her twentieth-century sisters are now reaping from the seed she sowed, and the still greater harvests for which they are sowing. "Strange enough that this bit of a lady, almost caged from the world, by cripples, has opened the most effective channel yet made for carrying our liberal faith to the world."

Well did our Jenkin Lloyd Jones, himself a robust near-saint, after reading the first letters which came to Miss Ellis from inquirers, say: "I think you have got hold of the *little end of a big thing*." In her modesty, even at the end, she had

no foregleam of the afterglow of praise and public testimony to her worth that was to follow the setting of her sun.

What did she do? Wrote letters, sent tracts, books and papers to the people that sat in darkness, adapting each with finest intuition to the immediate need of the seeker. Hymns and poems, long extracts from sermons, anything that would suit the need, were written by hand, and these long letters were written often to each one, and often, too, in painful illness of her own.

Whom did she help? The farmer's wife far away from life's pleasures, the laborer, the man in the poor house, the student, the foreigner—any and all light-seekers. In the brief period of her labors she received 1,672 letters, wrote 2,541, distributed at church and by mail 22,042 tracts and papers, with other sales and loans. Mere figures, however, but poorly tell the story. After her death it was found that many of her students had kept each letter and postal she wrote as priceless treasures, though never having seen her.

Read what these earnest seekers say of her: "She was the very messenger of God to me." "I shall not forget that even heaven might not have found the way to me had there been no Miss Ellis." "Her memorial is in the hearts and minds of those who were led through her efforts to freedom, fellowship and character in religion." "By the printed page, Miss Ellis showed me God—God living, working, right here, now, daily, surrounding me and all men. And lo! life has an aim, is full of beauty and goodness and joy. . . . All this I owe to her."

Others lit their candles of enthusiasm from her little taper and thus the brightest Unitarian hope for the future was kindled.

Of all "The Books That Have Helped Me," I would unhesitatingly mention "Miss Ellis's Mission." When I began active service in our cause, it was just at the beginning of, or even a little before, the renaissance of Unitarianism. It was a time when "we never proselyte" was written large on each forehead; when some ministers talked art and other ministers preached the pessimism of Schopenhauer and there was "no help in us"

for the spiritually starved without our gates. Often when utterly discouraged as to the possibility that our faith would ever be proclaimed and prove itself vital to the world's need (though perhaps I never put the fear in words till now), I would pick up that little book and read with tear-dimmed eyes and then I would be "seeing and take heart again."

"It was a very contemptible barley loaf she had to offer, compared with your fine wheaten cake of youth and riches and strength and learning; but, remember, she offered her best freely, willingly, faithfully; and when once a thing is offered it is no longer the little barley loaf in the lad's hand, but the miraculous satisfying bread of heaven in the hand of the Lord of the Harvest, more than sufficient for the hungry multitude."

Have you and I no little loaf for the spiritually starving? No food for the world-hunger?

ACHIEVEMENT.

(A favorite poem of Miss Sallie Ellis, founder of the Postoffice Mission.)

Nothing noble, nothing great,
The world has ever known,
But began a seed of thought
In some generous nature sown.

Any soul may rise to be
A new saviour to its race;
Every man and woman fills,
Well or ill, a prophet's place.

In our Now the Then lies folded,
All its wealth and all its power;
From the promise of to-day
Bursts to-morrow's perfect flower.

Every deed of solid worth
Helps the world to find its place;
Every life of homely truth
Raises higher all the race.

"Ye are gods," the Scriptures saith;
"Yea," our spirits make reply;
Let us claim our birthright, then—
Prove our high divinity.

We, too, may be, if we will,
Athlete winners every one,
Conquerors of fate and chance,
Lords of all beneath the sun.

Let us thitherward aspire,
Take whate'er we find to do,
Making life what life was meant—
Something liberal, earnest, true!

—From *Woman's Journal*, 1881.

A Three Years' Course of Sermons

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin of Los Angeles is a man who thinks, and who thinks to purpose. As a preacher he finds little satisfaction in a haphazard method of work that leaves him in doubt a half a week ahead of the subject of his next discourse. Such work is not cumulative, in his judgment. During his last vacation he meditated and planned, and the result was the issuance of a three years' course of sermons, the purpose of which is to interpret "Christianity in Terms of Twentieth Century Life."

On September 15th he began the introductory series on the four great religious interrogatories, speaking on the purpose and value of the course. The four interrogatories which were considered in the four Sundays following, were: "What is Religion?" "Can the Modern Man Believe in God?" "What is Spiritual Life?" and "The Seat of Authority; to What Must We Yield in Obedience?"

Then follow during the first year four services on "The Institutional Expression of Religion," "The Sacramental and Mystical Expression of Religion and Their Rational Equivalent," "The Doctrinal Expressions of Religion and Present-Day Equivalent," and "The Christ Element in Religion."

The second year's course covers "Religion in Terms of Human Life, as Seen in the World's Great Prophets."

The third year's course treats of "Religion Expressing Itself Through Ethical Incentives in Personal Character and Active Service." Paralleling and supplementing these courses of sermons Mr. Hodgkin will give a series of lectures on "Christianity's Message to To-day."

Of course, every advantage has its corresponding disadvantage, and it remains to be proved if the gain in coherence and completeness will exceed the loss through inflexibility, and the probability that comparatively few will take the full course. The main object of preaching is to uplift and inspire, and generally the interest in sermons about religion on its theological, or dogmatic side, is pretty light.

Correct thinking is valuable, thorough

understanding is a great satisfaction, but the greatest service is to promote righteousness and make the daily life divine.

Undoubtedly in the following out of such a course this main purpose will be kept in view, and concurrently with this wide outlook on life there will be improvement of opportunity to enforce clearly and strongly the glad tidings that underlie all teaching and all preaching.

There follows a portion of the first sermon, which gives fine promise of those to follow.

(Synopsis of sermon of September 15, 1912.)

The criticism invariably brought against liberal religion is that it is chaotic and indefinite—that it has no objective point and arrives nowhere. This criticism is all too true, and necessarily so. We no longer accept the Bible as containing the one and only message from God to man. We have no creed or body of doctrines to blaze the way for us. We have no authoritative council or institution to direct us. We say that the entire living universe is God's message to man and from this book we must read the word of life.

The scientific forces have magnified and multiplied this universe of life a thousand fold within a generation or two. A whole new heaven and a new earth has been spread out before us. We have been bewildered and confused by the magnitude and richness of the field before us. All we have been able to do as yet was to pioneer and explore this unknown realm a little in an endeavor to determine its dimensions. We have tried a little of this and a little of that, turned up a shovelful here and a shovelful there in our search for the gold of truth. And we have found this gold in abundance everywhere, only we have not been able as yet to mine it successfully, to separate it from the dross and coin it and put it in circulation. We have only been prospectors thus far; now it is time for us to attempt something more definite.

In this three years' course it shall be my endeavor to coin a little of this truth into terms of life in such a way that it may circulate a little more freely among us than it has heretofore. I hope

we may be able to make this work cumulative. Instead of each sermon being a disconnected scrap standing by itself, I hope that each may be part of a whole that shall gather force and power and meaning from week to week and month to month and year to year; that we may be able to look back, conscious that our vision has been enlarged, that we have become better citizens, able to measure the forces of life more accurately and to judge movements more surely.

The first year we shall devote to the life forces as they have found expression in their more distinctly religious and theological bearings; the second year will deal with life in terms of heroic character and personality; and the third year with life in its ethical and social incentives and impulses.

I put them in this sequence partly because that seems to be the natural order of human development. Man was religious long before he was moral. He meditated upon the supernatural, wrote books about it and built up great institutions on assumptions concerning it long before he gave any serious or intelligent study to the natural world about him. Men asked all kinds of questions about God before he asked any serious questions concerning the well-being of his neighbors. He was far more anxious concerning his relations to God than about his relations to his fellows.

The first thing to command man's loyalty was the religious rite or ceremony. Around this he organized himself and built up great institutions through which he thought to make his peace with God. The second thing to command man's loyalty was personality. The man who towered above his fellows could command them and organize them and to him they would give their allegiance and their lives if need be. For this reason the second year will deal with the life forces that have centered around great characters. They will not be simply biographical sketches by any means. I have chosen these particular men, not because they were necessarily the greatest or the best men of their time, but because it seems to me each one of them stood in the vortex of some great life movement or life endeavor the un-

derstanding of which may be of inestimable value as inspiration to us to-day. In considering these characters the question will ever be what it was that gave them the courage and faith and hope and persistence to meet the temptations and passions that ever assailed them, with the thought that it may aid us to find that courage and faith and insight that is so much needed to-day.

The third year we will take up the moral incentives—the ethical and social springs of action that move men and bind them together. Strange as it may seem, the purely ethical or moral motives were the last to get hold of men with power; in fact, they cannot be said to have gotten hold of men with power yet. They are one of the elements of power in almost everything and always have been, but when you strip the ethical incentives of all superstition, all supernaturalism and selfishness the appeal is not strong. A few ethical culture societies have managed to live in England and America for a generation or more, but this was through the influence of some strong, persistent personality like Stanton Coit or Felix Adler, rather than through the purely ethical appeal alone.

I regard the dominance of the ethical and social incentives as the goal toward which we direct our efforts. It is only as our Christian civilization issues in that, or moves toward that end, that it is worth while. I realize, however, that the moral incentives grow stale, lose their vigor and contagion unless fertilized by a religious conviction. Unless man feels that there is some power beyond himself on which he is dependent and from which he draws help, unless he feels that there is a soul at the center of things with which he must make his life harmonize, his ethical enthusiasm evaporates and his morality ceases to be dynamic. Religion and morality must be harmonized and merged or each will deteriorate, as history proves again and again. We want our morality vitalized by religious convictions, but a religion free from superstition and sacerdotal tyranny.

Most of us dislike the very name theology. Theology is in bad odor everywhere. When anyone wants to pay a minister a compliment he usually asserts

that he does not preach theology. By theology in this derogatory sense we mean a certain system of outgrown thought that attempts to impose itself upon us. But this is a misconception of theology. Every serious minded person is interested in theology, whether he is aware of it or not. The first meditative questions that the child asks are usually theological. The last questions that a man ponders upon before he passes into the great beyond are usually theological, whatever his training may have been. All along the line of life in our serious moments theological questions are ever presenting themselves to us. As human beings we cannot avoid the inquiry as to what is the reality that moves back of this changing panorama of life. Man must ever interest himself in his relations to this reality and the obligations that it imposes upon him. These are theological questions and they will not down.

What we mean by our declarations of dislike for theology is that we do not like the dry husks of outgrown thought that attempts to impose itself upon us. But in our very feelings of dislike we voice our hunger and desire for something adequate to to-day's needs that shall give us faith and hope and courage, by giving us trust and confidence in the reality that underlies all life.

Every one of the old theologies was vital to the generation that gave it birth. It gave people power. It enabled them to lean forward into life with vigor. It made them courageous sufferers and courageous workers in a world of activity. What we want to do is to give birth to a nascent theology suited to our age, and which will do for us what those old systems did for their age when they were vital and at their best.

Everything that is, is the outgrowth of things that have gone before. The human race has been one unbroken organic life from the beginning. We may think of the human race as a great living tree that roots back into the remotest antiquity. The individuals of to-day are the growing points on the end of the twigs of the tree of human life. While we absorb a great part of our life from the atmosphere of to-day as does the

plant, in another sense we draw our life from the generations of the past. This generation can no more grow and bear fruit cut off from the past than the tree can grow and bear fruit when severed from the earth.

It is the person who is ignorant of the past who is in thrall to it. It holds him helplessly in its embrace and he knows not how to escape. It is the person who knows the past and the processes by which it became, who can emancipate himself from the past by revitalizing it and building it into the very substance of to-day. We want to dwell upon the dogmas of the past just enough to understand the life processes by which they became, that we may drop off the dead husk and make the vital principle fertilize the theology that is struggling for expression to-day.

The criticism that would inevitably arise in our minds in glancing over that first year of our course would be that it is not dealing with the vital social problems of to-day. It is because I am so dissatisfied with the way we are dealing with present-day social problems that I propose this course. We seem to be only scratching the surface of things and dealing with them in a most superficial way. I propose that we attempt to dig down a little deeper and see if we cannot unearth the currents that contribute to the present and get the direction of flow in order that we may deal with the present more efficiently. The present is the consummation of all that has gone before and cannot be seen merely in the light of the present; it can only be seen in the light of the centuries and it is in the hope that we may be able to turn a more illuminating light upon the present that I undertake this course.

Religion is all the time becoming more educational in method, and education is becoming more religious in spirit. We no longer regard religion as the descent of some supernatural power into the human soul miraculously transforming it, but we regard it rather as the development of a divine consciousness in man as the result of his life experiences. Education is no longer thought of as the filling up of a vacant mind with dogmatic facts; it is a drawing out of the life within; the de-

velopment of the human soul through exercise and experience, directing it into harmony with the spirit of the living universe.

Religious and educational institutions are drawing together and directing their efforts to the accomplishment of the same things. It is well for us to think of our church as an educational institution engaged in religious work—in drawing out the souls of its members and directing them into harmonious relations with the living universe. Certainly we can aspire to nothing greater or higher than this. No educational institution would attempt to appeal to people without some definite plan or outline of what it was endeavoring to do. May we not regard this little prospectus as the beginning of a curriculum which may grow in promise and in spiritual possibilities if we but give ourselves to its work with consecration and faith?

Ministers' Institute.

The American Unitarian Association has conferred a great boon on the widely scattered and often isolated and lonely ministers of this Coast by making it possible for them to come together in two ministers' institutes. The first, for the Northwest, will be held at Spokane, December 10th to 12th, and the second, for California, at Berkeley, December 17th to 19th. Secretary Wilson, who was first inspired with the happy idea, will be present at both institutes, and the Association, from a special fund, will pay the traveling expenses of the ministers. The intention is to devote the meetings to serious consideration of the deeper aspects of religious thought; and they will resemble the ministers' institutes that are held every other year in New England, which no Pacific Coast minister, so far as is known, was ever able to attend, on account of distance. A full program of the California meetings will be printed in the December issue. It will be found full of interest and the subjects announced and the speakers who will present them are rich in promise of meetings that will be of marked value and of distinct credit. It is to be hoped that every minister on the Pacific Coast will be able to be present.

Sarah Abbie Cutting.

The death of Mrs. Francis Cutting at her home in Oakland on Thursday, October 3d, marked the passing of a woman pre-eminent in natural ability and of the highest type of mental capacity, coupled with rare judgment and an unusual force of character, and with executive talents that made her co-operation most valuable and successful in any line of activity. Her services, in especial, to the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast call for more than a passing notice.

Her ancestors on both sides were among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts Bay Colony, at Watertown in 1634 and at Charlestown in 1636. Her paternal ancestor was the leader of twelve of the Watertown settlers who, after repeated petitions to the General Court, were finally granted permission to establish a new parish in 1691, which, as the historic town of Lexington, will celebrate its second centennial next March. Her maternal ancestor had meanwhile moved to Menotomy, now West Cambridge, where he established the first water-power mill in New England, still successfully operated by one of his descendants.

She was the daughter of Leonard Cutler of Lexington and Maria Cutter of West Cambridge, the third of eleven children, of whom four survive her. Born at Lexington, July 3, 1830, she was educated first in the district schools, and later in the first normal school opened in the United States, originally established at Lexington in 1839, and still in successful operation. Having graduated here at the age of sixteen, she taught in the public schools until 1852, when she married Joseph R. Kendall of Woburn.

By her first marriage she had four children. Her eldest child, Josephine,

highly trained in European universities and giving promise of a brilliant career in her chosen profession of medicine, died in Rome in 1879, and a younger daughter, Isabelle, a finely educated and accomplished woman, died in Boston in 1875. In 1897 occurred her marriage to Mr. Cutting, whom she had known for over forty years. Their union of intellectual interests, spiritual sympathies, and practical aims was complete, and their life of fifteen years together has been known of those who saw them in



SARAH ABBIE CUTTING

their home to be one of singular happiness.

With an inherited interest in the weak and unfortunate, and a strong desire to ameliorate their condition, she became a student of medicine shortly after her first marriage, and a firm believer in homeopathy, which for nearly twenty years she practiced in a limited circle with distinguished success, numbering among her patients even a Vice-President of the United States. After her removal

to California in 1877, she devoted herself largely to the interests of philanthropy and religion; and when she went east in 1886, she made it one of her chief objects to go to the headquarters of the American Unitarian Association and urge that a church be established at Oakland, only to be told, much to her gratification, that Mr. Wendte had already been commissioned for that task, and was then on his way west. Thenceforward, while strength permitted, she was one of the most active and generous supporters of the Oakland church.

But in the more recent years of her life, every other interest in her mind was overshadowed by the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, which, together with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis of San Francisco, she assisted in founding in 1904. In this she saw the consummation of plans long cherished and more than once deferred; for she loved to recall that as long ago as the early eighties she and Mr. Cutting had said to each other that there ought to be such a school among the agencies of liberal Christianity on the Pacific Coast, and had resolved that some time, if only after their death, there should be one. From the day of its foundation she followed every step of the school's development with the most lively and affectionate interest, regarding those connected with it almost as members of her own family. She would inquire eagerly for even the smallest bit of news concerning it, and rejoice at every slightest sign of its growing influence. With a clear prophetic vision of the sphere it should fill in later generations, she was ever anticipating its needs, and devising measures to provide for them; and even within her lifetime she contributed some \$18,000 toward its maintenance. Her original purpose had been to leave her beautiful house and grounds in Oakland for the future home of the school; but when it became clear that its work could be carried on to much better advantage by the side of the University at Berkeley, she joined with her husband in purchasing its first home there, and a year later, with enlarged vision of the future, in securing the admirable location, adequate for generations to come, which the school

now occupies, the total cost of both properties being some \$45,000. At her death she bequeathed to the school such a portion of her estate as to be at the present time the largest benefactor of the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast, and left an inspiration and an example for many others to follow.

Mrs. Cutting was a woman who in any community would have been marked as a person notable for strength and balance of character. She had a wide range of mind and breadth of sympathies and a depth of insight and clearness of intuition that were at times extraordinary. She possessed a strength of will which upon occasion would surmount obstacles that to most would have seemed unsurmountable. She could conceive great designs and carry them out with masterly power. And yet these qualities did not make her in the least cold or hard; and those that were admitted to her friendship or shared the intimacy of her home knew that her nature was most of all centered in her affections, which she bestowed richly upon those whom she received into her heart's inner circle.

During the later years of her life she was an almost constant physical sufferer; but there are few in whom the spirit so fully masters the limitations of the body as it did in her, and she constantly triumphed over pain and weakness, and lived upon the heights. This habit was the outcome of her profound religious faith. She believed in God as a constant, present reality living in her life, and that if we would only keep the channels open and give room for what she used to call "the divinity within us," we might always share His life and strength and be led by His truth. It was the fact that her religious faith brought her so much strength, enlightenment, and inspiration that underlay all her efforts to promote it in others through the church and what she loved to speak of as "our school."

Besides her husband, Mrs. Cutting is survived by a brother, Col. A. D. Cutler, very favorably known in San Francisco, and by two sisters and a brother in the East; also by two sons, Frank I. Kendall of San Diego and Frederick P. Kendall of Portland, together with nine grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Elizabeth Gardner Foord.

On the twenty-sixth day of August, 1912, in the city of Los Angeles, passed away a woman worthy of more than passing notice. This was Elizabeth Gardner Foord, one hundred and two years and ten days of age. It was not the unusual length of her life, but the unusual richness and fullness of it that enlists our attention.

She was of Puritan stock on one side and French Huguenot on the other—one of her ancestors being Peter Faneuil, who gave the "Cradle of Liberty" to the city of Boston. Her father's family were of those Bostonians who counted education and high thoughts as the first duty of life. They were among the founders of Unitarianism and in her early life associated with the coterie of thinkers led by Channing, Emerson, Parker, Sumner, Holmes, Hale, Bartol and other brilliant minds.

In addition to these inspiring home influences and associations, she had all the advantages the period granted to women in the line of education. She was petite of stature and dainty in her tastes—somewhat timid, but resolute and brave on occasions. Extremely sensitive by nature, she schooled herself in self-control, often under trying conditions. She had great love for children, quickly gained their confidence and was a natural teacher from early life. The Golden Rule was never better exemplified than in her life. The knowledge of suffering humanity, whether in time of peace or in time of war or other public calamity, aroused her deepest sympathy and stirred her to eager and efficient activity. It was the church of which she was a member and at her suggestion that was the first in the State to be opened as a center of activity to furnish supplies for the sick soldiers in the war.

At about twenty years of age she was married to Mr. Enos Foord, register of deeds of Norfolk County, Massachusetts, an office to which he succeeded his father and held continuously until succeeded by his own son over forty years later. They made their home in Dedham, Massachusetts, for over forty-five years. She became an active member of the Uni-

tarian Church there, gathering many boys and girls into the Sunday-school, in which she was an ardent worker, and many men and women cherish her memory as their Sunday-school teacher to this day. Her home was a center of active life and interest in all good works, and her spacious garden sent a continuous stream of good cheer and greetings to the hospitals and sick rooms of the entire community.

She was greatly interested in the opening of savings banks and to encourage one in her home town made liberal deposits in it and, her deposits remained there untouched for over a quarter of a century. While a fine homekeeper and a good neighbor, often watching with the sick, according to the friendly custom of those days, she was yet a great reader and student, keeping herself informed on all the world movements of the time. She was an active member of the abolitionist movement from the beginning, and it was through her co-operation in behalf of the oppressed that she became so intimately acquainted with many of the notable men and women of the time. She responded liberally in service and in substance to all the demands the Civil War made upon the sympathetic and generous. She was active in the Freedman's Bureau, the early temperance crusade, the woman suffrage cause from its beginning. Not an altruistic or benevolent movement failed to enlist her active co-operation, and more than half a century ago she was known in her community as the "Lady Bountiful."

In 1874 Mrs. Foord accompanied her son, James Foord, and his family to California. For a number of years they lived upon a ranch in the San Gabriel Valley. Here her love of flowers and of outdoor life was gratified. Although somewhat isolated by her ranch life, she was still counted one of that band of pioneer New England women who were among the earlier American residents of Los Angeles. In those "calico" days, as these women half tenderly, half jestingly recalled the period when Los Angeles offered little opportunity for social intercourse or culture, a group of these women were in the habit of gathering

with their sewing or mending to "spend the afternoon" upon a shaded porch or underneath the trees of some home. Here they read the latest book received from "back East" and discussed the news that came from home, and kept their minds from rusting.

When in her sixty-sixth year, Mrs. Foord went to Europe, making the trip alone, and spent two years with her niece, Miss Margaret M. Fette of Los Angeles, in traveling. While in Germany and after her return this daughter of Boston studied the German language. She spent several happy years of her declining life with her niece, Miss Fette, at Long Beach, and her niece has been a constant visitor in her period of enforced isolation. An accident made it impossible for her to leave her room during the last few years, but she had cultivated a philosophy of life the fruits of which were patience and fortitude, and she endured all in uncomplaining cheerfulness. Here was one who lived her life in the faith that it is through daily service that one enters into the eternity of things and lays hold on immortality.

Enoch.

I looked to find a man who walked with God,
Like the translated patriarch of old;—
Though gladdened millions on his footstool trod,
Yet none with him did such sweet converse hold.
I heard the wind in low complaint go by,
That none its melodies like him could hear;
Dawn unto day spoke wisdom from on high,
Yet none like David turned a willing ear.
God walked alone unhonored through the earth;
For Him no heart-built temple once stood:
The soul forgetful of her nobler birth,
Had hewn Him lofty shrines of stone and wood,
And left unfinished and in ruins still
The only temple He delights to fill.

—Jones Very.

Where are the works in patience wrought,
The grace to love my neighbor;
The sins left off, the wisdom taught,
Of suffering and labor?
The fuller life; the strength to wait,
The equal heart for either fate?
Well may I speed the parting guest
And take this stranger to my breast!
Be thou indeed a true year,
O fair and welcome New Year

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A Theistic Catechism.

Thirty-five years ago, Dr. Thomas M. Anderson, residing at Fort McKavett, Texas, printed for private circulation a compilation of his religious conclusions in the form of a catechism.

He had met many people in his travels who held substantially the views set forth, who had allowed their children to go to Sunday-schools in which the old beliefs were taught, simply from the lack of a convenient manual from which to instruct them in the new faith that they conscientiously held.

It seems well worth while to preserve so interesting an example of a simple faith, so clearly stated, and also so impressive an instance of common-sense and reverent feeling formulated so many years ago, far from the center of advanced ideas in religion and philosophy.

THEISTIC CATECHISM.

"An inevitable revolution . . . is befalling the religion in which we have been brought up."
—*Matthew Arnold.*

"I have never desired, nor do I now desire, to disturb the contentment or the faith of any one. But where these are already shaken, I desire to point out the direction in which I believe a firmer soil is to be found."—*Strauss.*

CHAPTER I.

Have you a religious belief?
I have, I am a Theist.
As a Theist, what do you believe?
I believe in one God.
What is God?
God is the Creative and Governing Power of the Universe, Omnipotent, Omniscient, One.
Why do you say He is creative?
Because all things must have had a primal cause or beginning, and this first cause we call God.
God must be a power then?
Yes, God is all-powerful or omnipotent.
Why do you affirm this?
Because we know no limit to His creative or governing power.
Why do you say that He is omniscient?
Because the universe (cosmos) exhibits marks of design and must therefore have had an intelligent author.
But why do you say He is all-wise?
Because we know no limit to His knowledge or wisdom.
Why do you affirm the unity of God.
Because the physical universe and the moral laws of living things exhibit unity of design.
These are only inferences then?
Yes, but they are so strong as to exclude every reasonable doubt.
Is God a person?

We can only conceive or describe Him as such.

From the way God has created and governs His universe, what other qualities do you attribute to Him?

Infinite goodness, holiness and justice.

May He not have other qualities?

He may. But as the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, we can only positively attribute to Him certain qualities known from His works.

CHAPTER II.

Who made you?

God.

Why?

That I might know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world and hereafter in any future state into which I may pass.

You expect a future life then?

Yes.

Why?

Because as nothing can perish I reason that my soul can never die.

What do you mean by your soul?

My spiritual or non-physical personality.

Has God impressed any of His own qualities upon you?

Yes.

Upon your body or your soul?

On my soul. That I might comprehend Him in a limited degree and intelligently perform my duties in life.

What are the distinguishing qualities of the soul?

Spirituality, immortality, understanding, and free will.

What is your duty toward God?

Love, loyalty, honor, devotion and obedience to His divine natural law.

What do you mean by the divine natural law? Certain thoughts and actions have been recognized as good or bad by the common consent of mankind. These impressions are so universal that they are believed to be impressed upon us all by God.

What are your duties under this law?

To cease to do evil, and to learn to do well.

What are the three primary virtues?

Faith, hope and charity—faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all men.

What are the two precepts of charity?

Thou shalt love God with thy whole soul, with all thy strength and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

What works of mercy should you do to your fellow men?

I should feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, clothe the naked, free the slave, harbor the harborless, visit the sick and bury the dead.

What spiritual works of mercy should you do for your neighbor?

I should admonish the sinner, instruct the ignorant, counsel the doubtful, comfort the sorrowful, bear wrong patiently, forgive all injuries and reform the criminal and debased.

What are the eight beatitudes of Christ?

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; 2. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; 3. Blessed

are the meek, for they shall possess the land; 4. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled; 5. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; 6. Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God; 7. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God; 8. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

What are the cardinal virtues?

Prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

What are the most precious gifts of God?

Wisdom, understanding, council fortitude, knowledge, piety and the fear of God.

What are His chief blessings?

Charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, long-suffering, mildness, faith, modesty, continency and charity.

What is sin?

A violation of God's holy law.

How may we sin?

By thought, word, deed or omission.

What are the ten commandments?

1. Thou shalt worship one true and living God, and Him only shalt thou serve; 2. Thou shalt not worship false gods and idols; 3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; 4. Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy; 5. Honor thy father and mother; 6. Thou shalt not kill; 7. Thou shalt not commit adultery; 8. Thou shalt not steal; 9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; 10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbors.

What are the seven most degrading vices?

Pride, covetousness, lust, wrath, gluttony, envy, and sloth.

What are the contrary virtues?

Humility, liberality, chastity, meekness, temperance, brotherly love, and industry.

May we not be accessory to another person's sins?

Yes; by council, by command, by consent, by provocation, by praise or flattery, by concealment, by partaking, by silence, and by defending ill done things.

CHAPTER III.

What is religion?

Religion is our relation to God, the ultimate source of all life and being, and a rule of conduct binding on all men.

What are our personal duties under this rule?

As evolution is general law of nature, and development is the law of life, it is therefore our duty to improve ourselves by thought, work, study and self-control.

What are our duties to our neighbors?

To act towards them honestly and honorably, and to treat them with kindness, consideration, and sympathy.

Is it enough to relieve the suffering in this world?

No; it is better to prevent sin and suffering, and to give pleasure by recognizing and developing the beautiful and true.

What is the golden rule?

To do unto others as you would others would do unto you.

What are our duties to the State?

Allegiance and a strict performance of our duty as citizens.

Are violations of the civil laws sinful.

We should all obey the laws of the countries in which we live; but a violation of them is not necessarily a moral wrong.

May we obtain forgiveness for sins against God?

Yes; by God's goodness and mercy.

Can you illustrate the nature of sin and punishment by reference to an excessive indulgence in lust, gluttony and drunkenness?

Yes; these vices are followed by both physical and moral punishment: by physical degeneracy and disease, and by spiritual weakness and degradation.

How should we try to obtain pardon for our sins?

By sincere contrition, a firm purpose of amendment, and by making ample reparation for all injuries we may have done.

Can we atone for our sins?

We alone can atone for our own sins.

How?

By a change of heart and a change of life.

To whom should we pray?

To God alone.

How should we pray?

By giving thanks to God for His goodness, kindness, and mercy, and by asking a continuance of his blessings and favors.

Selected

The University and the Church.

A recent issue of *The Pacific*, our California Congregational contemporary, treated in the fairest and wisest manner the subject of "The University and the Church." The article called in question the remark of a minister during a debate in an assembly of the "Christian Church" on the proposed removal of its Bible Seminary from Berkeley to Southern California. In support of the proposal, he said: "A tropical plant cannot flourish alongside an iceberg." Of this the editor remarks:

"His words were not well chosen, neither for the seminary nor for the university. We should be as sorry to think of the one as a tropical plant as of the other as an iceberg. The University of California is a great educational institution. It is one in which every citizen of California, with good reason, may have pride. There is nothing frigid or freezing about it. And only the highest ideals are held up there.

"The remark which we have quoted, one so puerile that we feel almost ashamed to give it repetition, doubtless made no impression on the assembly in which it was uttered. We pass it to quote a few words from the address to the students by the president of the university at the opening last month—words which we happen to know did impress not a few very deeply. At that time President Wheeler said: 'Dedicate your lives to something that is high. It is not worth while living for low ends. The moment you begin to compromise, your life inclines to a fall. If governed by high ideals you are likely to rise. If satisfied with the world as you find it, your life goes down, and you will miss true success. All nobility must consist in service.'

"And as to religion and the church, President Wheeler said: 'I think it highly desirable that students should practice attendance upon church. A man who attends church feels himself a member of the community and has respect for himself. The man who is not a religious man is only half a man. Religion means background for the life. Being religious and having faith in God is an essential part of normal living. The man who is not religious is sick, diseased, incompetent, incomplete, on the way to degeneracy. The religious life is the only healthy life.'

"There is no good reason for any one fearing the influence of the University of California in matters religious. The time has passed when young men and young women could be kept in narrow bounds and their minds free from current world thought. Some time or other they are certain to get all there is going, and it will come as a shock to many a mind to learn that they often have been kept in ignorance of the trend of the best thought of the age.

"Professor F. G. Peabody of Harvard, in an article on 'The Religion of a College Student,' writes of what he calls that 'significant body of youth who are in deadly earnest with their thought, and who find it an essential of their intellectual peace to attain some sense of unity in their conception of the world. For this type of college youth, the most

conscientious, most thoughtful, most precious, the blame for inconsistency between the new learning and the inherited faith lies for the most part not with the college, but with the church. There was once a time when these young minds could be secluded by solieitous parents and anxious pastors from most of the signs of change in modern thought. They could be prohibited from approaching great tracts of literature; they could be hidden in the cloistered life of a strictly guarded college; their learning could be ensured to be in safe conformity with a predetermined creed. There is now no corner of the intellectual world where this seclusion is possible. Out of the most unexpected sources—a novel, a poem, a newspaper—issues the contagion of modern thought; and, in an instant, the life that has been shut in and has seemed secure, is hopelessly affected.'

"As to how the young man, touched with the modern spirit, comes to regard the faith which he is thus forced to reject, Professor Peabody says: 'Sometimes he regards it with a sense of pathos, as an early love soon lost; sometimes with deep indignation, as the source of skepticism and denial.'

"It is the opinion of this great educator that for one educated youth who is alienated from religion by the persuasions of science, philosophy or art, ten are thus affected by the irrational or impractical teaching of religion. He declares: 'It is not an inherent issue between learning and faith which forces them out of the church in which they were born; it is an unscientific and reactionary theory of faith.'

"And the concluding judgment is: 'It is not the college which must renew its conformity to the church; it is the church which must open its eyes to the marvelous expansion of intellectual horizon which lies before the mind of every college student today.'"

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practise and experience of them.—Socrates.

Co-Operative Man—A Sermon.

[Synopsis of sermon preached by A. H. Sargent in Unitarian Church of Eureka, Sunday evening, October 6, 1912.]

A loyal Jew, living richly in the palace of a Persian king, was unhappy because his native city, Jerusalem, was in ruins, with its walls and gates destroyed. He went back to restore the walls. Men of great ability laughed at his efforts, but merchants and mechanics and priests and a few public officers united with him and did the work. Each one simply did the best he could to rebuild the wall next to his own house.

So, in America to-day, the walls of free government are broken down. Specialization has developed despotic political bosses on one hand and expert scholars and scientists and other tradesmen on the other. The politician may scorn the ordinary man who presumes to have a controlling voice in affairs of government.

Only when the merchants and farmers and teachers and house-wives and laborers do the public duties of their home city themselves, only then, will the walls of good government be repaired. Those walls have fallen, not by destructive war, but by the natural changes of time. They can be repaired by fresh life being built into them. They are living walls and endure only by being strengthened by the gift of noble lives in public service in time of peace as well as in war.

When the co-operative commonwealth is established with peace and plenty for all, then the kingdom of God will have come.

Yet, the co-operative state depends on the co-operative man.

Jesus looked for a divinely perfect state coming with opening skies and heavenly rulers; being disappointed in this, he began the slow hard work of setting up the perfect kingdom in himself, and then extending it to his home and city and nation. The law of this kingdom was: Love your enemies, do good to all; give more than is asked. In proclaiming such rules Jesus stood apart from the laws and customs of his time

and ours as well. Yet the Kingdom of God can be ruled by no other.

When men adopt and obey them, society will be like a family in which each does and gives all he can for the rest, for love and not for pay. When nations adopt these laws war and preparations for war will cease.

All this will not come suddenly. It will come first in some corner where a man or woman or child, a church, or a nation is ready to launch out into the realm of brotherly love and let it be the sole guide of life. Then such an one can say, "The Kingdom of God is here because I am here; it has come because I have come."

The Need of Poetry.

The fundamental need—the thing to make life worth while—is the need of poetry. Verses and rhymes may be poetry, and may not be. They are a frequent form for the utterance of the poetic feeling—because any high emotion naturally falls into rhythm and music. But the great mass of poetry in the world—that which feeds souls, brightens minds and cheers hearts—never gets utterance at all. We absorb it directly as we absorb air. Marriage is intolerable without poetry. When the romance dies between man and woman nothing remains but the intolerable chains—chafing and heavy.

The part the mother plays in the economy of the world would be beyond human endurance were it not for the poetry of it. The mother's heart puts something fine and wonderful into her daily round, otherwise the fret, sameness, narrowness and irritation of it would wreck her nerves. Thanks to the inborn poetry of woman, a child is not a burden, but a song.

The nation needs poetry. If we were only a community of buyers and sellers, if there were no currents of patriotism to fuse all hearts, if the flag did not inspire us, and "The Star Spangled Banner," when the band plays it, did not rouse us, the state would go to pieces as a heap of pebbles without cement, and we should be helpless before the enemy. The church needs poetry. She is strongest

always when she has wings. Her arguments leave us unconvinced; her visions capture us. The schoolmaster needs poetry. Only when some irresistible enthusiasm, some stubborn love of an ideal, burns in his heart, is his teaching a joy to himself and a moulding force to his pupils. The best locomotive engineer is one who feels the poetry of his calling. He may not acknowledge it, but say simply that he "likes his job," yet it is the fascination of it that sustains his soul while his hands work. To feel the monstrous power beneath his feet, to know that the huge horse of steam and steel obeys his touch, to rush like a meteor through the night, to realize that a hundred lives depend on his brain and hand, all this sings in him. This is what his spirit lives on—not his wages. Whatever a man does, if he can squeeze poetry out of it, he can live by it. If he cannot, he dies by it.

And when the poetry is gone, when it is a dull grind, when we work not as creative, disposing spirits, but as oxen or dumb slaves, then is when we grow old fast, the soul wearing itself out. We are beginning to feel the poetry of business—that is, of feeding and clothing the world, of building bridges, piercing mountains, annihilating distance with steam and electricity, and making the cities and farms of men as splendid as their dreams; and in proportion as we learn to sing of business and forget the songs of war, we move toward the golden age.

How much we owe to Shakespeare and Burns, to Joaquin Miller and James Whitcomb Riley, and many others, who have brought heaven down to earth, and made the ideal real! They are no less vicegerents of God that the prophets, seers and sages of old; and the rainbow gleams inspired by their winged words surely point to another life. Yes, indeed, without a vision the people perish.

A host of people to-day are slight in value to themselves or the world because without roots sinking deep into the past or branches thrusting out toward the sky. They live near the surface of the earth, have little grip on great verities and are readily swept up and made sport of by gusts of windy passion.

Why Many Wise and Good Men are Agnostics.

By William Day Simonds.

That many wise and good men are agnostics will hardly be denied by a generation that has known Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, Prof. Huxley, John Stuart Mill and Profs. Tyndall and Clifford. Nor is it hard to understand what agnosticism is. It has been so often and so clearly defined that even prejudiced theologians ought to comprehend its meaning. "Doubt without denial is perhaps the most serviceable definition of agnosticism." The agnostic is the man who says to the warring schools in philosophy and the embittered sects in religion, "You may all be right, or you may all be wrong, I do not know. This I do know, that the evidence you offer as warrant for the creeds you hold does not satisfy me."

Sometimes we wonder—perhaps with a shade of impatience—why any man should doubt the beautiful and consoling faith which affirms the Fatherhood of God, the endless life of the human soul, and the final triumph of righteousness and peace in the universe. It may be we have been taught to regard the agnostic as one who desires to banish God from his world, destroy the radiant hopes of men, silence hymn and prayer, one who would blot out the stars of hope and leave above the desert waste of earthly sorrow an empty heaven.

If we ever speak or think of the unbeliever in this mood it is well to remember that beyond question no sane man ever deliberately chooses the path of agnosticism. No man can possibly say, "Behold, doubt is glorious; I will love it. Denial of God, of immortality is beautiful. I will preach it as glad tidings to a sorrowful world." No, the sad truth is that men and women, wise and good, perplexed and burdened by the mysteries of the universe and the sorrows of life have been compelled to say to all the affirmations of the Christian creed, "I do not know; I cannot say; I dwell in the shadow land of doubt."

If we seek in the spirit of candor and charity for the reasons of this unwilling agnosticism, our quest is not diffi-

cult. Above and before all other reasons is the seeming contradiction between the teachings of religion and the hard facts of human life. A good God, and a bad world. Mercy in the heavens, and misery on earth. Pity in the clouds, and poverty among men. A Being in the universe who cares for man, and the awful tragedies that sweep thousands to destruction. Here is the unsolved problem of the ages, the great unmoved sphinx of theology and religion from whose cruel lips come only answers of death.

In the summer of 1896 the civilized world was startled by the manifold miseries of the St. Louis cyclone. Death playing wantonly with its victims. And if we add to the accumulating record of disaster the calamity that befell Galveston, the San Francisco earthquake, the Russian and Asiatic famines and the long list of woes and calamities to this last "Titanic" horror, what marvel that men lose hope and heart and faith.

Do not misunderstand me—I write from the standpoint of a believer in God, in immortality, in the final triumph of righteousness and peace in all realms of being. I believe in what John Fiske has well termed the Everlasting Reality of Religion. But I cannot find it in my heart to condemn honest doubt, or say of unbelief: "This is sin."

The only light that falls full and clear upon the dark problem of evil comes from the heart of our liberal faith. From that full-orbed gospel that announces the unity of God, and the unity of life; which teaches that all that we call good and all that we call evil is part of the unfolding purpose of the infinite Father; that death—whether by fire or flood, by disease or accident—is but transition to higher realms of life, to nobler opportunity; that in the land beyond death there is at last for all the smile of God, the peace of heaven. Not from Dante, not from Milton, but from Tennyson, the poet of liberalism, the modern man fashions his creed:

"Behold we know not anything;

I can but trust that good shall fall

At last—far off—at last, to all.

And every winter change to spring."

Selections from Phillips Brooks.

"You will find the New Year what the Old Year was in all its outward circumstances. But if you will only take new light, new resolution, bolder faith into it, how new and ever-renewing it will be, fresh already with the everlasting freshness of Eternity!"

The newness of a new life must not be in new circumstances, but in a new spirit. This is the very thing that religion has to do for you,—to make your studying and your money-getting attain their full ideal, to fill them out to their true capacity, to take their sordidness out of them and fill them with their true spirit. It is with you in your occupation that religion has to do.

In the work of your life you should look for and find the joy of your life. To do your work as a slavery, and then to look elsewhere for your enjoyment,—that makes a very dreary life. No man who works so does the best work. No man who works so lingers lovingly over his work, and asks himself if there is not something he can do to make it more perfect.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work," said Jesus.

There is so little rest! There is such an unreasoning passion for activity. And so we skim the surface of things. We know no more of the real depth of our lives than a child who crosses a frozen lake knows how deep it is; we never look down into their depths and see the power of help and culture which they might contain.

But before our life can get depth into it, it must get God into it. A life with no intention of God in it *must* be shallow.

What thought can be more rich and solemn, than that of God so utterly filling the universe with Himself that out of no unexpected corner of it can start any anxiety to surprise Him. He is pure peace in Himself—how it throws out in contrast the frightened, anxious, nervous lives we live! This is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding;" but there, that peace is communicable to us, not through the understanding, but through love.

You say you can do so little for any good cause that there is no use in doing anything. Yet you are the average size of moral and intellectual humanity. Only when men like you wake up and shake off the paralysis of their humility, shall we see the dawn of the millennium, which will consist not in the coming forth of a few colossal men to be the patterns and champions of life—but simply in each man, in all the length and breadth of the great world doing his best.

Complete life involves the conception of a body with every power perfect, a mind with every ability active. To attain that high result is what a man ought to mean when he talks about "getting a living." Is it not a mortifying thing to wipe through the dust and rust that are on these coin-words which constant friction has worn so smooth and unimpressive, and look upon the vague image and superscription that are on them?

From the Churches

BERKELEY.—That the October report from the Berkeley church should be exclusively devoted to the Channing Club and its activities seem to the correspondent but a fair and justifiable tribute of appreciation both to the officers of the Club for their efforts to present good and instructive entertainments and to those who so generously gave of their time and valuable information in response to the requests made by the said officers.

Strikingly prominent among the valuable lectures was one delivered by Mrs. E. A. B. Fries of Berkeley on the last Sunday evening in September, too late for it to be embodied in the September report. Mrs. Fries spoke upon "Swedish Literature." Her descriptive pictures of Swedish landscape and nationalism were a fine setting for the characterizations which followed. The lecturer prefaced her remarks by saying that the subject was too broad for short discourse, but she would take under consideration a few of the most typical of Swedish authors, those who best have understood how to blend the foreign elements with the national and to whom therefore always clings something of the atmosphere of

its northern twilights, with its meditative dreams and reflections from the home-stead fires, and so is best expressed in lyric compositions. Foremost among the poets were Bellman and Liegner—Victor Rydberg, the greatest champion of idealism, truth and liberty in individual and social life, as well as in science and religion, that Sweden has ever produced. Oscar Levantin and Verner von Heidenstam, of modern men writers, are the most influential and brilliant. Perhaps the two women, Selma Lagerdöff and Ellen Key, are the most prominent and influential in the entire literary world—the former, who received the Nobel Prize for her wonderful stories, and the latter, who is by many considered the greatest woman of her age. Her books are at present being discussed even in America. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*, writes in an introductory preface to her book on "The Education of the Child": "Nothing finer on the wise education of children has ever been brought into print. To me the chapter is a perfect classic; it points the way straight for every parent, and it should find a place in every home in America where there is a child. To the reader who sees the 'way' to be the truth, may follow the gleam to an article in the October *New Atlantic Monthly* on 'Motherliness'." (Translation made by Mrs. Fries.)

To return to the lecture and lecturer, Mrs. Fries says that, while there are no Unitarian churches in Sweden, it is interesting for us to know that there are writers who give expression to our longing for the ideal of the perfecting of the whole human race and for the universal brotherhood of man. To quote Mrs. Fries, "The prominent feature about Swedish literature is its variety and real humanity, combined with great wealth of imagination and beauty of expression." In Levantin's words, "There is little of dullness of every day; little of the gray wear and tear with inclination to trivial details; more holiday stillness and much yearning towards an unknown future."

The following week Rev. Dr. Simonds, of the Unitarian Church of Oakland,

sketched the "Life of Thomas Starr King, Preacher and Reformer." He spoke eloquently of Mr. King's great personal magnetism, his wide influence in both political and religious fields, and his superhuman energies, which saved California to the Union, and "that to such men the world owes much of its progress and achievements."

On the evening of October 13th our own Dr. Smith spoke on "The Sources and Values of Public-Spiritedness." The keynote was service to others, to get acquainted to the one—man or woman nearest at hand—whoever or wherever they may be, to get their viewpoints, to learn of their needs, and to share of our own if need be. It was a heart to heart talk to the Channing members and each felt its value and its helpfulness.

Then on the successive Sunday evening, the twentieth, followed Mr. Christopher Reuss, probation officer for Alameda County. He told of his work, his aims, his problems, and his successes. The address was followed by music by members of the club.

On the 27th Professor Robert T. Sibley, of the University of California, an eminent mechanical engineer, told of the "World-Beating Engineering Feats in the West," enumerating some twenty-four projects, among them various irrigation systems, such as the Salt River project in Arizona, the Shoshone dam in Wyoming (the latter being the tallest in the world), the Los Angeles aqueduct, the San Francisco plans for salt water for fire uses, the Panama Canal, the re-grading of Seattle and Portland—all of which were illustrated and explained by pictures upon the screen.

On the evening of October 22d Mayor J. Stitt Wilson conducted the opening meeting to a series of non-partisan political lectures to be given by prominent men in their respective parties. The purpose of these meetings was to give the college and public an opportunity to hear all the political problems presented in a fair spirit of non-partisanship, but presented from the viewpoint of each speaker. Mayor Wilson gave "The Socialistic Viewpoint," Mr. Hiram H. Luttrell the "Democratic Principles,"

Mr. W. J. Stetson "The Progressive Movement," Congressman Jos. R. Knowland "The Republican Situation," and Dr. David P. Barrows summed up the entire political situation on the evening of November 3d. The meetings were largely attended and perfectly successful, inasmuch as that no partisan demonstration ever took place, nor did the speakers ever favor their own candidacy or make the ordinary campaign speech.

On October 24th the Young Men's Civic Service Class united with the Young Women's Junior Church in an informal reception to about eighty university students in Unity Hall. Mr. Eugene Sturgis, president of the sophomore class, made an address on "The Relationship of College Activities to Citizenship." Mrs. Fries, the leader of the women's class followed on the same theme. President Wheeler of the University of California gave an impressive talk on "Citizenship," which brought the meeting to a close.

The regular Channing Club dance was held in Unity Hall on the evening of the 31st and was in the nature of a "all Hallowe'en" affair. Miss Bertolacci and Miss Juillerat gave some very humorous sketches of "Theodorus Africanus" under the Tum-tum tree. Miss White contributed two violin solos to the pleasure of the evening. So ended the activities of the month.

LOS ANGELES.—"Everything is happy now" in our church here, from Sunday-school up through the social service class, the Alliance, and the congregation. The little folks enjoy their exercises and love their superintendent, Mrs. Hodgkin. The wee ones, though quiet as mice, have a beautiful time with a trained kindergarten during the church hour.

The Alliance is busy and wideawake as ever. All-day week meetings, two literary sessions and a sociable are part of the report. This last was most enjoyable, the men contributing to the gaiety of nations by clearing the tables and winning prizes for "concentration," "expedition" and various other "tions." At the literary afternoon the work of the Parent-Teachers' Association was so interestingly present-

ed that the time was extended an hour or more to allow for the eager questions and discussion the talk called forth. This association does bring the parent and the home into close touch with the teacher and the school and does solve many of the problems of our modern so-called education. If this co-operation were general throughout our country, it would soon be possible to displace our present cumbersome, inefficient methods and make the education of our youth practical for the everyday needs of the child, vital with power for the service of the State.

Interest in the Social Service topics increases and fifty or more people find they can get out even on Sunday morning for a meeting at 10:15. One of the most valuable talks was by Mrs. O. P. Clark, who spoke of the work of a new society, the Psychopathic Parole Society. It is only a year old, but it has already done a large amount of good in a new field, caring for the mildly insane, who are able to leave Patton, but have no place to which to go. Also, they have saved many from being sent to that State institution. This is the first society of the kind, it is believed, and as such an organization could be effective anywhere, it is to be hoped the success achieved will be an inspiration to other cities. Supplementing this talk of Mrs. Clark, Judge Hutton told of the Lunacy Commission. Our own Mrs. Baurhyte spoke in her magnetic, winning way of the origin and growth of the Maternity Cottage, a beautiful helpfulness, not a charity.

Sermon interest is, however, the most active among our people. Mr. Hodgkin's daring venture upon a three years' course is proving its worth. Occasional attendants are becoming regular, and new people groping their way out of the old theological prisons, are coming to have their spiritual shackles broken by the brave words of the thinker. An objection might, perhaps, be raised that the treatment of the great topics of this course would be academic and didactic, but the sermons prove to be dynamic with the radiant energy of the new day. The *Express* gave a two-column inter-

view with Mr. Hodgkin on his plan. He thinks it will save himself from getting into a rut, looking at things from one point of view only, give him an enlarged life perspective, will constantly deepen his sympathies, so that he may become a truer and safer interpreter of life, because held to a consistent and well-ordered regime of thought. The preaching should thus become cumulative in effect, like the teaching in an educational institution. If this is done well, it will have the same effect upon the listeners; they will feel as time goes on that their vision and understanding of life is growing in comprehensiveness because they have been following a systematic line of thought. Headings of the discourses for the past month have been: "Can the Modern Man Believe in God?" "The Seat of Authority: To What Must We Yield Obedience?" and "The Use and Abuse of Creeds."

PORTLAND. — Services were continued in our church throughout the summer months. Mr. Eliot filled the pulpit through July, and by exchanges and supplies services were held every Sunday in August, with fairly good congregations, but by October, evening services were resumed and the various organizations of the church were in good running order.

During the past month Mr. Eliot's morning sermons have been a series on the topic "The Christian Church as an Instrument of Redemption from Poverty, Disease, Ignorance and Tradition." For the evening service he takes up some leading question of the day, having the address given by some one especially interested in the subject. On last Sunday the address was given by one of the delegates in attendance at the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.

The Alliance has taken up its work in good earnestness. The program this year gives two courses of lectures or talks, on the first and third Wednesdays of the month. The lectures on the first Wednesdays will be given by Professor Wood of Reed College on "The Church and Social Welfare." These lectures will be followed by the social hour, in which to welcome strangers and help our own

members to become better acquainted. On the third Wednesdays the lectures will be given by Mrs. T. L. Eliot on "The History and Present Attitude of Unitarianism." It is hoped that both courses will prove not only attractive but of great benefit.

On Friday evening, October 18th, Mr. and Mrs. Eliot tendered a reception to the entire congregation in the chapel, and although it was an unusually stormy evening, a good number braved the storm to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Eliot and were rewarded by passing a very pleasant evening.

On the fifth Wednesday of October, Mrs. Sutton, president of the Alliance, invited all the members to her home to a "silver tea," with the twofold object of spending a pleasant hour and incidentally replenishing our treasury. The women are all very busy preparing for the annual bazaar, which is to be held the middle of November.

SAN FRANCISCO. — A month of generally uneventful church life. Mr. Leavitt has filled the pulpit every Sunday, excepting the first, when Abdul Baha through an accomplished interpreter set forth the principles of the movement and made an eloquent plea for world peace. During the month the various church organizations have held their regular meetings with unabated interest.

The Channing Auxiliary meeting of October 7th was given to music, and an enjoyable program was offered.

The lecture by Charles Zeublin, given in connection with the California Club at the latter's hall, was not so well attended as its merits demanded. It detracts from one's enjoyment of a particularly good sermon or lecture when the mind is irresistibly occupied with regretting that so many who could appreciate, and would be benefited, are missing it.

The Society for Christian Work held two meetings of talks, which were enjoyed by a good company. On the 14th Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler, who was an enthusiastic participant in the Chicago convention No. 2, told of his experiences and impressions, and naturally stirred his audience greatly. On October 28th Mr. George W. Caswell, who

thoroughly understands his subject, extended the knowledge of his hearers as to "Tea."

The annual sale of articles of use and ornament will be held on November 22d and 23d. The ladies of the church have won an enviable reputation for straight dealing and for offering really desirable things at what they are really worth. If there is ever a time when the people of a church are judged by their works, it is at a fair. Unitarians would be convicted of insincerity if, zealous for the end, they should use means that are condemned by even ordinary sinners. Scrupulous accounting in the matter of change is exacted, and no semblance of lotteries offends the puritan conscience. There is nothing unfair in a Unitarian fair.

SPOKANE.—The Unitarian Church of Spokane opened for another year's work September 8th, when Mr. Dietrich preached to a capacity house on "What Is the Good of Religion?" Mr. Dietrich spent his vacation in the East, in New York and Pittsburg, and previous to his return was married to Miss Louise Erb of Appleton, Wisconsin.

The Sunday-school began work on the same day, and was thoroughly reorganized, electing new officers and an entire new force of teachers. The prospects for the school are very encouraging, and the new board hopes during the year to mould it into a very efficient school.

The Unitarian Club has had two good meetings, the speakers being Mr. Francis Walker, a well-known music critic, on "Music to be Avoided," and Mr. H. M. Stephens, corporation counsel, on "The Proposed Amendments to the City Charter." On account of the importance of the latter subject at this time, an open meeting was held and the club-rooms were crowded.

The Woman's Alliance is hard at work as usual, holding its regular meetings and giving each month a sociable and a business men's luncheon. The women of the church also gave a very pretty reception to Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich upon their return, at the home of Mrs. J. M. Comstock.

The Channing Club is planning a Halloween party to be given at the church, which promises to be a success.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the entertainment of the Ministers' Institute on December 10th. Our people shall be glad to meet the ministers of the Northwest and will do all they can to make their visit to Spokane pleasant.

Sparks

"What is velocity, Johnnie?" asked the teacher. "Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with," replied Johnnie.—*Pathfinder.*

"I'll be glad when this campaign is over and the votes have been counted." "Why should you care? Is your business affected in presidential years?" "No, but I have a lot of old friends with whom I'm anxious to be on speaking terms again."—*The Herald and Presbyter.*

Mr. E. F. Benson says in "Mrs. Ames" that when Adam's rib was taken from him in sleep he "lost more than was left him, and woke to find all his finer self gone from him. He was left a blundering bumble-bee; to the rib that was taken from him clung the courage of the lioness, the wisdom of the serpent, the gentleness of the dove, the cunning of the spider, and the mysterious charm of the firefly that dances in the dusk." This seems a lot to have clung to one rib.—*The Christian Life, London.*

Her father had been reading the parable of the sheep and the goats. She made no comment, but that evening a sound of weeping came from her little bed. Her mother went as consoler. "Why are you crying, dear?" "About the goats! I'm so afraid I'm a goat, and I'll never go to heaven. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat!" "No, dear, you're a sweet little lamb, and if you were to die to-night you would go straight to heaven." With these remarks she was comforted. Next morning, however, she began to weep again. Again her mother asked the reason. "I'm afraid about the goats!" she sobbed. "Didn't I tell you that you were a little lamb, and you mustn't worry about being a goat?" "Yes, mamma, I know that, but I'm—I'm awful afraid you're a goat!"

LIST OF BOOKS.

A few copies of the following books, published by the American Unitarian Association, are on sale at the Unitarian Headquarters:

	Postage.	
Sea of Faith.....	\$0.80..	\$0.08
Milton Reed.		
Letters to American Boys.....	.80	.08
William H. Carruth.		
The Understanding Heart.....	1.00	.09
Samuel M. Crothers.		
Some Memories	1.25	.12
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Whose Son is Christ?.....	.80	.07
F. Delitzsch.		
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ed Verse	1.00	.12
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Unitarianism in America.....	2.00	.15
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Daughters of the Puritans.....	1.50	.13
Seth Curtis Beach.		
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W. Wrede.		
Sons of the Puritans.....	1.50	.12
A. U. A.		
The Transfiguration of Life....	1.00	.11
James Freeman Clarke.		
Immortality and Other Essays.	1.20	.12
C. C. Everett.		
Four American Leaders.....	.80	.08
Charles W. Eliot.		
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James Martineau.		
The Supremacy of Jesus.....	.25	.08
Joseph H. Crooker.		
West Roxbury Sermons.....	.25	.09
Theodore Parker.		
Endeavors After a Christian		
Life25	.11
James Martineau.		
The Influence of Emerson.....	.25	.10
Edwin D. Mead.		
Pioneers of Religious Liberty in		
America50	.13
Samuel A. Eliot.		

The following are 25c books, paper covers.

Transcendentalism in New England.	
By Octavius B. Frothingham.	
Orthodoxy, Its Truths and Errors.	
By James Freeman Clarke.	
Religion and Science as Allies.	
By James T. Bixby.	
The Spark in the Clod.	
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Charles A. Murdock.

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Now that the buildings are being constructed for the Panama-Pacific Exposition and representatives have been sent to different countries to secure exhibits, it is time to consider the wisdom of calling another parliament of religions that will be the abiding glory of the Exposition of 1915, as the World's Parliament of Religions was the glory of the Columbian Exposition.

It is of great educational value to illustrate now and then the material progress of mankind by exhibiting silver from the mines of Mexico, gold from Alaska, diamonds from South Africa, the silks of Japan, the ivory of China, the art treasures of France, and the varied manufactured goods of America, England and Germany.

Another parliament of religions is not only a vital need of our age, but a necessity for the complete success of the exposition. Side by side should be expressed the material achievements and the ideal strivings of the human race. An international exposition without a congress of religions would lack that which has been the greatest influence in the progress of the race.

The World's Parliament of Religions held in 1893 marked the coming of a new era in religion. It was the first time that representatives of all the great religions gathered together in order to express their convictions and also to seek for the truths that are common to the religions of mankind. The ideals of the different religions were clearly expressed, their history recounted, and their influence on the fine arts and for human betterment was enumerated.

A congress of religions should be held where the representatives of the different religions and cults, on a free platform, may frankly express their beliefs and be given a respectful hearing. It should stand for absolute sincerity, strong individual convictions, and scientific comparisons. Its purposes should be to eliminate racial prejudices, sectarian hatreds, current superstitions, and inspire men with a love for the truth and mankind. Such a congress will also further the cause of international peace and will make possible unity of action in the effort to suppress the international vices of white slavery and the opium trade.

In connection with such a congress of religions should be a museum with models of the great temples and cathedrals, idols and objects used in ceremonial worship, as well as a collection of the sacred scriptures of mankind. The objects should be arranged to illustrate the different stages in the development of religion. The geographical distribution of the religions at different periods in history could be shown by maps and charts. A museum is as necessary for the study of the history of religion as a laboratory for the study of chemistry, physics or biology.

Such a congress will not decrease religious zeal, nor glorify the spirit of compromise, nor seek to establish a new religion. It will not affirm that one religion is as good as another. It will emphasize the universality of man's religious needs and that in all the great religions of the past are elements of great worth.

Only religions and denominations that are conscious of their weakness, or are dominated by the spirit of bigotry, will refuse to frankly state their beliefs. The truth in any religion has nothing to fear

from comparison with the teachings of other religions. Great encouragement comes to the cause of religion through the discovery that religion is an expression of human need.

A congress of religion will be of value to emphasize the fact that the drift today is toward religion, to inspire men to interpret human life in idealistic terms, and to further the universal brotherhood of man.

C. R.

The greatest values of the world are produced not by factories and mines, but by schools and churches. The great valuables of the world are material things like gold and jewels and wealth, but mind and soul. We cannot overestimate the value of these last; we are constantly overestimating the value of the former.

A ton of pig-iron is worth about twenty dollars; made into horseshoes, it is worth ninety dollars; made into knife blades, it is worth two hundred dollars; made into watch-springs, it is worth one thousand dollars. The difference between raw iron and the iron developed is due to brain power. Millet, the artist, paid sixty cents for canvas and paint and brush. He mixed his genius with the paint and produced the "Angelus." This picture sold for one hundred and five thousand dollars. What but his spiritual endowment made the difference between the canvas and paint by themselves, and the canvas and paint in the "Angelus"! The material was worth sixty cents—the spiritual values added over a hundred thousand dollars. It was not merely intelligence and skill—brain power—in this instance; it was the soul, the self, the artist put into his work; and the picture could express no more than the soul of the artist had in its possession to put there.

These spiritual values cannot always be measured in dollars. Who would not value earth's costliest structure at less than a good name, a stainless conscience, a pure heart. A little while, and the picture and palace are only dust and decay. But these higher things, these souls that God has given us to keep and use, shall endure through eternity's boundless years and bear into the immeasurable future the mark of how we live and act to-day.

Christmas is the child's day in the Christian year; it is the day in which we are to turn to the child for our lessons. We are very much inclined to doubt nowadays whether we can learn much from the child—whether the childlike spirit is to be prized greatly. We disparage the childlike mind. We look rather to experience, to prudence, to see into the depths of things. The tendency of mind and manners and even morals seems to be toward the sophisticated rather than the childlike. Boys and young men look upon it as better to guard against deception by learning the tricks and subterfuges of trade and of morals. We breed a great surplus of smart people, who take pride not in finding much to believe in, but in seeing how much they can underrate things and men. We think it more subtle to appear knowing, to intimate our suspicions of something underneath, than to take things for the best, and open our minds for a frank reception of information.

We lose much by this attitude. We lose the affection and confidence of people by meeting them on this guarded basis. We lose knowledge—for from him who is suspicious of every truth—who waits and weighs and sneers—truth turns away.

The childlike mind really does receive

what the subtle, the experienced and cautious wisdom cannot get. And if I understand Bergson, this too is the last word in philosophy. We can never comprehend the marvelously complex universe by mathematics or metaphysics; it becomes more and more intricate and inexplicable. Just as no mathematician is wise enough to be able to figure out just what are the elements of gravitation and centrifugal forces that hold a boy on a moving bicycle. It is too intricate for figures, but the boy rides easily.

And what if things are really what they seem to the more childlike mind? What if a simple life solves the problems sufficiently for itself by just living? Jesus thanked God for revealing mysteries unto babes. We reveal ourselves not to the most wise and prudent—the suspicious or the knowing; rather to the childlike, simple, unsuspecting mind we reveal ourselves.

Those twelve simple-minded disciples saw the best things in life, not because they were inexperienced and ignorant, but because they were simple and innocent.

Let us see if we are not asking, as is so much of the world to-day, that education, pleasure, experience shall give happiness and reveal the best in life. If it be true, remember that to the simplicity of genuine scholarship, the innocence of childhood, the helplessness of the sick, the affliction of the sorrowing, come the happiness, affection, kindness, sympathy which are the Christ attributes forever.

B. L.

Perhaps the result of no National election ever left the principal participants so well satisfied with the result. The President seems undisturbed. After the determined effort of the forces led by his former friend to control the Republican convention, the fact that his

predecessor is not to be his successor is sufficient balm for any disappointment he feels in not succeeding himself.

Theodore Roosevelt, on the other hand, regards his failure as success, inasmuch as he prevented Taft from securing another term, and seems satisfied with the present and hopeful for the future.

Wilson can but be gratified at his unqualified victory and the return to power of the party he believes in. His crown may bring discomfort, but no one fears that it will be tarnished with dishonor. For this at least we may be thankful.

We may in fact be thankful for many things. Bumper crops and a larger share for the producer are surely incitements to gratitude.

If prices of living are high they seem to be within the reach of an unusually large proportion of our people. Distress and abject poverty seem to be diminishing rather than increasing. And if high prices compel just a little self-control, and the curtailment of extravagance and luxury, they will by no means prove an unmixed evil.

The spirit of helpfulness seems to be extending, and many of the very rich seem to be trying to be decent in the disposition of their surplus. If they will become healthily ashamed of it so that they will divert a larger share to those who jointly produce it, instead of experimenting on means of restitution, it will be to their advantage in many ways.

In America we are at peace, and no Constantinople hangs from the geographical limb to invite the cupidity and stir the enmity of a nicely balanced mankind. If we can gain the confidence to divert the cost of warships to the support of schools and the comfort of the suffering we will have cause for even greater thanksgiving.

Irving Bacheller has used his talent to good advantage in the writing of two such good-naturedly, searching sketches as "Keeping Up With Lizzie," and "Charge It, or Keeping Up With Harry."

Socrates Potter is a shrewd and lovable type, and he assails a real abuse when he turns to fashionable extravagance and social folly.

The delightful little book can be read in a sitting, and it shall not be spoiled by quotation, save as to pertinent reference to the church. The fine heroine Marie, asked her wise counsellor if he ever went to church.

"No," I said.

"Why not?"

I tried to think. There were the minister, two boys and three old men,—dried beef and veal! Not to my knowledge had a single one of them ever expressed an idea. They were seen, but not felt. The church! Why, certainly, it was founded on the sweetness, strength and sanity of a great soul. I had almost forgotten that. It had grown feeble. It had gotten its fortunes tangled in psychological hair. It should have been correcting the follies of the people—their selfishness, their sinful pride, their extravagance, their loss of honor and humanity. Had I not seen, in the case of Harry and his followers, how the church had failed in its work? Ought it not to have sought and saved them long ago—saved them from needless disaster? It should have been appealing to their consciences. If appeals had failed it should have stung them with ridicule or raised a voice like that of Christ against the Pharisees. The church! Why, it was living, not in the present, but in the past."

The result of his putting aside his scruples and going on successive Sundays to the five Protestant churches in

Pointview, is of interest, but need not be dwelt upon. "The Church of All Faiths" promoted by Potter and his friends is suggestive but hardly adequate as a remedy.

Coincidences are sometimes startling. Those who have attended the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco have not failed to be impressed with the striking mural painting that fills the gothic arch back of the pulpit. It is the work of Bruce Porter, a gift in the name of his mother as a memorial to Horatio Stebbins. Dr. Stebbins was fond of the passage, "Lo, at length the True Light," and the painting depicts the artist's conception of the development of religious truth. Against a background of wooded hills, fine clouds, blue sky and mountain heights, are grouped four figures. In the foreground, prone, with covered face, a tawny form represents primitive superstition. At the left is seated a venerable sage, with snow hair and flowing beard. He is garbed in soft brown texture and is distinctly Oriental. His brow with closed eyes, rests upon his open hand, which is supported by his forearm. His attitude suggests weariness and relaxed severity. One thinks of Moses when he was tired and longing for relief.

At his right, with a harp that he is lightly touching, is seated a kingly figure that might typify the era of the Prophets, as Moses typifies the law.

At the right of these two, the commanding figure of the group, stands a majestic figure with left hand uplifted, strong, and glowing, seeming to proclaim triumphantly, "Lo, at length the True Light."

It is a very beautiful painting, restful, and uplifting.

A few Sundays ago Mr. Leavitt, with characteristic hospitality offered the

pulpit to Abdul Baha, the leader of the Bahai movement. The church was completely filled. When the distinguished Orientalist arrived Mr. Leavitt left the pulpit and met him and his attendants at the door. They passed down the main aisle, an impressive group. Abdul is a substantial sort of a saint with a bearing of apparently conscious importance. He wore a white turban, had a flowing white beard and a soft, Oriental garb of light brown. His interpreter was black-bearded, with a black turban and gown.

As they passed into the space behind the pulpit, Abdul seated himself in a gothic armed chair in the right-hand corner, and almost immediately rested his head on his forearm, his elbow on the arm of the handsome chair. He closed his eyes in meditation and seemed lost to any interest in his surroundings.

The congregation was presented with a spectacle that aroused intense interest, for he represented in the flesh an almost exact likeness of the picture of the Moses above him. The color of his garment was the same. His attitude was absolutely true, and the facial resemblance was startling. The white turban differed little from the white hair, and the expression and atmosphere were identical. The living figure might have posed for the artist, and Abdul will perhaps never have a better likeness.

It was a remarkable instance of a happening of extraordinary similarity under circumstances that could be neither predicated or imagined.

How thin the veneering of civilization is proven to be when war rears its ugly head! In times of peace, and the general acceptance of a world plan of arbitration, we flatter ourselves that we have emerged from savagery and that the waste and wickedness of war have been left behind, but when the strain and stress

of conflicting interests becomes great, the conventions that hold in check break like wisps of straw, and all that manhood has achieved slips easily off and brute strength and lust of power are left in fierce control.

How sad a commentary! How humiliating a confession! How long, O Lord, must we wait for the day when the spear shall be no more and the pruning-hook shall be pledge of peace and plenty!

And what way can we follow to reach the heritage of manhood that is ours by every implication of our being? The spirit that is implanted in man and that finds manifestation from time to time in men who truly do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, surely is prophecy of what must be, and however slow the progress and weary the way, man can only be strong and just and loving when men are so.

We, then, may draw courage when moral gain seems slow, for its progress is related to its transcendent worth and is painful and difficult from its very character. Apparently the end of creation, so far as man is concerned, is the development within him of a divine spirit. The ages that have passed have merely begun the process and the end seems far away. God is patient. He must be, for the laws of growth are immutable; and we can be, and must be, patient, for goodness is the precious distillation of all experience, whether it be marked with happiness or sorrow, success or failure, love or suffering.

Let us, then, press steadily on, undismayed by all that threatens failure or disturbs faith. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and truth and good and love shall prevail.

What a difference in European conditions and the history of the immediate

future if the nations could hear and heed a Christmas message of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"! It seems an awful anachronism that after all the terrible story of the centuries that have gone, the peace of Europe can only be maintained by a balance of power that the nations seem tempted or obliged to test by ruinous war.

It certainly seems that common sense, mutual welfare, and a common interest ought to dictate some agreement by which any aggrieved nation or nations might appeal to a representation of all and abide by the result. Enlightened selfishness would seem to call for some other method of settling conflicting claims on the division of territory which the victorious allies have wrested from the hands of the Turks, than a decimating war resulting in a mortgage of misery that will burden for years to come every participating nation, whether vanquished or victor.

It is significant of the value of thought and of trained ability to think, when an idea that has come to a student finds acceptance with those whose powers are practical but not imaginative.

Last month in San Francisco the Commonwealth Club, a sturdy organization of twelve hundred public-spirited men, who work for the common weal, had gathered to discuss the relative merits of city or State control of the harbor of San Francisco. Two really strong addresses had been made, and each separately seemed conclusive of the diverse claims. Among the sixty or more members present the sentiment seemed pretty nearly divided.

A university professor was on the program to offer any suggestions that occurred to him, and he proceeded to read, in a quiet and unemphatic manner, a

plea for district control, suggesting that the water-front of San Francisco Bay should be treated as a whole and controlled by one board, representative of all the communities affected. He contended that through co-operation and not by competition between the various cities, the best results could be attained.

The address was listened to with close attention, and in the discussion that followed was commended by several speakers. At the conclusion of the consideration, when a vote was taken expressive of the opinion of those present, a motion to favor "city control" was amended to "district control" by a vote of 44 to 4, and as amended was adopted by 59 to 2—a very remarkable tribute to an absolutely new suggestion on a matter which was discussed for the second time and had previously occasioned sharp division and considerable feeling.

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By William Day Simonds.

[These paragraphs arrived "a day too late for the fair" held in November, but there is so much in them that is perennially true and eternally pertinent that they are printed in this number *unus pro tunc*.—Ed.]

November 6th, and its all over. The long campaign, the uncertainty, the rival claims of rival parties, hopes realized and hopes defeated; it is all in the Past, thank God. The successful candidates are receiving the congratulations of their friends, and the unsuccessful—Ah, that is another story.

Somehow my heart always goes out in search of the army of the defeated. And it is such a huge army. Back of each victorious candidate, not one, but several who struggled either for nomination or election.

One man, Woodrow Wilson, has been elected President of the United States, but in the shadow of defeat and disappointment I see a goodly group of eminent Americans. At one time or another in this grim year of 1912 each of these "favorite sons" has with seeming reason dreamed of the Presidency:

Harmon and Underwood, Clark and Cummings, La Follette and Roosevelt, and William Howard Taft. Eight men strive for the prize—one man wins.

And the proportion holds from President to constable. Twenty-seven new Governors, numerous Congressmen, Legislators and Assemblymen, jubilant over new honors manfully won; but in the silence and obscurity of defeat, an army of deserving men who fought on to the last, most of them confident of victory "when the votes were counted."

But this is not all. There are the friends and backers, the "immediate relatives," as we say at weddings, who "rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those that weep." Surely a "great and general election" is no joke. It is serious for those who lose. Perhaps more serious for those who win.

Nothing becomes our people better than the good spirit in which they accept the results of a political battle. Three days before election Republicans are confident that Democratic victory will mean business disaster. Less than three days after election the vast majority go right on in the belief that it's a good thing the Democrats won "*this time*." There is a deal of religion in the unconquerable optimism of the American people. "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," is an article of faith well worth defending.

"Not lightly fall
Beyond recall

The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act

Of freedom is the freeman's vote!"

So wrote Whittier, and so our Fathers believed. Not less do we. "The accumulated intellect of the masses is greater than the heaviest brain God ever gave a single man," exclaimed Wendell Phillips in one of his masterful orations.

The people have decided and all is well. Now for the next duty.

And what is that next duty, especially appealing to the people in our liberal churches? Has the campaign a lesson for us? Unmistakably. Did you notice that all parties this year claimed to be progressive? Evidence enough that the politicians recognize the dawn of a new era. Old issues are indeed "dead issues." A platform of a dominant party twenty

years old is as dead as Cæsar. The world is on the move.

A church admirably fitted to conditions as they existed a quarter of a century is now distinctly out of date. Unitarianism as an "ism" is no longer even interesting. Neither is any other "ism." Religion as a "means of escape" from impending doom, or a path toward an impossible Heaven, is about as vital as the Chinese language, in this Western world. To defend creeds written ages ago by men who knew less than we know on every possible subject, including religion, is as impressive as it would be to advocate donkey travel in preference to the "Sunset Limited." To preach a specious overworldliness to the virile men and the wide-awake women of our time is as idiotic as a solo on a tom-tom.

The people are demanding a religion which manifests itself in greater intelligence, added courage, better health, more of happiness, a truer justice, a nobler commonwealth, and this religion of, by, and for to-day, they will achieve, with our aid, or without it.

But our one chance of serving God and humanity is to lead the way to that progressive faith all the world is seeking.

The birthday of the Prince of Peace draws near; yet war, and the story of war, fills all lands. Christians are bathing the unsheathed sword in the blood of their enemies, piously thanking the Christ, who forbade war, for hard-fought victory. With the soldier trudges the priest, thus keeping intact the ancient alliance of the sword and the altar.

All good Christians are devoutly rejoicing as the followers of Mohammed fall back with decimated ranks. Meanwhile preparations are already in progress for the elaborate celebration of the natal day of one who taught us to forgive our enemies, even until seventy-times seven. Perhaps these words were not intended to apply to men of another race or religion.

And what a spectacle the so-called Christian nations present—all Europe an armed camp; frowning forts wherever fear suggests; guns, shotted to the lips, upon every point of advantage; the wealth of empires lavished upon colossal navies, and each striving to outdo all others in guns, and forts, and ships, and armed men. The strongest available leaders as Ministers of War, but not a Minister of Peace from the North Cape to the Ægean Sea. And yet we go on solemnly and stupidly paying divine honors to the Prince of Peace.

Stupidly I say, for I remember Horace Mann's calm words and true: "If a thousandth part of what has been expended in war and preparing its mighty engines had been devoted to the development of reason and the diffusion of Christian principles, nothing would have been known for centuries past of its terrors, its sufferings, its impoverishment and its demoralization, but what was learned from history."

Again I insist that war is as stupid as it is devilish. Therefore I quote with honest gratitude a recent utterance of the Baroness Von Suttner: "There is nothing so stupid, so insane, so terribly and heartlessly mad as killing in order to prove that one is right. War is simply and plainly legalized wholesale murder. It is crime of the most vicious and horrible kind. It is unbelievable that in the name of civilization men would slay and slaughter each other in order to show their superiority. Of all things insane, preparation for war is the worst. We ruin ourselves for the purpose of destroying others. The horrors of war drive men mad. Armies have become insane from the sight of bloodshed, for reason gives way under the appalling horrors of battle. Reason cannot withstand the terrific strain, and the mind is crushed."

"And the mind is crushed." That is in Europe. Here in the United States we know little, of course, of the burdens of war. With the exception of that little unpleasantness with Spain, we have lived in peace with all the world for forty years and more. Our statesmen are sane

and sound on the question of military burdens. What pride were ours if we could really affirm it: the United States is the one great nation sincerely devoted to peace. Would that we could so boast! How runs the record?

From 1879 to 1909, a period of thirty years, 71.5 per cent of the nation's income was spent on the destructive agencies of war, for the interest on debts contracted for warlike purposes, and in pensions to the victims of war; almost three dollars out of every four of revenue devoted to military expenditure.

Since we began to do business as a nation we have spent for all purposes (in round numbers) twenty-one billions of dollars, and of this amount sixteen billions have been devoted to militarism—a sum that exceeds the gold production of the world since the discovery of America by three billions. Figures these worth thinking over before we "point with pride" to our peace record. Possibly Longfellow was contemplating the "record" when he wrote:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the world from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

"Nevertheless, the sun rises," wrote Victor Hugo at the close of his bloody tale of "Ninety-three." Nevertheless, the sun rises, we repeat as we pen our last paragraph. Christmas is not wholly a pretense. The age-long adoration of Jesus does somewhat tame man's primitive ferocity. As yet civilization camps so near to savagery that wholesale murder seems to the majority a proper method of settling international disputes. in the not distant future, let us hope, Christmas Carols will be sung by happy children, who learn of war only in the dark annals of the past: children who will find it difficult to believe that civilized and Christian men ever faced each other in serried column, intent on the business of killing, and that this was called "glorious war."

Some day the Prince of Peace will reign over a world war-emancipated—over races, black, and brown, and white, who acknowledge human brotherhood and who believe that love is better than hate in earth, and heaven and hell.

Notes.

On the evening of Thursday, November 7th, the congregation of the Alameda church gave a reception to the new minister, Rev. N. A. Baker. It was managed by the ladies of Unity Circle, which guaranteed its success.

The ladies of the Santa Cruz church held their annual sale on the first day of November at Hackley Hall, which was decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. The tables were well cleared of the articles offered, and the treasury of the Woman's Alliance was considerably helped.

Rev. E. R. Watson, who three years ago relinquished the pulpit of the San Diego church was welcomed by his former parishioners on November 3d, when he occupied his former place and spoke on "The Greatest Idea in the World."

Advices from Portland are to the effect that the trustees of the Unitarian Church have accepted the offer of a New York capitalist of \$250,000 for their quarter block at the southwest corner of Seventh and Yamhill Streets. According to the agreement the church will be permitted the use of the present building for a period of about five months or until such time as it can purchase another site and erect a new edifice.

The Unitarian Club of Alameda celebrated the close of its sixteenth year by a ladies' night entertainment on November 14th. The program included "In a Persian Garden," sung by the Sierra Mixed Quartet and a rendition of "Monsieur Beaucaire" by Miss Gladys Emons, a talented young woman who has grown up in the church. In "Monsieur Beaucaire" she gave with striking fidelity the roles of Monsieur Beaucaire, the Lady Mary, Winterset and Molyneux, depicting them with a light, true touch.

Rev. Richard F. Fischer filled the pulpit of the Salem (Oregon) Church on November 10th, after which he expected to return to Illinois.

The luncheon and church fair at Oakland closed on November 16th with results that seem to have realized all reasonable hope of the Woman's Alliance.

Rev. A. H. Sargent, of Eureka, has shown live interest in the county jail. Through his efforts a library has been established. Arrangements have been made for religious services twice a month.

The Rev. Antoinette Louise Blackwell, the first woman to become a minister in this country, having been ordained in the Congregational Church in 1853, though at the age of eighty-seven, preaches once a month in All Souls' (Unitarian) Church at Elizabeth, N. J.

Oakland held a union service on Thanksgiving Day in the Presbyterian Church. All other churches, including the Unitarian, were invited to attend, and the offering was divided between the Associated Charities and the Kings' Daughters' Home for the Incurables.

Rev. Washington Gladden addressed the Unitarian Club of Portland, Oregon, on November 18th, speaking on "World Peace." His words were strong and wise. "We have gotten past the stage where we must think in terms of parishes or counties or states or nations," he said. "We must learn to think in terms of planets. We must exert ourselves to find out what we may do together to make life best and happiest and most beautiful for all us human beings who are somehow marooned upon this earth planet as it whirls through space. We do not avoid a fight with our neighbors by keeping every window in our house full of guns trained on his front porch. Yet this very situation, which would be regarded absurd in the case of an individual, is urged as necessary in international relations, and scarcely provokes a smile. People are crying out, 'Let us be done with war. We have something more interesting and profitable to do than slaughtering one another.'"

Mr. George H. Normington, of Santa Barbara, assisted by Mr. George Ewing, vocalist, is trying the experiment of twilight organ recitals. The first recital was given at 4 o'clock on November 26th.

Rev. Thomas Clayton, of Fresno, preached a Thanksgiving sermon on No-

vember 24th. His plea was for a "devout thanksgiving spirit which shall exist for 365 days in a year. "We should be thankful because thankfulness is a healthy frame of mind. Thankfulness means cheerfulness, and cheerfulness means health and happiness. Life is largely a matter of attitude,—

'For a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce;
And a trouble is what you make it:

And it isn't the way you're hurt that counts,
But only—How did you take it?"

We should be thankful always because we know now that the trend of the entire universe is toward the good, and always toward the better, so there is always much for humanity to hope for and little to fear. Everything we see and discover brings us a message of good, and therefore more cause for a grateful state of mind."

The Rev. Matthew Scott, who has charge of the First Unitarian Church of Vancouver, B. C., has just brought to a close a most interesting series of Sunday evening addresses. His subjects were the Religious Teachings of Thomas Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Geo. Fredrick Watts, George Meredith and Edward Caird. The addresses were well attended and highly appreciated.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, of Los Angeles, in his sermon of November 24th spoke of the best use of Sunday, declaring as follows: "I am not in favor of a strenuous Sunday of any kind, but am decidedly in favor of a purposeful one. The old custom of having many religious services which one felt bound to attend was reducing the day to the same rush and strain and hurry that we undergo other days. It leaves no time for quiet meditation and assimilation. I think in addition to this some time can be spent in God's great out-of-doors. Not in crowds, if crowds can be escaped, not in hilarity or strife or in spectacular display. We have entirely too much excitement and strife and display during the week. This best day in the week should be free from these things. It should be a day in which the soul gathers strength and poise from nature's serenity and tranquility. The soul is not nourished by excitement and spectacle. The soul

gathers assurance from normal communion through life with nature and nature's God. Equally important is our social religious side, which finds expression and reinforcement by meeting together on high planes and finding God through human nature. The ages have again and again proved the need of a church. In these two ways, by finding God in nature and in human nature, can our Sunday be put to its highest use, and man will return to his labor and find that it too is divine. His work will become worship and his worship and place of business will become a temple of the living God."

The *Victoria Times* of November 19th contains a quite generous report of a sermon by Rev. S. E. Lindridge, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Victoria, which was delivered the previous evening to an audience that packed the Victoria Theater. His subject was "The Passing of Christianity and the Coming Religion." He began by asserting that the principles of orthodox Christianity do not agree with our knowledge of science. There was never a perfect creation; man has gradually risen to higher development. Any church that asks us to believe blindly, sustains a system that stands for the slavery of the human mind and offends our conception of right and justice. "No matter what the past history of any church organization may have been, we ourselves are free men and free women. Are we not justified in saying that in standing for the fall of man and the doctrine of the atonement, orthodox Christianity is untrue to the teaching of Jesus? Jesus spoke of the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of heaven within you. It is no great palace in the sky from which you have fallen as a sinful creature, but the Divine Life within, if you will only realize it, within your own soul. That seems to me to be the very essence of the teaching of the Master, the expression of that life in word and action. Let this consciousness once find expression, and you will fling aside the fetters of formalism and stand forth as true men and true women, conscious of your divine heritage. And though men call you

'heretic,' 'unbeliever,' it shall be you who will be the loyal followers of the Master Jesus. It is this consciousness of the Divine Spirit within the human soul which is even now finding expression, and manifesting itself through all humanity. The consciousness of a religion not founded on fear, but upon eternal hope; a religion that bids us realize that we are not slaves, but the Sons of God."

Anno Domini 1912.

Arrogant, rash and unthinking,
Ye rich men of Lawrence:
Bolstered with money bags,
Making of these your defenses—
Will ye now *think*?
Are ye aware?

Are ye aware
That to Dives in Hell
Shall come the release,
When the last humble man
To be freed from oppression
Gives him to drink?
Gives him to drink
Of the cup of forgiveness—
That cup which is filled
With the tears of their anguish:
Tears of your brothers—
Of women in travail,
Who bore ye new slaves
That ye compass your profit!

Are ye aware!
Are ye aware of the bush
That has hung like a cloud,
Black, pregnant with lightnings,
Over the world, while we waited?
Waited and prayed
That the bolt be averted—
That vengeance be still with the
Lord
For the Judgment of Lawrence?

If that ye *know*!
If that ye now can *think*!
Rich men of Lawrence,
Signal the light to your fellows
Debauched of like power,—
Tell them the long night is ending;
The darkness withdraws as the
cloud:
That the Daybreak at hand
Heralds peace amongst men!
That the Star over Bethlehem
Promised the Day!

—Bruce Porter.

That breath of praise to Thee belongs;
They, by Thy mercy always fed,
Teach us to beg our daily bread.
Ye mortals! loud resound your King;
And when that powerful God you sing,
Oh! be your hearth and tongues the same
While singing the Almighty Name!

Contributed.

The Law of Sacrifice and the Social Ideal.

By Professor William S. Morgan.

The development of civilization has been inevitably toward social solidarity. The family, the clan, and the nation are suggestive of the gradations in this movement.

The idea of nationality is a modern one. It involves a physical base, a community of language, and common traditions and ideals. Even the Greeks and Romans did not attain unto the full measure of nationality. Whatever sins might be laid at the doors of these splendid civilizations as the cause of their downfall, their chief sin was anti-socialism. I am using socialism in its broadest meaning as a feeling for the interests of the social mass over against mere individualism. Greece attained to the height of developing a city, but could not go beyond this to realize that Greece was composed of many cities, and that they could never hold together without the co-operation of all the cities. There was only one man, it is said, that appreciated the meaning of Greek nationality; that man was Pericles, but his work failed because of the selfishness of the Greek cities.

Rome fell for the same reason. The great Roman empire was established in a city. Its history subsequently became the building up of a city. Each city was selfishly interested in its own welfare. The emperor Honorius saw this and tried to rectify it. He called upon all the cities of Rome to act together, but it was too late. They had practised selfishness until it had become second nature, and any other form of social solidarity for the Roman people seemed madness.

We have no trouble along this line in our modern life. The social units known as nations are pretty well organized for practical purposes. But it is interesting to note the accomplishment of such a task now that we are aiming at other forms of consolidation.

Within the limits of nationality the social ideal has made great progress.

Castes of all forms are disintegrating with the growing feeling of the sense of worth in the notion of humanity. The castes of India are a fair type of the divisions of humanity in all nations in the world. Special privileges and considerations have been retained for certain groups of individuals. We have had the military over against the civilian, the feudal lord against the villein, the rich against the poor, the clergy against the laity, the nobility against the untitled.

But these distinctions are gradually fading away not in actuality, but in the efficacy of the distinction. Democracy is gradually possessing the world. The Church is gradually yielding to it, the many are taking possession of ecclesiastical management. Since the days of the rising of the third estate in France, the people all over the world are gradually taking the engines of government into their own hands. Any one who cares about it may study the constitutions of all the civilized people of the world to-day and find the trail of democracy writ large upon all of them. Evolution is gradually and surely doing her perfect work here.

In our day the economic struggle has become acute. The terms "capital" and "labor" have been introduced into our dictionaries. On the one hand we have the corporation and the corporation of the corporations, and on the other we have the consolidation of labor interests into forms of trade unions and various forms of socialism. All these things are splendid and are certainly bringing together into a unit for economic effect the producers of the wealth of nations.

The increase in the number of human beings, and especially the massing of them together in large cities, is pressing the matter of consolidation home to us in a very unique way. It produces the slum, it creates centers of physical and moral pollution, and gives rise to many forms of sin peculiar to our modern life. But at present we note only the inevitable togetherness of our modern life.

Modern invention and commerce have also done their share in this movement. The locomotive and the steamship have

brought the nations of the earth together. Telegraphy is supplying a new nervous system for humanity. Newspaper, book, and magazine are bringing to our breakfast table the problems and ideals of all the peoples of the world. International relations are looming large upon the horizon. Any government to-day which thinks it lives unto itself will do an irreparable injury to itself. When one nation increases its navy, the others must see about it. When one nation claims special privileges in China, the foreign secretary of each nation must at once know about it.

Here, then, are the conditions, and I trust we are taking a broad enough view of them that we may the better see the true perspective of the social movement at close range.

The word "humanity" is attaining to a unique significance. There are a billion and a half of us in this world. Some of us are ignorant, but we are human; some of us are learned, but we are human; some of us are rich, but we are human; some of us are poor, but we are human. We have the same problems to face. The economic problem is here, each one must live. We have the same human heart. Our longings, our ideals and emotions are wonderfully alike. Mothers the world over weep at the little mound in the cemetery. The same impenetrable mysteries surround us: we have the same reaching after God, the same longing for ideal life and immortality.

Because of this we are now speaking of the body social, and the old simile has taken on a new form in the light of the modern cellular theory. No longer are we satisfied to say merely we are members of the same body, but we must forsooth say each one of us is a cell in the body of humanity, and the whole body depends for its welfare upon the efficiency of each cell. One diseased cell affects all the rest: one healthy cell drives its inspiration through all the others.

We must beware of the subtle fallacy of carrying a metaphor too far. At best it is only a suggestion. For, mark you, a cell in a body is pretty well under the control of forces over which it is

helpless. But we assume the responsibility of the individual and groups of individuals in the social aggregate.

What, then, is the problem before us to-day? What is the duty of the individual in face of the social solidarity which confronts him? I will state it in these words: The duty of each individual, as well as groups of individuals, is first to recognize fully that he is a part of a larger unit, then always so to act that we shall to the best of our ability live for the benefit of the whole. This is simply the golden rule over again. It is simply the principle of the great philosopher Kant, "So act that the principle governing thy action might become a universal law." And here the law of sacrifice comes into play. Selfishness is acting with a view to our own self-interest. This is always our first impulse. By sacrifice we mean any diminution of my self-interest to increase the public weal. We have in other words to subjugate our pleasures, possessions, prejudices, powers, and preferences to the public good. Our great modern social sin is the predominance of individual welfare over the public good.

This is the trouble with politics. Professors and ministers are urging good men to go into politics. Why? The politician is no worse than his fellow. He simply accentuates the general selfishness of which we are all guilty. But our condemnation is an acknowledgment that the glory of the Lord has departed from this phase of our human life. I have sometimes called attention to two groupings of words coming through two languages. I refer to the word "city" and its derivatives in the Greek and Latin tongues. From *civitis* we have civility and civilization: from *polis* we have politeness and political. The denotation and connotation of the words "civility" and "politeness" have kept pace with each other. But notice how the meaning of civilization and political have grown apart. Civilization means the progress of the individual in society. It means material development, locomotives, machinery, telegraphs, steamships. It means development in intellectuality, books, newspapers, science, literature, and philosophy. It means

moral development, the ethical progress of the human race. But what is the trouble with the word "political?" It ought to mean as much as the word "civilization." Why does it leave a bad taste in the mouth to call a man a politician? Why do we say, that is just politics? The only answer that can be made is that the ethical ideal has departed from the sphere of life which the word covers. This is not entirely true, but true to such a degree as to give coloring to the entire meaning of the word. The anti-social feeling has taken possession of it. Men enter politics for most part to serve their private interests.

So fixed has this notion become that any man who tries to reintroduce ethical considerations into the notion is branded as very unpractical. He does not know the game. He does not know how to buy votes. He does not know the knack of keeping his party in power irrespective of whether it serves the public weal. He does not know how sweet a morsel is a bribe. He does not know that the great interests that are paying large prices must be listened to. He does not know that the political "boss" in the last analysis is simply a creature of the corporations. He does not know that they furnish the *sineews*; and what are politics without money? In other words, he does not seem to realize that politics or the placing of governmental powers in the hands of a few is a primary interest of the few and not the many.

The result of this is that the faces of the poor are ground, the economic resources are sapped, wealth is forced into a few hands, justice miscarries, tariffs are levied to feed the already overgrown god mammon, cities become the innocent victims of social vultures, ill-kept streets slay their thousands, slums their hundreds of thousands, and physical and moral diseases are inoculated into human veins and arteries. Indeed, municipal mismanagement is the hugest Jugger-naut of America to-day, leaving in its trail the sorry carnage of innocent victims. And all this happens because of the anti-social sin of which we are all guilty. Our political life is monopolized by self-interest. This is why campaign funds are extracted. This is why bribes

are accepted. This is why the voter accepts a bribe for his vote. This is why he is unwilling for the sake of righteousness to cast his party prejudices aside when he finds guilt in public officials. This is why he says, "My party, right or wrong." We are not yet prepared,—that is, most of us are not, to make the sacrifice for the public weal which the exigencies of our time demand. We are anti-social sinners.

We are not prepared to make the sacrifice to overturn the consolidation of political vice. It may mean a loss of position. It surely means the misrepresentation and the lampooning of party newspapers, which are very discriminating in the news they select and the men they oppose. But we despair not. The walls of the temple shall yet be built. Human beings in the last analysis will listen to their consciences. Righteousness shall yet dominate in city halls, in legislatures, and senates, but not until the rank and file of the people shall together insist upon it.

The anti-social sin dominates our business life. We have developed a lawless and a soulless corporation. We have elevated competition to the place of supreme power in business. Dividends must be earned at any cost. The few must be protected. A new device on a railroad for saving human life might diminish dividends. Better ventilation and sunlight in a factory might have the same effect.

Nowhere is this impulse more glaring than in the sin of child labor. In order to undersell the competitor God's innocent children must be enticed from their homes to the drudgery of the factory when their bodies are half-formed and their minds beginning to open in wonder upon the problems of existence. A lad of ten is taken down into the coal mines to inhale the dust-laden atmosphere when he should be tenderly instructed in the schoolroom or caressed at the mother's knee. Little girls are ushered to the factory and sweatshop to labor from morning to night when the influences that make human life worth while should be surrounding them. Here we are committing the unpardonable anti-social sin. We are stultifying the gen-

eration which must do the world's work after we have departed. We are minimizing the economic and social value of the individual. We are depriving society of one of its most precious assets, a well-developed human being.

The anti-social sin has many aspects and we can touch upon only a few. The temptations in our day of using fiduciary funds for the benefit of private interests is another phase of it. We have had our insurance investigations on a large scale, and they still continue here and there. I know of no words that can more fittingly describe this type of sinner better than those of Prof. E. A. Ross: "The respectable, exemplary, trusted person who, strategically placed at the focus of a spider web of fiduciary relationships, is able from his office chair to pick a thousand pockets, poison a thousand sick, pollute a thousand minds, imperil a thousand lives."

The last group of anti-social sins I shall mention are those of religious sectarianism, racial hatred, international methods of settling disputes, and the problems of capital and labor.

There is absolutely no objection to dividing religious sects up into as many parties as may be required by humanity. The divisions within Christianity, for example, have a historical justification. For the most part, they represent a moral protest against some form of ecclesiasticism that did not satisfy the conscience of those who protested. They are historical vindications of a reaching out after truth and liberty on the part of excellent human souls. But the trend of their development has been anti-social. They have fought each other instead of fighting the common enemy of unrighteousness. They have failed to recognize that one form of religious belief cannot satisfy all alike, and to extend to the man that differs from them the liberty they claim for themselves. Through the sacrifice of noble souls there is a better day dawning. We are very gradually getting to see that a denominational label is of less importance to the world than a life lived for the good of the whole. The *odium theologicum* must be buried with all forms of

selfishness deeper than ever did plummet sound.

Racial hatred is another glaring anti-social sin. We wonder at the moderation of Shylock asking for just a pound of Gentile flesh when he should in justice ask for tons of it. It was Heine, I think, that said that, when Shylock went through the streets crying out for his daughter, it was the wail of eighteen centuries of injustice perpetrated by the Christian against the Jew.

We still have with us the anti-social method of settling international affairs. War is the great barbarism. It is the most stupendous relic of barbarism persisting in our modern civilization. This institution of killing is burdening woefully the nations of the world. Every war vessel built is an additional strain on the body social. Every war is a tremendous drain upon the wealth of the world. Three-quarters of our own national budget is devoted to wars past and prospective. We are trying hard to commend it to our social conscience by talking of infantry and cavalry, tactics and strategies, patriotism and heroism. We feel that war needs more of a bari-cading from condemnation than any other institution we have, for we labor more to make it palatable to our conscience. We instill it into the text-book of the child; we erect more monuments to the heroes of war than to the more numerous upbuilders of civilization. And what does war mean? It is the most illogical thing in the world. A moral dispute arises between two nations, and we try to settle it by immoral means,—the means of killing.

The rational way of settling a dispute is the way of arbitration, the way of The Hague Tribunal. But the war method is something like this. A dispute arises about territory or commerce or a treaty right, or what not, between two parties. Diplomacy fails to settle it. Then the contending parties go to work to see who can kill the most people, and the enemy who is the most crippled is compelled to sue for terms dictated by the conqueror. Then the representatives of these two great powers get together and fix up an agreement. But this does not settle justly the dispute in hand. It

may turn out after all that the conqueror was in the wrong; and now, because of an advantage gained by the superiority of his arms, he is able to procure what any normal conscience should deny him. Is not this irrational and anti-social to the last degree? The social feeling demands that we set our shoulder against this iniquity, that we preserve economic wealth, that we cease to break the hearts of mothers and sweethearts and sisters, that precious human life be not sacrificed at the mouth of the cannon, and that we settle by reason and sacrifice the greater calamity.

The disputes of capital and labor are unsocial in their character. The sins of capital without a doubt have been greater than those of labor, although the latter cannot by any means be exonerated. I am not now, mark you, discussing more fundamental ways of getting at the economic situation, I am merely taking it as it is. Even under the present system, unsatisfactory as it undoubtedly is, if both capital and labor were moved with the feeling of the good of the whole, we should have a very decided improvement. It is a deplorable fact that every advantage gained by the laborer he has had to fight for. He has had to gain most of his privileges by means of a strike. Reduction in the hours of labor, improvement in the conditions under which he works, and better wages have come as the result of warfare.

But the day of the predominance of the social attitude, let us hope, is not far distant. The laborer must in the long run do his work for the good of the whole. The capitalist whether he be an individual, a corporation, or a municipality of the state, must employ labor for the good of the whole.

Now to bring about this condition of higher social welfare great sacrifices must be made. The ideal of humanity is the highest development of each individual for the good of the whole. Individualism must forever die the death. To this end there will be many Calvaries. But we have inspiring beacon lights from the past to lure us on for the sake of the humanity that is to be. The Hebrew profits labored for these ideas,

and some of them, it is rumored, were sawn asunder. But they are serving as the moral background to the Lindseys of our own day. Selfishness is well organized. It has made itself respectable. It has the inertia of society on its side. But nothing that challenges the conscience of human beings is absolutely secure. The kingdom of righteousness is still at hand. The better day of humanity will dawn. But it means sacrifice for the social ideal. You will recall that there was a yawning chasm opened up in the Roman Forum according to the tradition. The people knew it, foreboded some calamity, and they tried to close it up. They brought their precious things, their jewels, their money, their precious books, but the chasm remained. At length there came a man on horseback, fully armed, and both horse and rider plunged into the chasm, and it was closed. Human sacrifice, it was contended, saved the state. The yawning chasm of our modern civilization will not be closed, this yawning chasm of selfish interests, until each one of us shall make a sacrifice. We must not depend on the sacrifice of our leaders. Each human being must make it. Each must make humanity his watchword. Each must take every opportunity to live for the whole. The sacrifice must be made in the ballot-box, in the position of trust, in the homes of this and every country on earth. Then the kingdom of righteousness shall come. then, and then only, can we sing the Marseillaise of humanity with the poet Burns:

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Then shall the visions of Isaiah and Jesus our Master and Edward Bellamy and all who are laboring for the kingdom of God be realized. We care not what form the movement will assume; we can trust any form of institution in which each man will dedicate himself to the good of the whole.

Women of Our Faith—Dorothea Lynde Dix, 1802-1887.

By Emma R. Ross.

"Here is a woman who, as the founder of vast and enduring institutions of mercy in America and in Europe (and in Japan) has simply no peer in the annals of Protestantism," says Francis Tiffany in his "Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix." (Let me urge you here and now to read this book. Read everything of Dr. Tiffany's you can find. He is a master of style with the soul of the seer.)

What a wonderful life it was! Without a childhood, under stern Puritanic training which allowed no expression of affection, exposed to malignant hate, to the adulation of the mighty, touching the extremes of hut and palace.

Here is the briefest outline of her career. A teacher at fourteen; principal of a girls' day and boarding school at nineteen, having also a school for poor children in the barn; caring for an infirm grandmother and two younger brothers; piecing out her own fragmentary education,—all this till she was thirty-four years old. By this time she had secured a competency, but was compelled to give up work, seeming for good, her health being terribly shattered and consumption imminent.

But "high hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams, and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and start on some fresh march of faithful service," says Martineau, and Dorothea Dix heard the call to "Comfort ye my people," the insane, whom she found in cages, in closets, in dens, chained by iron collars around the neck, even mildly demented ones; they were beaten with clubs, fed and treated like beasts. Carefully for two years she gathered facts. Then she memorialized the Massachusetts Legislature, and aided by Dr. Samuel G. Howe and Charles Sumner brought about the requisite laws and consequent action necessary for the proper care of the insane.

From this the work went on, over twenty States, across to Europe, everywhere one was oppressed there came

Dorothea Dix, a modern Joan of Arc, righting the wrongs of those who could not right their own. She did a great work for the coast guard stations, but her labors in Europe were a marvel. In two months in Scotland she compelled a reversal of terrible conditions in the treatment of the insane; in England she brought about a revolution in the lunacy laws of the land, prevented the keepers of private asylums from locating in the Jersey Islands. With her offenseless weapons, she conquered Pope Pius IX, so that he had the most deplorable abuses of the insane in Rome corrected. When she left Rome she threatened to return if the reforms she had suggested were not carried out. And they feared she would.

All over Europe she went, investigating first, and then woe to the powers above when her memorial of facts was presented. The slight, frail woman, with the beautiful face and the beautiful voice, was more terrible than an army with banners. From the beginning of her mission, legislatures, congresses, strong-hearted men of wealth, brutal jailors, even the insane themselves, all yielded to her gentle compulsion. This circumnavigation of charity, this gathering of terrible facts, this memorializing was done not for glory, not as a means of livelihood, but because she could not be disobedient to the heavenly vision and to the call of these most hapless ones. While in Scotland she wrote: "It is true I came here for pleasure, but that is no reason why I should close my eyes to the conditions of these most helpless of God's creatures" (the insane).

In Russia she found a more humane system than in England, and of the asylum in Constantinople she wrote: "I had substantially little to suggest and nothing to urge!" Isn't that surprising for the "unspeakable Turk"?

When the Civil War broke out she reported at Washington a few hours after the Sixth Massachusetts was fired on at Baltimore, and was made superintendent of nurses. It was her quick-witted suggestion to the right man which prevented the plot to assassinate President-elect Lincoln.

Only her indomitable will kept this invalid in the hard service of the war and afterwards to the aiding of her old proteges, the insane. Yet this amazing amount of work, not in one but in many lines, was done quietly. She would allow no gifts, no lauding of herself, and regarded popularity, in the ordinary sense of the word, as a degradation. To a friend, Miss Dix wrote: "My reputation and my services belong to my country. My history and my affections are consecrated to my friends."

The fierce light that beats upon a throne was as nothing compared to the scorching fires of hate through which this "American invader," as she was called abroad, had to pass.

While this brief summary may give the idea of an iron-willed despot, yet Miss Dix had the gentlest intuitions of love and sympathy. Fortunately for her she had been under Dr. Channing's guidance, and "something of that moral enthusiasm that Dr. Channing ever imparted to those who came under the witchery of his influence had entered into the brain and soul of Dorothea Lynde Dix." But for this her stern Puritanic training might have made her unyielding and intolerant. Always, no matter what the hardships of travel, and they were grievous in those days, she took the time from four to five in the morning for religious devotions, and she was very fond of the fine old hymns of our faith. Her favorite poem, however, was, "Rest is not quitting the busy career."

At her death a friend wrote: "Thus has died and been laid to rest in the most full and distinguished woman America has yet produced."

A Child's Own Hymn.

[Written by Lord Macaulay at the age of seven, "whilst we were at breakfast with him one Monday morning."]

Almighty God of all below,
Thou canst protect from every foe;
The heavens were made by Thy great hands,
One word from Thee the earth commands.

* * * * *

Thy wrath is like a burning fire,
Thy goodness all the good admire,
Thy word restores the dawning day,
At Thy command the lightnings play,
The birds that chirp their morning songs—

Events.

The Unitarian Club.

On Monday evening, November 25th, the Unitarian Club of California held its one hundred and sixth dinner at the Fairmont Hotel. The subject of the evening's discussion was "Agriculture," and the guest of honor was Professor Thomas Forsyth Hunt, lately called as dean and director of the College of Agriculture in the University of California.

A few years ago the "cow college" was something of a joke, and gave poor standing to those enrolled, but now a decided change is manifest. Perhaps no department is more prominent both in its attraction to students and in the substantial benefit conferred upon the community. The model farm at Dixon, and the princely domain at Fresno are centers of great activity and the demonstration trains that cover the State and spread light to agriculturists and viticulturists are recognized as tremendous helps to the producers.

There has lately been dedicated on the Berkeley campus a magnificent building for housing this rapidly growing department, and the securing of a leader of national standing places our State University in the front rank of those institutions which are placing farming on a high plane as a scientific industry.

President Symmes in resuming a position which he held for two terms twenty years ago, remarked that the nominating committee evidently felt that the time elapsing eliminated the danger and dispelled the prejudice generally associated with a third term.

Prof. Hunt proved a pleasant speaker, not being numbered with the pedantic, platitudinous or prosy. He just talked familiarly and easily, passing from one phase of his subject to another without regard to severely logical sequence, clearly animated by the thoughts that sprang from interest and not plodding through a severely reasoned or verbally committed address.

As a new-comer he avoided recent impressions and the cataloging of what had been done or any recital of what he hoped to accomplish. He treated the

broader aspects of the general matter of country life. He referred to the movement initiated by the appointment by President Roosevelt of the Commission on Life on the Farm, and began by telling what it was not. He protested against the phrase regeneration of the farmer. Neither was the movement a back-to-the-farm affair. He was interested in improved methods and incidentally better crops and higher profits, but the end in view was more than any of these things. It had to do with life as affected by its surroundings, and its purpose was to insure educational advantages, social opportunities and spiritual aspiration. More important than crop returns were the school, the grange hall or other center of social life, and the rural church.

He referred to meeting in New York a commissioner from the Argentine who had been sent to report on conditions and methods in the United States. He was deeply impressed and his conclusion was that we represented a new civilization. The distinguishing feature to him was a higher point of view, loftier ideals, a higher standard of living. Things that in Europe or in his country were accepted as matters of course were not tolerated in the United States. Violations of the moral code subjected a man to exclusion from respectable society. Even personal cleanliness was expected and provided for.

He spoke of traveling in Germany and seeing in a rather pretentious hotel a placard, "A bath room in this hotel."

The importance of good schools was very great. He attributed the growth of temperance and the forcing out of the saloon very largely to the fact that the voters of to-day began a generation ago to find, through the study of hygiene, that alcohol was a poison.

That the drift of residents was to be more and more to the country was very clear. Many things tended to encourage and enforce it. Transportation extended many privileges once denied, which left natural advantages to exercise their sway. The fact that enlightened public sentiment was forbidding child labor in cities and closely settled communities would constitute a strong economic pres-

sure toward the country, inasmuch as there alone could child labor be of value. A man could live on a farm and be helped by his children without in any way harming them, and more and more we may expect country life to be extended. Therefore it is increasingly important that wise education, social development and moral aspiration should be assured.

The second speaker was Dr. Eugenio Dahne, of Brazil, accredited by his government as Commissioner of Agriculture and Commerce from the great republic watered by the Amazon. For several months he has been traveling in the various States of the Union, and for a considerable time will remain in California to learn of us and to promote a closer intercourse.

The Republic of Brazil is only twenty-three years of age, but under it the country is steadily progressing. Civil and religious liberty are assured and the people are contented and prosperous. The territory of Brazil is very great and its resources, except in a few staples like coffee, rubber and tobacco, are largely undeveloped. Agriculture has made little progress, primitive methods being followed. A few years ago the department he represented had been formed and a beginning had been made. Brazil looked to this country for help and leadership in scientific agriculture, and he felt that a great development would follow. He was charmed with the Club and would feel honored if during his stay in San Francisco he might be admitted to its membership.

Dr. Dahne is a native of Brazil, born of German parents, and is a geologist and mineralogist of note, as well as an accomplished linguist.

President Symmes expressed how much the community owed to President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who was present as a guest but not on the program for any formal address, and hoped he would be willing to conclude the discussion.

Dr. Wheeler was warmly welcomed and spoke in a vein of warm appreciation of what the Agricultural Department of the University had accomplished and of its present standing and

future promise. Within a few years its numbers had increased more than fourfold, and its expenditures, though large, had proved a fine investment for the State. It was returning in money value much more than it received, and gaining a high standing as of practical value, as well as in inspiring a new appreciation of the possibilities of agriculture as a pursuit.

The address of Prof. Hunt was an illustration of how far-reaching and really helpful of higher life the study of agriculture could be made.

Ministers' Institute.

Program of the series of meetings to be held in the Bay churches December 17, 18, 19, 1912:

General topics: "Profounder Reflective Thought," "Inspiration for Practical Service."

The meeting of Tuesday evening will be held in the First Unitarian Church, Fourteenth and Castro Streets, Oakland. The meeting of Wednesday evening will be held in the First Unitarian Church, Santa Clara Avenue and Grand Street, Alameda. The meeting of Thursday evening will be held in the First Unitarian Church, Franklin and Geary Streets, San Francisco. All other meetings in the First Unitarian Church, Dana Street and Bancroft Way, Berkeley.

The public is cordially invited to attend the evening meetings.

Tuesday, December 17th, 8:00 P. M.—Introductory Address: "Educational Ideals and Religion," Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Santa Barbara.

Wednesday, 18th—Subject for the day: "Philosophy of Religion. 9:00 A. M., Devotional Service, Mr. Horace A. Hand, P. U. S. M.; 9:30 A. M., address, "Materialism and Religion," Rev. Clarence Reed, Palo Alto; 10:00 A. M., address, "The Spirituality of the Universe," Professor William S. Morgan, Berkeley; 10:30 A. M., address, "The Personality of God," Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith, Berkeley; 11:00 A. M., discussion of addresses, led by Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Santa Barbara; Rev. George William Henning, Santa Rosa; Rev. Franklin Baker, Sacramento; 2:00 P. M.,

Book Review, "Creative Evolution," by Henri Bergson, Rev. Daniel Rowen, Los Angeles; Rev. Thomas Clayton, Fresno; "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," by Rudolph Eucken; Rev. Charles Augustus Turner, Santa Cruz.

Others are invited to report recently published books bearing on the topic for the day, after the discussion of the foregoing books.

Evening session—8:00 P. M., address, "The Philosophical Basis of Liberal Religion," Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, Los Angeles.

Thursday, 19th—Subject for the day, "Practical Religion"; 9:00 A. M., Devotional Service, Mr. Arthur B. Heeb, P. U. S. M.; 9:30 A. M., address, "Sociological Aspects of Religion," Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, D. D., Redlands; 10:00 A. M., address, "The Church of the Twentieth Century," Rev. Bradford Leavitt, San Francisco; 10:30 A. M., address, "The Art of Preaching," President Earl Morse Wilbur, D. D.; 11:00 A. M., address, "Use of the Hymn in the Public Religious Service," Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, D. D., Berkeley; 11:30 A. M., discussion of addresses, led by Rev. Francis Watry, Santa Ana; Rev. N. A. Baker, Alameda; Rev. Paul M. McReynolds, Pomona; Prof. G. H. G. McGrew, P. U. S. M.; 12:30 P. M., recess. 2:00 P. M., address, "The Philosophical Basis of Socialism," Professor George P. Adams, University of California; 2:45 P. M., discussion, led by Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, Los Angeles; 3:15 P. M., address, "The Civic Function of the Church," Rev. William Day Simonds, Oakland; 3:45 P. M., discussion, led by Rev. Oliver P. Shrout, San Jose; 8:00 P. M., address by Rev. Lewis Gilbert Wilson, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

Light at Last.

One only thing I hope, I trust,
I know if all my thought is just,
I know if all my deeds are kind,
No future fear can haunt my mind.

I hope, I trust, I feel, I know,
Where'er my soul may groping go,
Or through the shadow or the night,
At last, it must, it will be light.

—Robert Loveman.

Edwin Bonnell.

Suddenly, without warning of previous illness or suffering, on Thanksgiving morning, Mr. Edwin Bonnell, one of the earliest members of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco and one of its most constant and devoted attendants, was summoned to his final home.

He had attended to his customary business duties the day before and was looking forward to a family reunion in the afternoon. He was alone when the end came and apparently was unconscious when his heart failed to perform its functions.

Mr. Bonnell was born in Ohio in 1836, and when a youth of sixteen followed his father, who was a pioneer of 1849, to the Pacific Coast, residing for four years in Portland, Oregon, of which city Allison C. Bonnell, the father, was one of the early mayors. He was also a mill owner and lumber dealer. A disastrous fire deprived him of his fortune and in 1856 he removed to San Francisco, accompanied by his two sons. For many years he was cashier of the *Bulletin*. Edwin Bonnell was an accomplished accountant and was steadily employed. In 1873 he accepted a position with the Savings and Loan Society, the pioneer savings bank. As secretary and cashier he served that institution till its consolidation with the San Francisco Savings Union in 1910. Few men have handled as many million dollars as he did during these thirty-seven years, and no one ever handled money or discharged a trust of any kind with more fidelity or integrity. Faithfulness was the keynote of his character. He was absolutely reliable and dependable. He never failed to keep an appointment or discharge a duty. He was punctilious in a very unobtrusive way. He was a quiet gentleman, who never seemed to think of himself. It never occurred to anyone with whom he was associated that he would not do just what was expected of him. He belonged to many boards as trustee or secretary, and he was always on hand. If he failed to walk into church with his fond wife, his constant companion, on Sunday, the service would have seemed incomplete.

He was an uncomplaining Christian. He accepted whatever came with patience and fortitude, or with genial happiness, as the occurrence warranted. He was content with a life that might have been monotonous to a man of restive nature. To go day after day, by months and years to a bank where he did the same work was not irksome to him. It was his appointed lot. He earned his salary and it met his simple wants. He raised his family, he enjoyed his home, he was fond of his friends, he could appreciate good books or lectures or music, and found pleasure at dinners where wit and wisdom flowed. He had taste for art, and painting in oil was a source of satisfaction and enjoyment. Considerable success did not tempt him to follow it as a profession. He was essentially a modest man, and he had discretion. He preferred to be a good cashier rather than a mediocre artist.

Two years ago, when the bank with which he had been so long associated lost its identity, his faithful service was suitably recognized, but he had passed three-score-and-ten, and modern business shows preference for youthful vigor. His acceptance of the trial was characteristic. He did not like it, but he recognized the point of view that prompted his being relieved from active duty, and showed no resentment. Fortunately he found full scope for his still active powers. He was a model secretary, and he never lacked employment. He was secretary of the California School of Mechanical Arts, of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Unitarian Club. He was also treasurer and a trustee of the William and Alice Hinckley Fund, and held other positions of trust. He was an active member of the California Pioneers. He was an executor of the estate of his friend William Keith, and lately concluded the task.

He was a kindly, friendly, companionable man, with a good sense of humor and a clean, healthy spirit. He was distinctively a good man, faithful in every relation of life,—husband, father, business man and friend. Every one respected him, trusted him, admired him

He leaves only pleasant memories. He kept the faith. He loved mercy. He did justly. He walked humbly.

On Sunday, December 1st, at his home, there gathered a remarkable company to testify to the regard felt for him, and the sympathy entertained for his wife and children. Friends of forty years' standing and prominent representatives of the organizations he had so faithfully served, filled the house and overflowed the vestibule and stairs to the very street. Many stood in respectful silence, though far removed from the speakers' voices, and many finding not even standing room, returned to their homes.

Mr. Leavitt's impressive service was a heartfelt tribute of his affection and respect, and his words of appreciation found quick response from all who heard him. Col. A. D. Cutter, representing the Sons of the American Revolution, spoke feelingly of the character and services of their fellow comrade. The burial was at Woodlawn.

Selected

The Church of the Modern Spirit.

By Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin.
(Abstract of a recent sermon.)

"The churches to-day are all in a transition stage. They are passing over from a supposed basis of miracle to the basis of culture. Under the influence of the evolutionary view of life, religion is being reinterpreted.

"Our liberal churches accept the verdict in full and make no claim to being anything other than institutions for religious culture. Every change that takes place in every church is a shifting over a little farther from the basis of miracle to the basis of culture.

"What contempt many people who pride themselves on their religion have for those who are willing to regard religion as a mere matter of culture. What a descent it at first sight appears for an institution that has assumed to

hold the keys to heaven and hell and to control the eternal destinies of men and women to take its place as a society for religious and ethical culture!

"As a matter of fact it is not a descent at all but the very reverse. There is infinitely more in culture rightly understood than anyone ever conceived of there being in miracle. The idea of religion as culture instead of taking the foundations from the church, puts a secure basis under it and gives it a real excuse for being.

"If people could be transported to heaven by a miracle how very simple it would be. But if men must grow into heaven by the slow process of daily experience then how necessary it is for them to have co-operative institutions whereby they can assist each other to grow. There is a hundred times as much for a church to do as a cultural institution as there is for it to do as a supernatural one. The difficulty just at the present time is that multitudes have been emancipated from the old idea of church as an instrument of miraculous salvation but have no conception of the need of an institution for cultural salvation, or of what it can do as such.

"Is culture a small thing? Culture rightly understood is the greatest of all things. Everything that we possess to-day that we prize most is the product of culture. How does the farmer feed the world? By culture—by agriculture and horticulture, and if culture should cease in the vegetable world for a single year three-fourths of the human race would be dead and the remaining remnant would return to savagery and all the results of civilization would be lost.

"Soul culture or religion is of infinitely more importance than agriculture or horticulture and must be carried out in the same methodical and diligent way, and institutions and instrumentalities are as much a necessity in the one case as in the other.

"You can no more depend upon haphazard soul culture for results than you can upon haphazard agriculture.

"All our schools in every land are evidence of our faith in intellectual culture and the next great religious awakening

which is bound to come will bring with it an appreciation of the necessity and of the possibilities of religious culture and will provide the means for it.

"The transition from miracle to culture, from the exceptional to the normal, has given us so much more on which to base our faith than the old did that we are lost in the midst of it. We are buried in the materials of our faith to such an extent that we have not made them our own as yet in any adequate degree.

"You know an athlete can be trained up to a certain point and then, in athletic parlance, he goes stale. His muscles are as strong as ever, but the snap has gone out of him. That tense, quivering passion for action that carries him on to success has disappeared.

"There is such a thing as a splendid faith going stale. I am inclined to think that is the trouble with liberalism today. This is not because we have been over-trained, but because we are over-fed—that is, the materials of faith are so abundant that we have not yet digested faith and made it vital.

"I am fully convinced that the average liberal to-day is a man of far greater and better faith than the average orthodox man. He has more poise; he can more readily adjust himself to the demands of new conditions.

"He can meet calamity or he can meet either adversity or prosperity with better mastery. He can better sympathize with the unfortunate and can more readily devise ways and means of bettering their conditions. But this faith is largely static. It hasn't the dynamic quality. It is passive. There is no snap in it. Man isn't a-quiver with passion to propagate his faith.

"There are some splendid exceptions, and these exceptions reveal to us the magnificent possibilities it has for transforming the world if once it can be made to strike fire in the lives of the many as it has with the few.

"When this larger faith seizes upon us with power and lays us under obligation to join hands with those like-minded with ourselves for its upbuilding and propagation, then we will be

able to gather to ourselves and to make vital and dynamic the faith of those who are daily being dislodged from other forms of faith by educational movements and by the very logic of experience, and who so often wander about detached and unsatisfied—when we can do this in a very few years ours will become one of the largest and most influential of all religious movements. This is coming and it is not a great way off. When we can digest and make vital the superabundance of material that the revelations of science have hurled at our feet in such quantity that it has almost overwhelmed us the day of victory will be at hand. A rational, vital faith is inevitable, and the position of the liberal churches unhampered by either creed or tradition gives them the strategic position to enter into this work with every assurance of immeasurable success.

The New Church.

In the past, the church has been regarded as a more or less passive witness of salvation; in the future it will be regarded as an active agent of salvation. In the past it has been the body of those who have been saved from the evils of the world; in the future it will be the body of those who are saviours of the world from the evils which assail it. . . . I see already the coming of a day when men will come to church not for what they can receive, but for what they can give; not to be entertained or instructed or uplifted, but to be equipped in the whole armor of God, that they may again venture forth to die for the redemption of mankind; not to flee from the world, but to prepare themselves to enter into the world to serve as good soldiers of the Lord. Not the company of the saints, not the assembly of the converted, not "the congregation of the righteous," not a club of people who like to be together and worship together and pray together, but a great host of servants of the common good, of saviours of humanity, of fighters of the good fight for justice, righteousness, and peace—this is the new church of the new age!—*John Haynes Holmes*

All the Day.

By E. S. Goodhue, M. D., Hōlualoa, Hawaii.

If you will, you surely may
Brighten every work-a-day!
Tasks are nearly always easy
If your soul is only breezy;
And you scarcely can grow weary
When your heart is light and cheery—
All the day!

If you will, you surely may
Lighten every work-a-day!
Just by dropping care and worry;
Bluster, fluster, rush and hurry—
Just by taking change of weather,
As the wind takes up a feather—
All the day!

If you will, you surely may
Shorten every work-a-day!
Time which drags for idle shirkers
Swiftly flies for cheerful workers;
Willing hands can make each burden
Yield to them its precious guerdon—
All the day!

If you will, you surely may
Gladden every work-a-day!
Just by praise and joyful singing
Like some bird its sweet notes flinging;
Just by hearty, wholesome laughter,
Echoed back from roof and rafter—
All the day!

If you will, you surely may
Consecrate each work-a-day!
Every second of full measure
You may welcome as a treasure;
Every earnest, busy minute,
Will have joy and sweetness in it—
All the day!

If you will, you surely may
Thank God for his work-a-day!
The kind need of constant labor
For ourselves and for our neighbor;
For the round of daily duties—
Tasks and trials, blessings, beauties—
All the day!

As you wait, you surely may
In the evening of some day
Find that younger shoulders, bearing
All the heavy loads, are wearing
Burdens, honors, bravely, gladly,
While you rest, half pleased, half sadly—
All the day!

Higher Duty.

There is a higher duty than to build almshouses for the poor, and that is to save men from being degraded to the blighting influence of an almshouse. Man has a right to something more than bread to keep him from starving. He has a right to the aids and encouragements and culture, by which he may ful-

fill the destiny of a man, and until society is brought to recognize and reverence this it will continue to groan under its present miseries.—*Channing.*

George Meredith to His Son.

You know how Socrates loved Truth. Virtue and Truth are one. Look for the truth in everything and follow it, and you will then be living justly before God. Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that He leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it. And do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks.—*Scribners.*

"There are three kinds of temperance bones," said a lecturer the other day, "wishbones, jawbones and backbones. The wishbones are those who are forever wishing the cause and its adherents God-speed but never lend a helping hand; the jawbones do much loud temperance talking but expend little energy in pushing it along, while the tireless workers form the backbones of the movement that means on to victory." This is as much true of other movements as of the temperance movement. It is the wishbones and the jawbones that crowd them while they owe their success to a few real workers—the backbones of them all. The greater the number of these backbones the more vigorous the movement. Would that the Brahmo Samaj had a few more of these!—*The Indian Messenger.*

O world, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

—*George Santayana.*

From the Churches.

BERKELEY.—After the morning service at the Unitarian Church in Berkeley on November 24th, Mr. William Cary Jones gave some facts relating to the financial condition of the Unity Hall Association and read the following letter from Mr. Lathrop. The letter contained a check for one thousand dollars, which Dr. Smith says indicates something of the strength of the inter-church bond in a denomination which is generally supposed to be controlled by very marked local congregational independence. The spirit makes free, but the spirit binds in the highest and holiest sense.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 6, 1912.

MR. J. CONKLIN BROWN,
2553 Benvenue Avenue, Berkeley.

Dear Mr. Brown: I am sending you herewith a contribution made by close friends in this church, who wish to remain unknown, toward the effort to reduce the debt on Unity Hall. I need not tell you what joy it gives me to think that this contribution will lighten somewhat the tax upon the dear Berkeley people which Unity Hall lays and which they have, and are struggling with so courageously. But more than this cause for satisfaction is the spirit in which this assistance is given to you, and I must try and convey that to you in some little measure.

In the first place, it was not solicited by me even to the extent of a hint. One of the givers came one day saying that he was always troubled by the fact that a stronger parish robs a weaker one of its ministers, generally when he is doing his best work, and severs intimate and dear ties which have grown up between minister and people. He further said that, from what I had told him, he was very much moved by the attitude of my Berkeley people when the Brooklyn church gave me the call. It seemed to him to express an unusual and beautiful spirit that should consider so my interests and welfare regardless of their own, and when they had not then any definite prospect for filing their own needs. He therefore asked if there was not some little thing he might do for the Berkeley people to express his feeling and, after he had pressed the matter, I told him of the Unity Hall situation and my connection with and responsibility for it. He welcomes what I told him as just the opportunity he most wanted, and then continued to say that he hoped the Berkeley parish might feel that in a sense the two churches are tied together. He hoped the Berkeley people might take the offering as an expression, on the part of the Church of the Saviour, that they feel what their minister feels; namely, that the Berkeley people are "my people," and the Church of the Savior are "my people" too. I welcome this suggestion

of the giver that the gift might express a cordial spirit of fellowship between two churches, because in our independent congregationalism we have far too little sense of our own household, and everything that contributes, strengthens and helps us on.

Now, my dear Mr. Brown, what I have tried very haltingly to say I hope has, at least, been suggestive. Possibly the simplest way in which I could say it is that the gift represents just the same spirit here where I now live that I found when I lived among you, and that needs no explanation. "The gift without the giver is bare." In this case you have both, and it makes me happy to think that besides the givers you have a little of ME, too.

I wish for you very best success in your efforts, and I know you will have it, if not at once at least some time, for I know YOU.

Affectionately yours,

(Signed) JOHN HOWLAND LATHROP.

One of our revered members of the congregation gave a thousand dollars, and to quote again from our Bulletin: "A very striking evidence of the depth and sincerity of the life of this church is to be found in the persistent but unobtrusive spirit of self-sacrifice with which members of the church and congregation have given to free Unity Hall from indebtedness. Some have given far beyond their means. At present nearly four thousand dollars have been pledged. The remaining two thousand desired at this time will give all an opportunity to share in this effort to give in small amounts."

Many, many times have we found reason to be glad of the reality of the hall. Only last Thursday a week ago, when the Channing Club gave a fine dinner to about one hundred and fifty members of the congregation and their friends, good speeches followed the dinner and dancing followed the speeches, and everybody enjoyed the reunion.

On the 13th of November, Dr. and Mrs. Smith were "at home," and many of the members of the parish enjoyed their hospitality.

On the 12th and 13th of December the Woman's Auxiliary held a sale of fancy things, suitable for Christmas gifts, also pickles, jellies, mince meat, and all sorts of good things.

EUREKA.—A. H. Sargent, Minister. The Sunday-school and preaching service have become adjusted to the change of

ministers, and are going on with good attendance.

The ladies of the church kept up their custom of giving a supper and food sale a few days before Thanksgiving. This supper and sale was up to the usual standard and proved a most enjoyable social occasion, as a free musical program was rendered during the evening.

The Boy Scout organization, which made the church favorably known among all denominations under Mr. Baker's leadership, has been kept up. It has passed the crisis caused by losing both its leader and trainer, and now promises to be helpful again, with the aid of some young men who were trained in it.

The weekly church paper, *Good News*, has gone far towards making a permanent place for itself as a weekly bulletin of church work, and a means of carrying our religious message to those who do not attend Sunday services.

LOS ANGELES.—So many people had bees in their bonnets for the good of the Sunday-school that the superintendent called a special conference after church, to which the earnest teachers and some advisory members came. Over a simple luncheon the plans were released from the bonnets (hats these days) and then there was a buzzing. Later issues of the PACIFIC UNITARIAN will describe the successes. (Of course there will be no failures.)

Social Service Class meetings are a continual feast, but a surprise as well. It is certainly inspiring to find so many people doing things, making wells in the desert of materialism and bringing life out of the valley of dry bones of selfishness. Humane judges, welfare experts, civic culturists, men and women, come gladly to give us of their best. Some of us burn to go and do things also, but are prevented by the scorn of circumstances. Often we grow discouraged with the pessimistic news of the dailies and wonder if the world is growing any better as the wide seasons roll. These people show that many quiet influences are working for the betterment of social conditions, and we take new courage and believe in the time when the desert shall

blossom as the rose. Topics of the past month have been: "The Work of the Lunacy Commission," "The Free Text-Book Amendment," "The Municipal Court," and "The Public Welfare Features of the New City Charter." Judge Chambers of the Municipal Court said that his court was often clogged owing to the difficulty of securing jurors. Where it should take half a day to get a jury, it sometimes took several days, because men have so little civic conscience they deliberately perjure themselves to escape jury duty. When will men learn to "count nothing good for self that is not good for all"?

Alliance meetings for sewing, for literary feasting, for a dramatic sociable, or a sociable with dramatics given by the young people, have all been excellent. Mrs. Gerald Cassidy of Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Rocky Mountain director of the National Woman's Alliance, was present at one session. She gave a most interesting talk, followed by an animated discussion, on the co-operation of the different branches, especially the lonely ones, with the national organization. Incidentally, she said, she had found but three Unitarians in New Mexico. Evidently it is a good place for well-digging.

This month's series of sermon topics in the three-year course has been entitled: "Institutional Expressions of Religion—Have We Outgrown the Need of Them?" The specific titles have been: "The Need of the Church," "The Work of the Priest," "The Call of the Prophet," "The Place of the Bible," and "The Sabbath: The Best Use of Sunday."

In speaking of the Bible, Mr. Hodgkin said: 'As you look over the world to-day you will discover that just in proportion as the old view of the Bible holds, the old bitterness, and hatred, and intolerance remains also; while in proportion as the old view is superseded by the new, are the old antagonisms disappearing and men are shaking hands over what were before considered impassable chasms. We go to the Bible to-day, not to obtain from it a definite belief, but in order to catch something of the spirit which permeates it, which shall enable us

to build out of the materials of our twentieth-century experience a belief and trust that shall be all sufficient."

Concerning the "Call of the Prophet," the speaker said: "There are no locks and keys or secret chambers in God's treasure house. Everything is placed before all of us. In proportion to our capacity to receive and to use all is ours. The true prophet is not a soothsayer, a fortune-teller, a juggler with divine truths. The real prophet makes us see that the pointing and the leading of normal life is all the prophecy we need."

The sermon on "The Sabbath" was introduced by this ingenious calculation: "In a life of three-score and ten a man has ten years of Sundays, fourteen per cent of his entire life, a larger percentage than governs success or failure. It therefore behooves us to watch our Sundays, for as thy (Sun) day so shall thy strength be. We are not to spend Sundays; we are not to hoard them; but we are to use them to the enriching and sweetening of all the rest of the week.

The mid-week talks began this month and are bringing out large audiences. The topics have been: "Christianity Before Christ," "The Christianity of Socrates and the Ancient Greeks," "The Ethics of Plato and the Ethics of Christianity," and "The Ethics of Aristotle and the Ethics of Christianity."

The liberal churches of the city—Universalist, Unitarian, Fellowship and Jewish—had a union Thanksgiving service at the Universalist Church.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., was the guest of the Men's Club November 18th, delivering a memorable address upon "Planetary Politics." On the following day he addressed the faculty and students of Reed College. The Young People's Fraternity is studying social settlements and kindred enterprises and movements and is engaged in a social survey of the city. The congregations of The Church of Good Tidings (Universalist), Temple Beth Israel and The Church of Our Father united for Thanksgiving service at The Church of Our Father.

SAN FRANCISCO.—November was a fair month from a weather standpoint, and also from the standpoint of church interest and attendance. Mr. Leavitt preached each Sunday and the various organizations held their usual meetings. On November 4th the Channing Auxiliary offered "An Afternoon in Java," under the guidance of Mrs. Samuel Doliver, who recently visited that interesting country and brought back many rare curios.

Rabbi Meyer, of the Temple Emanuel El, addressed the Men's Club on November 19th, speaking very interestingly on "Immigration." He has given the matter extended consideration and is firmly optimistic. It is good to hear him, as his experience and firm conviction compel confidence.

November, in the Society for Christian Work, is surely our busy month, for in addition to our two regular meetings we have our annual sale. Our meetings were fine ones. On November 11th Mr. Warren Olney, Sr., gave us a "Traveler's Story," and it certainly proved a most absorbing and fascinating account of a trip through Egypt. On November 25th, Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith, of Berkeley, gave us an unusually fine talk on "Permanent Values in American Education." We were sent home with food for thought for many hours. The weather proved most propitious for our sale—two perfect autumnal days. The attendance didn't seem as large as usual, but when the day of reckoning came, the results were surprisingly good. A feeling of "fitful labors o'er" and that we have earned a few months of rest marks November's close.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—The Woman's Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church of Vancouver, B. C., have for the last few months been preparing for a sale of work to provide funds for the furnishing of the new church, which is shortly to be built. The sale was held at the home of the president on Thursday, November 21st. Much interest was shown by the members of the congregation and friends, and a most satisfactory sum was added to the furnishing fund.

Books

This department conducted by William Maxwell.

[All books reviewed in the PACIFIC UNITARIAN are on sale at, or may be ordered through, the Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.]

THE CHRIST OF THE HUMAN HEART. By Rev. William Day Simonds. Blair-Murdock Co., San Francisco. 75 cents, mailed.

For a Christmas remembrance to a friend of good taste and right feeling nothing can be more fit than Mr. Simonds' beautiful little book. It has been warmly praised by critics of widely diverse types—Elbert Hubbard, Robert Collyer, and Professor Fenn. It is reverent but reasonable, a sympathetic appreciation of the true heart of the real Christ.

AN INTRODUCTION TO METAPHYSICS. By Henri Bergson, member of the Institute, professor at the Collège de France. Authorized translation by T. E. Hulme. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

The Putnams have in train for immediate publication the authorized translation, prepared by T. E. Hulme, of Henri Bergson's "Introduction to Metaphysics."

This pithy little volume forms the best introduction to M. Bergson's philosophy. In it the author explains with a thoroughness not attempted in his other books the precise meaning he wishes to convey by the word "intuition." A reading of this book is, therefore, indispensable to a proper understanding of Bergson's position. German, Italian, Hungarian, Swedish, and Russian translations of it have already appeared, testifying to its intrinsic importance and indicating the scope of its appeal.

The present translation has been prepared under the supervision of M. Bergson and contains additions made by him.

PROTESTANTISM AND PROGRESS. By Ernest Troeltsch, D. Th., D. Phil. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

The Putnams have published a volume entitled "Protestantism and Progress," by Ernest Troeltsch, D. Th., D. Phil.

Since the appearance of his great work on the social teachings of the various churches ("Die Soziallehren," etc.), Professor Troeltsch ranks as a leading authority on the relations of the church and society in the widest sense.

In the present volume he offers a clear and vigorous study of one aspect of this subject, the part which Protestantism has played in the making of the modern world. He traces this relation in connection with the family, the various departments of law, politics, economics, social organization and social theory, science, and art. In all these departments he finds the influence of Protestantism, though often powerful, to be indirect. When he comes to its direct influence—in connection with religion—this is found chiefly in the emphasis laid by the main trend of modern religious feeling on the principles of freedom and personality—principles

which, the author observes in the one departure which he allows himself from the strictest objectivity, may need to be jealously guarded in the near future against encroachments which menace them from various quarters.

PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND REPRODUCTION. By Marcus Hartog, D. Sc., Professor of Zoology in University College, Cork. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Putnams will publish about the middle of November a volume entitled "Problems of Life and Reproduction," by Marcus Hartog, D. Sc., professor of zoology in University College, Cork. The author uses all the legitimate arms of scientific controversy in assailing certain views that have been widely pressed on the general public with an assurance that must have given many the impression that they were protected by the universal consensus of biologists.

THE TURK IN THE BALKANS. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Now that the attention of the world is directed to the dramatic struggle going on between Turkey and the Balkan States, renewed interest is being taken in Arthur D. Howden Smith's "Fighting the Turk in the Balkans," a volume which presents in graphic form the revolting conditions which have prompted the allies to make war against the Ottoman Empire. "Fighting the Turk in the Balkans" is an absorbingly interesting and thrilling account of the experiences of an adventurous young American who for some months joined a band of Macedonian guerrillas, and with them fought against the Turk with sword and fire, and bayonet and rifle, in the mountainous country just south of the Bulgarian boundary. It would tax the ingenuity of the romances to match this record of actual and extraordinary daring, of raidings and burnings, of fierce and swift attacks and sudden retreats.

THE FIRST CHURCH'S CHRISTMAS BARREL. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 50 cents net.

The author of this clever sketch, with its laughter and its tears, its wrath and its repentance, knows human nature, or at least feminine human nature, in all its moods and phases and to its utmost heights and depths. Very likely there are few church societies that will plead guilty of the fault of the "First Church" in the story, of sending out a missionary barrel filled with cast-off, worthless clothes; nor find themselves in the difficult position of receiving it back again by return freight, with the righteous indignation of the missionary's wife expressed in delightfully appropriate Scripture texts pinned to the various old shoes, Leghorn hats, and moth-eaten opera-clocks. But we all like an occasional laugh at the expense of some neighbor, and as we can all imagine churches which might have committed such an offense, we can certainly enjoy a hearty chuckle here. And let us hope that our guilty neighbor will face the music in the courageous style of the First Church, and that recriminations among its mem-

bers will stop just where they do in Mrs. Stanley's story. This unusually readable contribution to the literature of the holidays is published in a form that adds to its desirability as a Christmas booklet.

THE MINISTER AS SHEPHERD. By Charles E. Jefferson, D. D. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.10.

As the author states, the twentieth century is essentially the century of the shepherd. "Multitudes care little for church polity, still less for creeds. Character is everything. Shepherding work is the work for which humanity is crying." The man who is needed is he who goes about doing good. Numerous quotable passages occur, notably those on the position of the minister in the present times of much mischief-making printed matter, of false prophecies going about in books' clothing, and of ignoramuses and fanatics uttering hollow thoughts and establishing low ideals. There are no dull pages, but from cover to cover the book is vital, interesting, and packed with the results of keen intellectual effort.

OLD FOUR-TOES: Or Hunters of the Peaks. By Edwin L. Sabin. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.30 net.

Every boy who has followed the lively adventures of the young Eastener, Phil Macowan, with the Bar B ranchers, knows that as soon as this lucky fellow arrives in the far West for his annual vacation interesting things are going to happen. In the latest book of the attractive Bar B series, after Phil has shaken hands with his cowboy chum, Chester Simms, the two boys start off on a long-planned-for hunting trip among the passes, peaks, and precipices of the Lost Park country. Their guide and instructor in woodcraft is the veteran trapper, Grizzly Dan, past master of all pertaining to hunting, trapping, and dealings with Indians. This rugged frontiersman shares the chief honors of the book with another veteran of the wilds, "Old Four-Toes," a monster grizzly bear. Numerous characters who are old friends of the boys appear in the course of the eventful chapters, including the charming Cherry and her owl-like professor of a father, whom old Dan and the boys rescue from some lawless Ute Indians. The whole story is realistic, graphically told, and is healthily stimulating, like the air of the mountains among which its scenes are laid. It deserves to be and undoubtedly will increase Mr. Sabin's already large circle of young readers all over the country.

LIFE OF TOLSTOI. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.00 net.

Not only a complete, well-rounded account of the career of the "great writer of the Russian land" is included in this biography by the leading American translator of Tolstoi's Works, but an intimate study is made of the novelist's remarkable mental evolution. For the details of Tolstoi's life and diversified activities all the chief sources of information have been traced.

A sketch is given of the Tolstoi family from the reign of Peter the Great, ending with a detailed description of Count Lyof's immediate ancestry, his father and mother, and his brothers and one sister. From the time of the count's birth in 1828 the story is told, in an especially readable style, of his boyhood, his career as a university student and an army officer in the Caucasus and at Sevastopol, and then as writer, reformer, and mystic, down to his closing years, his departure from home and death in a peasant's hut. Tolstoi's complete figure in all its rugged grandeur is placed in vivid fashion before the reader, and a scholarly estimate is presented of the place occupied by his work in the world's literature. The book will be recognized as a sympathetic, reverent study of the progress of a human soul, as well as a masterpiece of biographical writing. Portraits of Tolstoi and numerous photographs add if possible to its interest.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT OF AMERICA. By Julius Moritzen. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

In "The Peace Movement of America," by Julius Moritzen, which the Putnams have just issued, the tremendous awakening which has come to the entire western hemisphere in respect to international harmony for the first time finds succinct and picturesque expression in book form. It has remained for the author to seize upon certain incidents and employ them as instrumentalities for the popularization of the subject. In the manner of its treatment, in the unique presentation of facts, based upon an overwhelming evidence that the American people—as well as those of Canada and Latin America—desire nothing so much as the chance to develop nationally through the operation of international amity, the book should make its appeal wherever nations strive to come to a better understanding.

The writer of this book says in his preface that history-writing has not been attempted. This must be true to the extent that "The Peace Movement of America" shows the main peace currents of recent times, the ebb and flow of a movement which perforce is not yet ready to be called history. At the same time, every incident included is bound to become historical: the signing of the treaties with Great Britain and France; the visits to this country of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of France, Count Apponyi of Hungary, Baroness Bertha von Suttner of Austria; the activities of the peace organizations north and south, east and west. Especially significant is the reference to the Latin American republics and their participation in the movement throughout America. Canada's preparations for the coming centenary celebration in commemoration of the one hundred years' peace among English-speaking people looms most important and is discussed interestingly and by men conspicuous in the event to come.

From the first page to the last the author has aimed to make the news of the peace movement stand predominant. He does not mini-

mize the importance of the moral and commercial problems involved. Himself a trained journalist, Mr. Moritzen found, however, that what the movement needed was more timely discussion, more publicity of the kind that makes for further publicity.

The book is illustrated with many portraits of leading men and women conspicuous in the work to-day. The author says that he undertook the writing of the book because he failed to find in all the peace literature extant just such a volume at a time when it was required for certain journalistic purposes. "The Peace Movement of America" cannot help impressing the reading public with the fact that it marks the way for a new sort of reading, as picturesque for the purpose as ever war proved itself and far more uplifting.

SECRETS OF THE HILLS. By Sterling Craig.
New York. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
\$1.50.

Geology is a pursuit that interests nearly every boy, and a good many girls, too, and the few for whom it has no special attraction as yet are sure to be interested before getting halfway through this fascinating account of a city boy on a vacation among the mountains of Scotland. This boy Ronald learns that gold has been found in the hills and starts out in search of some. His explorations take him to a lead mine, where the miners let him take a hand at extracting the ore. Incidentally Ronald learns how the various metals come to be in the veins of the rocks. Later he visits a coal mine, and at this point a description is given of the conditions of life in the carboniferous period. The work of the sea as the great destroyer and remaker and the land-carving work of rivers are discussed. Glaciers, earthquakes, and fossils are other subjects which find a natural place in the narrative. In the last chapter the author explains how the evolution theory gives the chief importance to the study of geology.

The book, in short, opens out the secrets of geology in an entrancing way, and is written by one who has made a life study of the subject. No better first introduction to the wonders of the subject could possibly be found. Drawings and sketches in profusion add to the attractiveness and value of this study of the "secrets of the hills."

Of innocence and love and trust,
Of quiet work and simple word,
Of joy and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

Recompense.

To sing a song as we go along
(Though with pain the heart's a-quiver)
Will lighten the way on the grayest day,
As gifts enrich the giver.

—*Maitland LeRoy Osborne.*

Sparks

Neighbor—How's your mother this morning, Tommy?

Little Tommy—She's better, thank you.

Neighbor—Can she sit up?

Little Tommp—No, ma'am. She can sit down, but she has to stand up.

Husband—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

Wife—Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.—*London Opinion.*

Business men are divided into two classes—those who *have* machines and those who *are*.

"My wife can make a tart answer."

"My wife can do better than that. She can make a pie speak for itself."—*Baltimore American.*

Three-year-old Montague and two-year-old Harold were having a bath together in the big tub. Mother left them a moment while she went into the next room. Suddenly a succession of agonized shrieks recalled her. Two dripping, terror-stricken little figures stood, clasped in each other's arms, in the middle of the bath-room floor. "O mother," gasped Montague, "I got him out! I saved him! The stopper came out, and we were going down."—*Youth's Companion.*

Ethel, aged four, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers; they ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said: "He hasn't done it yet."

"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carpington? He seems very well informed." "That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who don't know enough not to do it."—*Washington Star.*

LIST OF BOOKS.

A few copies of the following books, published by the American Unitarian Association, are on sale at the Unitarian Headquarters:

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Charles Gordon Ames

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If one is disposed to be retrospective at the year's end it is easy to recall mistakes of many kinds, and if regret has an appetite it will find abundant food. The value of search-light self-observations depends upon the spirit in which it is undertaken and the use made of the gathered results.

If the sole result is discomfort and loss of self-respect, it would be better left undone, unless the subject is disposed to think too well of himself. Humility is often a needed grace, but those who are tempted to seriously consider past shortcomings are apt to be fairly well supplied with modesty. Too much is not conducive to success in a world where self-confidence and aggressive effort are a joint-need.

But if faults and mistakes be looked squarely in the face with the purpose of ascertaining correctable unfitness, just as an engineer examines a bridge for structural weakness, with a view of strengthening it to safe capacity for any load, rigid self-examination is not a morbid act of egotism, but a plain business precaution.

Why should we not frequently examine the foundations and superstructure of character, to make sure that there is an ample margin of strength for the requirements of the life we live?

Common prudence demands constant watchfulness for the daily requirements. Any machinery must daily be well-oiled and kept clean, but periodically it ought to be overhauled. After worn parts are replaced and bearings are reinforced, there must be general readjustment, that efficiency may be kept up, and break-downs forestalled.

In some such way New Years constitutes a favorable time for a general overhauling of the working parts of the human machine. It is sometimes discredited from its supposed connection with weak resolutions that die an early death. But it is hardly fair to hold it responsible for failure to accomplish the impossible. The aspiration of the emotional penitent is creditable, but it often fails to command the will to do. Let it go for what it is worth. We all fail somewhere—in something—but it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all. We learn to moderate even our expectations as we go on in life, but if we are sound we never give up in despair, however often or however much we fail to realize our hopes or our intentions.

The fundamental question of life concerns its purpose. What is it for, and what are we doing with it? What do we practically make its object? The first point of examination is to be sure that we are right in our point of view. Unless our ideal is right our practice will be wrong. If we are right it must be from purpose. It cannot be from accident.

As we look around us, what seems to be the practice? What men do may not be what man ought to do, but it ought to conform in an increasing degree to what the best of the human race,—the men of vision and understanding—have proclaimed by their words and by their life to be its true end.

In determining matters of this kind, the weight of authority is not in numbers. No popular vote or verdict of a majority can point the path of wisdom or place the seal on truth. It is not breadth, or depth that qualifies the seer, but height. It is spirit that rules the world, neglected and contemned though

it be. The thoughtless followers of pleasure, the butterflies of humanity, have no word to utter. The strong men of affairs who gather millions as bees gather honey, while they rule their world, cannot escape the accountability that their power confers, and moral responsibility rests heavily upon them. The business that sustains them is sustained by those principles of honor and trust that are rooted in the spirit of man.

Civilization itself, is the emerging of man from the animalism of the savage into the life that is human in so high a sense that it shares the divine.

Man as we see him around us represents men of every type and of widely diverse characteristics. We need not question why man was made, and we may not be sure that we know his race purpose; but we do know that he presents a world of tremendous problems, and we are conscious of many things that we know ought to be otherwise.

We can perhaps best account for world conditions by looking within. We are conscious of impulses, faculties, inclinations, weaknesses, aspirations (perhaps) that under given conditions might have led us to any depth or any height attained by any human being. The world is made up of possibilities, and contrasts and inequalities are as certain as light and shadow.

The possibility of rising must be linked with the possibility of falling. Just why one man rises and another one falls is not easily determined. There are those who find an all-sufficient cause in outward conditions. Environment is all. Poverty, crime, degradation are the results of material conditions, and can be abolished by the removal of the

pressure of crushing competition and the injustice of the strong.

But two considerations must give us pause if we are inclined to so easily dispose of the matter. Crime and degradation are by no means confined to the sufferers from poverty, and men equally conditioned attain ends widely divergent.

It is evident that luxury and idleness promote vice and degradation of a lower type than that induced by want, and it is a libel on the poor to assume that they take lower rank in the scale of manhood because of hard conditions. No observer of men has failed to note that difficulties that crush one man are by another made stepping stones to success.

On the other hand there is a tendency to make light of the heavy burden laid upon the poor and to assume that will and an aspiring spirit can conquer in spite of all obstacles.

The conspicuous representative of predatory wealth is reported to have replied to a woman hard pressed for life's necessities who asked his advice, "save your pennies." This, while sound as mere advice, is mockery as a solution of unbearable conditions. Saving is a commendable practice, but when one is below the life line there is nothing to save.

While conditions are not all, they are in many instances of first consideration, and happily this is more and more recognized even by those who believe that on the whole all true reform must proceed from within.

The amelioration of social conditions, the protection of the weak, the promotion of the public health, the extension of justice and sympathy and helpfulness are ends that are being sought with increasing intelligence and determination and therefore being more fully attained.

An illustration of what can be, and has been accomplished, is found in the recent report of the Associated Charities of San Francisco. For many years a Foundling Asylum had been maintained by charitable and sympathetic citizens, and it was conducted with care and in the best methods then practical. The human waifs were tenderly cared for, fed with what was then considered good milk, and when ill, treated by good physicians.

In 1908 the death rate, under this congregate treatment, was fifty-nine per cent, and those in charge felt that the whole system must be wrong. The asylum was abandoned, and a receiving cottage with good nurses was substituted. The Associated Charities took charge and placed the babies in foster homes. The first year the mortality rate fell to twelve per cent. With increased care the rate continued to decline. During 1912, under careful medical supervision, and the use of certified milk, supplied by the Collegiate Alumnae, the mortality was 5.8 per cent—more than ten times less than in 1908 and more than three per cent less than the average for all babies in San Francisco.

At a recent conference in the East each minister was asked to make a statement in answer to two questions: "What are you preaching? and why?" The questions are pregnant, and every minister owes it to himself to settle them in his own mind. If it will be any help to our ministers to know what others feel, the columns of THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN are open to a symposium of replies.

There seems to be much discussion of why church-going seems to be declining. The reasons assigned are various and divergent, and all more or less true. It is quite probable that there are many

reasons, but one general cause covers many of them. In the days of old the habit rested on an underlying belief that there was virtue in the act independently of any result. If it was not necessary to salvation it went a long way in its assurance. It was the thing for a good citizen to do. It was often endured as a trial or done as a duty, and nothing more was expected of it.

For better or for worse that attitude no longer obtains. People who go now go for cause, and if they are not lifted up and helped they do not find it worth while to go. They often need to be stirred, and they ought to be, whether they like it or not. Some are satisfied to be entertained or mildly instructed, but few find it necessary on that account. An automobile or a magazine offers at least equal inducement.

The plain, hard fact for the minister to contemplate is that if he expects the pews filled he must make it worth while for people to come. It is for him to give his congregation what they need and ought to want. If they do not come for it, so much the worse for them; he has done his part.

From the pew end too much is expected, and too little allowance is made. No minister can always be at his best, and no man can satisfy all his flock when so many different things are wanted. If a preacher is to have the benefit of cumulated influence he must stay in one place for many years, and necessarily must repeat himself. If instead of expecting every Sunday something fresh and striking, hearers put themselves behind the pulpit and imagine the result they would probably be more lenient in judgment. The preacher is entitled at least to justice in the matter of judgment and deserves

generosity. He endures much; he sacrifices much; he holds up the faltering; he comforts the sorrowing; he is faithful to the end. He deserves to be encouraged by the presence of those who he is doing his best to serve.

Great gain and comfort would follow the habit of accepting as fact, rather than as fault, the limitations of those with whom we come in contact.

It is well to maintain high standards, but wholly unreasonable to expect every individual to possess all the ability and all the virtues of which we can conceive.

If we make the best of what there is, we will have much more satisfaction in life than will result when we are disappointed in view of what we fail to find.

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" as presented by an excellent company has drawn large audiences in San Francisco and aroused interest in the sentiment which it embodies. A correspondent who enjoyed it in another city finds it not quite adequate. He says: "It is beautiful, wistful, pathetic, but—it misses the point. Man must *be*, not chase the blue bird. To *pursue* happiness is too much like trying to unlock the door with the handle of the key." C. A. M.

In these Christmas-New Year days may we find the Christ-child born afresh in our own consciousness—that God is indeed and in truth our Father and we sons and daughters of the Most High; so may we be "renewed in the spirit of our mind"—illuminated and quickened, corrected and comforted, inspired, strengthened and guided, according to our several needs—and enabled to "walk in newness of life" and love.—N. E. B.

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By Rev. William Day Simonds.

Thrice welcome to all hearts the beautiful tributes to Robert Collyer scattered through our liberal papers during the last month. "Earth holds up to its Maker no fruit but the finished man," said the philosopher. The finished man, complete in body and mind, type of what all men ought to be,—this seemed Robert Collyer to me as I saw him once (alas! but once), at a National Conference, speaking no word, but looking his benedictions down upon the people like a father in Israel.

I said then to a friend, and say it here again, that it was worth a journey across the States just to look upon Robert Collyer. Greatness in some men is concealed from outward vision. It manifests itself slowly in the work they do. Others are so graciously gifted that their kingship seems a natural right. "Daniel Webster is a living lie," wrote Sydney Smith, "for no man can be so great as Webster looks." In a group of distinguished men Dr. Collyer would have looked perfectly at home. Discount it all we may, a fine physical presence, a noble carriage, a strong, handsome face, are advantages most earnestly to be desired. I love to look upon a man who makes me say: "In form and moving how express and admirable; in action how like an angel; in apprehension how like a god; the beauty of the world; the paragon of animals!" But how far one must travel to look upon such. "At last I have seen a *man*," exclaimed a good woman of Boston when she first saw Charles Sumner. May the science of eugenics, or some other science, help us to breed men.

In the tributes to which allusion has been made I have missed, and here the fault may be my own, just praise of Collyer for the work he did during the Civil War. He was not only a man, and a preacher, he was a patriot who gave good proof of his patriotism in the "times that tried men's souls."

And the more to his praise this because he was well on towards thirty years of age when he landed in New

York, a stranger in a strange land. And the first years were strenuous enough, finding his place and work, keeping the wolf at bay, who is never far from the poor immigrant's door. But he was not too busy to give ear and heart to the hated abolitionists, after Lucretia Mott had spoken to his conscience, moved, as he always thought, by the holy ghost. His Methodist friends were anxious when he trained with the "infidel Garrisonians," and still more anxious and sore troubled when he preached in the pulpit of an "infidel Unitarian." So came his resignation as a "local preacher" in the East, and his removal in 1859 to a Unitarian mission in Chicago. Here the war found him, and, better, here he found himself, and the work he was to do.

We are all united in accepting General Sherman's definition. "War is hell." But it's a kind of hell in which men and women grow into nobility of spirit and service. War is a kind of general judgment. It is an era of action. False weights and measures perish. Professions pale. The large virtues are duly honored. Courage claims its throne, and patriotism its crown. The nation cries for men, and judges them by the deeds they do. For these things, Emerson, a life-long advocate of peace, could say of the Civil War, "It was worth all it cost." However this may be, certain it is, that during the stress and strain of those awful days a hundred-hundred men suddenly ripened into greatness. Among them, Robert Collyer.

The first Sunday after that shot fired upon Fort Sumter, the blacksmith preacher hammered out a militant sermon from the text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." And that Sunday evening the young men enlisted for the rush down to Cairo. But he was destined to do far more than voice the people's patriotism from the pulpit, for that very summer he was detailed by the Sanitary Commission to visit the camps along the Potomac, and to do what might be possible to improve their condition. Hard, disagreeable, dangerous duty, yet not

without compensating features and even humorous incidents.

"It was on a Saturday morning; and I remember," so wrote Collyer years and years afterwards, "as we went past the White House toward the bridge, my soldier said, 'See them feet, Sir?' There were perhaps a half a dozen pairs set sole towards us at two open windows, and my man said, 'That's a Cabinet a-setting. See the big feet in the middle o' that window? Them's Old Abe's.'"

How strange it all sounds now, quite irreverent, yet the human touch more welcome than much fulsome eulogy at Lincoln banquets where the homely features of the man are masked in the lineaments of a god.

The fall of 1862 finds Robert Collyer at Fort Donelson and Pittsburg Landing face to face with the horrors of battle. We easily imagine with what human pity, what manly tenderness, he ministered to the wounded upon bloody field of slaughter, and amid the almost equal suffering of the miserable hospitals of that day. And then back to Chicago again to tell the dear people of Unity Church all about it. Any trouble about attendance? Not the slightest. The only question was, where could room be found for the people. The parson had demonstrated his manhood, his loyalty, his willingness to serve, his right to leadership as a preacher and patriot, and his own heard him gladly.

One incident of that time must not go unmentioned. Speeding down to Cairo, Robert Collyer fell in with D. L. Moody and a band of orthodox ministers, all hurrying to give such comfort to our wounded and dying soldiers as their faith might warrant. A meeting is held on board boat to which "our Robert" is invited. Brother Moody addresses the "workers" to the effect that they are going to the battlefield to "save souls or those men would die in their sins."

What followed is best told in the everyday English of Collyer's "Memories."

"When he sat down, I rose to my feet and said, 'Brother Moody is mistaken: we are not going there to save the souls of our soldiers, but to save their lives

and leave their souls in the hands of God.'

"There was a dead silence when I sat down, and then a brother minister from Chicago rose and said: 'This is the way the Unitarians always go to work, from the surface inward; but we go directly to the heart first, and then work out to the surface, where they begin. We must do the one thing and not leave the other undone,—warn the sinner, pray with him, and point him to the thief on the cross.'

"I arose on the instant and said, 'My friends, we know what those men have done, no matter who or what they are. They left their homes for the camp and the battle, while we stayed behind in our city. They endured hardness like good soldiers, while we were lodged softly. They have fought and fallen for the flag of the Union and all the flag stands for, while here we are safe and sound. I will not doubt for a moment the sincerity of my friend who has just spoken; but I will say for myself that I should be ashamed all my life long if I should point to the thief on the cross in speaking to these men, or to any other thief the world has ever heard of.' And when I sat down, there was a roar of applause."

Thus he smote old-fashioned orthodoxy in the house of its friends. And it's worth our consideration, the fact that orthodoxy has never been the same since the War. Grim Calvinism, hard-shelled dogma of all schools, surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. The Past died on that April day so long ago that the Present might come to being. Now the Future is looking upon us, eye to eye, heart to heart,—FORWARD.

Give all thou canst; high heaven rejects the
score
Of nicely calculated less or more.

—Wordsworth.

Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

—Wordsworth.

And full these truths eternal
O'er the yearning spirit steal,
That the real is the ideal,
And the ideal is the real.

—Joaquin Miller.

Notes

A sad double affliction came to Rev. George W. Henning, the minister of the Santa Rosa Church, in the closing days of the old year. On December 27th his son-in-law died in Stockton, and at almost the same hour his brother-in-law died in San Jose.

At the Boylston Street Unitarian Church, Seattle, on the evening of December 21st, Ashford's cantata, "Promise and Fulfillment," was given in a highly creditable manner.

The ladies of the Hood River, Oregon, church, held a second bazaar sale on December 21st and disposed of the articles remaining from their first sale. Trying again is the proper procedure if the first effort fails to satisfy.

Over 200 gifts were this year provided and a helpful lady friend spent the greater part of the "Night Before Christmas" driving about Palo Alto and its suburbs distributing them.

The Los Angeles Woman's Alliance held its annual bazaar on December 4th, morning, afternoon and evening. A cafeteria dinner was served and during the evening the dining room was cleared for dancing. The results were satisfactory in every respect.

On the evening of December 15th Rev. Thomas Clayton of Fresno addressed a good audience in Stevens Hall, Visalia, speaking on "What Religion Owes to Evolution." He was accompanied by a number of good musicians who volunteered to help him.

Rev. Thomas Clayton has announced that he will address the Unitarians of Hanford every other Sunday evening during the winter. Services are held in the Masonic Hall.

In a fine sermon on "Prayer" by Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin on December 15th, he summed up the matter in this pregnant sentence: "Is prayer answered? Yes, all true prayer is answered. Not in the sense that laws are set aside and specific results are obtained in response to supplication. The real prayer is not in the asking for these things, but in the desire to know the truth and to bring one's life into harmony with it."

Rabbi Meyer feels that the Jewish participation in Christmas celebration tends to undermine Judaism. In a recent address he said: "The wreath in the window is tending toward the lily on the altar at Easter. It is but one step to Unitarianism."

The death of John Curry, former Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, in his ninety-ninth year, removes an impressive figure from the congregation of the First Unitarian Church. For some time he has lived in Dixon, but he frequently visited the city, and on Sunday rarely missed the church service.

The Unitarian Club of Alameda observed the close of its seventeenth year with a special meeting for members only. Its direction for the coming year will be in the hands of its new President, Dr. F. W. d'Evelyn. Its meetings are held twice a month.

The first of a series of December vesper services at the Portland church was held Sunday, December 8th, at 4:30 o'clock. The choir rendered a number of inspiring selections, quartets and solos and several pleasing organ numbers were also given. The minister, Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., gave a ten-minute sermon. He read the Christmas story and from it drew some lessons on the beauty and inspiration of the night—such a night as that on which "shepherds watched their flocks."

While traveling in Canada, Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, unfortunately contracted ptomaine poisoning, which quite seriously interfered with their plans, necessitating the cancelling of plans for a Southern California trip.

A quite unusual newspaper illustration appeared in the Spokane *Statesman-Review* of December 12th. It was a group of thirteen Unitarian ministers of the Northwest, reinforced by Secretary Wilson and the ministerial family of Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot of Portland. It is a fine showing when Dr. Eliot, his son Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., and his two sons-in-law, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur and Rev. F. A. Weil, appear on one platform and get grouped in one section.

Mr. W. P. Olds, of Portland, Oregon, was elected President of the North Pacific Unitarian Conference at its recent session at Spokane.

Pomona Sunday-school seems to have had a pleasant Christmas party on Dec-23d. In the early part of the evening the children sang carols, told Christmas stories and played Christmas games. Later there was a play, "The Christmas Spirit," and fitting tableaux.

The Palo Alto Sunday-school has established a fine record in celebrating Christmas in accord with its true spirit. Rev. Clarence Reed has encouraged them to bring dolls, toys, games and books—anything that they have or can collect, to the Christmas tree. Later, the gifts are collected and distributed—not to the well dressed, well cared for children who are gathered in the room, but to the children whose home life—or perhaps lack of it, makes gift-giving impossible—those apparently forgotten by the jolly saint.

The Unitarian church of Santa Ana gave its annual banquet and meeting on the evening of December 9th in the church parlors, with more than fifty present. The Helping Hand Society served an elaborate supper. Following the repast reports were read and all showed bills paid with a balance over in the bank. This is the ninth annual meeting. Rev. Francis Watry has presided over as pastor of the church, and never were the cordial relations between the beloved pastor and his flock more pronounced.

In his sermon on "The Place of Baptism in the Religious Life," on December 8th, Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin of Los Angeles said: "We are discovering that the Holy Spirit is the universal spirit of life and is free to all. All life is holy; all life is eternal; all life is the immortal life; all normal life processes are regenerative. Every act and attitude and feeling and impulse that enhances life, that contributes to the more abundant life, enriching and deepening it, is a sacramental act, is of the spirit and should be regarded as such."

Rev. Howard B. Bard, of All Souls' Church, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has accepted the call of the Unitarian church of San Diego to become its pastor, and will occupy the pulpit the first Sunday in January. Rev. Mr. Bard is one of the most successful ministers of the Northwest and very popular in his home city. A recent issue of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, speaking of the interest shown by the various churches in civic and social betterment, said: "If we should single out one Grand Rapids church it would be through no desire to depreciate the civic value of other churches of the city. Each has its own place to fill. But we would call attention to the work planned for the ensuing year by All Soul's Church, under the direction of Rev. H. B. Bard, an untiring and enthusiastic promoter of whatever seems to him most beneficial to the interests of the community. He has freed himself from the ties of denominationalism and tellingly urged the larger usefulness of the clergy."

Rev. William Day Simonds announces for January the following topics: 5th, "Looking Ahead to the Impossible that Always Happens;" 12th, Robert Collyer Memorial Service; 19th, "The Poetry of Evolution—How Science Blossoms Into Song;" 26th, Sermon and lecture by Rev. Franklin Baker of Sacramento.

Rev. Horace A. Hand is occupying the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Helena, Montana, during the temporary absence of Rev. Frank A. Powell. His sermon of December 29th on the "Evolution of Thought" was quite fully reported in the *Independent*. The concluding paragraph gives its character: "I am not exactly clear as to how I, as a human being, may enter into the process and be born again—divinely. My answer this morning is simply this: He who lives sincerely in his relation to a power which is not only self—but is over and above and greater than self; and also in his relations to his fellow-man is already being born divinely. The process of divine birth in so far as we are concerned, is simply noble living. I would not degrade the divine—but would elevate the

human. I would dignify the noble thoughts and deeds, the joys and sorrows of our common lives, as divine births, by means of which God himself, drawing us, just as you draw your little child, to his great warm, throbbing heart."

The Pomona Unitarians marked the close of a successful year by a dinner and social hour on December 10th. About ninety people were seated at the tastefully decorated tables, laden with food prepared by the Woman's Alliance, and served by the young ladies of the Outlook Club. A feature of the business meeting was the impressive reception of new members. The report of the treasurer showed the church in the best financial condition for some time, current expenses being all met and church practically out of debt. Enthusiastic reports from the Woman's Alliance, the Sunday-school and the Outlook Club followed the President's encouraging address. Cordial esteem and support of the minister were manifested throughout, to which Mr. McReynolds responded in closing remarks on "What Makes a Church Strong?"

Before the Outlook Club of Pomona, on December 15th, Dr. Tanner told the story of his forty days fast. The recital was thrilling, humorous and scientific by turns. His first fast, in 1877 was for the cure of a bad case of asthma with complications. Cure was effected in eleven days. He continued the experiment from scientific interest. During the fast he took regular exercise, on the thirty-eighth day walking fifteen miles.

Intense hunger was kept down by an act of will. He "talked to his stomach as to a dog and told it to lie down." He broke the fast on a plentiful meal of milk and fruit.

The questions following the lecture were numerous and were promptly and decisively answered.

The minister, Mr. McReynolds, in closing, declared they had listened to a man who had made history and through daring originality had lifted the race to a higher physical and spiritual plane.

Happiness at least is not solitary; it joys to communicate. — *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Contributed.

A Criticism.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 30, 1912.

The Editor:

DEAR SIR:—May I find space in the *PACIFIC UNITARIAN* for a few words?

On the cover of your December issue is a sentiment by Mr. Charles A. Muddock, whom I admire and honor. Yet I seriously doubt the wisdom of sending out from the press to the public a supposedly Unitarian sentiment which begins, "From *Bethlehem* to San Francisco." Since every Unitarian minister believes that Jesus was born in Nazareth, why not say so? Since we know the vain attempt of the ancient chroniclers to have him born in Bethlehem was (and still is) a part of a system of salvation diametrically opposed to our beliefs, why not act on what we know?

"Make believe" is right for children, wrong for men and women. I feel strongly that it is high time that we Unitarians were more definite in the expression of our ideas. As things are we give, too often, the outward impression of going "halting between two opinions."

The true romance of Christmas must be found by us in the natural birth of the man Jesus at Nazareth. If we cannot bring out the spiritual interpretation, the poetry, of that historic fact then we fail.

Yours truly,
MAXWELL SAVAGE.

The Great Deceiver.

By Joseph H. Crooker.

It is a remarkable and hopeful fact that leading scientists all over the world are not only carefully investigating the effects of alcohol, but with great unanimity warning us against the use of liquor. This is especially the case in the universities of Germany. And among the most eminent of its investigators in this department is Prof. Emil Kraepelin, of the University of Munich.

He has recently made a striking address to university students, some paragraphs from which I wish to lay before the readers of *THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN*.

After calling attention to the fact that alcohol momentarily produces a joyous exhilaration, Prof. Kraepelin proceeds

to remark: "From the recommendation of a wine-seller I learn that wine enlivens the imagination, facilitates thought, quickens the memory, and is favorable to the clear and rapid reception of impressions and to the formation of judgments."

But after long and careful investigations, what does this distinguished scientist say respecting this common belief? His answer is clear and emphatic: "*Every word a lie!* Careful investigations, continued for decades and conducted with the finest apparatus, to determine the psychological effects of alcohol, has shown beyond peradventure that *exactly the reverse* of all those assertions is actually the case. Alcohol paralyzes the imagination, renders the connection of ideas more difficult, weakens and falsifies the memory, and produces a very marked derangement of the powers of apprehension and of judgment."

In other words, *drink is the great Deceiver!* It is the superstition of the ages that liquor is a giver of life; but it is the demonstration of science that it is the destroyer of life. An eminent British physician has described the two roots of the ancient curse in this striking sentence: "The gigantic evils of drink are due to the fact that drinking enriches the maker and deceives the user!"

Prof. Kraepelin proceeds: "I must confess that I have been greatly surprised myself at the results of accurate experiments, for I was looking for such favorable effects of alcohol upon our mental life as should compensate for the mischief wrought thereby. But now we see clearly what is the nature of the condition into which we put ourselves by the use of alcohol. *A paralyzing of the power of apprehension and the higher mental function, which finally leads to the well-defined clouding of consciousness, and an excitement in the realm of the impulses, which lets the control of the will slip away from us more and more.*"

And then our author proceeds to deplore the fact that the custom of drinking is so commonly associated with our social life: "And this is the condition that we light-heartedly make the center of our good times, for the sake of which

we affectionately form those drinking customs which devastate our nation. Even if alcoholic intoxication produced all those desirable effects upon our mental life which are ascribed to it by liquor dealers and drinkers, we should have to turn from it in horror as soon as we beheld its terrible footprints on our national life."

Let us remember that these are not the words of a temperance fanatic, but the sober speech of a renowned scientist, who is professor in a German university! Also, let us bear in mind that he, with scores of others equally celebrated, teaches us that *the evil does not lie so much in drunkenness as in drinking*; the most insidious mischief arises from so-called moderation.

Prof. Kraepelin concludes with this stirring appeal: "When foreign enemies threaten our borders, it is our young men who take up arms against them, and the flower of the army is made up of our students. They are the ones who inspire it with that high moral spirit which is the prerequisite of success, and for which our neighbors so greatly envy us. To-day, when we have to do with an internal foe, perhaps more dangerous for us than all foreign enemies, should the student-body hang back, simply that it may not be obliged to give up certain favorite customs?"

May these appealing and authoritative words come to the attention of many of the students in the great universities on the Pacific Coast and arouse an enthusiasm for the great cause of temperance,—a cause with which the welfare of humanity is closely associated.

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA.

Fate.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded on a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

—Bret Harte.

Women of Our Faith: Ednah Dow Cheney, 1824-1904.

By Emma B. Ross.

If, as someone, possibly Emerson, said, "Alcott's best contribution to literature was his daughter Louisa," it would probably be the verdict of American young people that Ednah Dow Cheney's best literary work was her "Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott." This book finds a place beside "Little Women" and "Little Men" on the bookshelves of many a lad and lass our country over.

It is heartening to read her modest "Reminiscences," full of optimism and telling of the great lives and noble enterprises with which she was connected, though she says: "I have had a quiet life with very little of either achievement or adventure in it." She speaks of herself as "very homely," but there was a power about her like some great goddess. As a young girl, she impressed both Whittier and Emerson in a large audience so that each inquired, "Who was the young girl who listened so attentively?" Dr. Furness spoke with her and, as she quaintly put it, "For an hour or more we were talking with Jesus and his friends and entering into the heart of him." Evidently she was that rarest of confidantes, a good listener, who brings out the best of all who meet her.

Her description of her grandmother might, in large measure, apply to herself. "Grandmother Dow was remarkable for her warm unselfish affection, for her excellent judgment, and her executive powers, her broad, progressive mind and sweet touch of poetic feeling and perception of the feelings of others."

Mrs. Cheney was one of that "high congress of souls" which held sway in our country in the early and middle part of the last century. "When shall their glory fade?" Who carry the Guidons to-day? Slavery, black slavery, is no more, but there are other kindred and even more hateful forms. It may be that a generation hence the clear light of history will show that we had, to-day, a larger army, as noble leaders,

and even more of them than we find in the century just past.

The dedication of Mrs. Cheney's "Reminiscences" is beautiful for its diction, but still more as showing the soul of the woman. "To all who love me, to all whom I have loved, to all who have helped me by rebuke, by honest demand and by stern counsel, I gratefully dedicate this life, which is gone through sunshine and shade to a peaceful end."

Her lofty visioning began in her early girlhood, when she joined the transcendentalists. Speaking of its aftermath, the Concord School of Philosophy, Mrs. Cheney said: "I think the spirit which animated it was a desire to awaken and diffuse a more spiritual view of life and thought without antagonizing the religionists on one side and the scientists on the other. I think the thought of our time has been largely molded by the influences started there."

To no one does she express more indebtedness than to Margaret Fuller. "I absorbed her life and thoughts," she writes, "and to this day (when writing the 'Reminiscences') I am astonished to find how large a part of 'what I am when I am most myself' I have absorbed from her." It is difficult for us, seeing Margaret Fuller only through the printed page, to understand how she so dominated Higginson, Sanborn and the rest of the splendid group of men and women of her time.

There are three distinct branches of work which claimed Mrs. Cheney—that of reform, of lectures, and of writing. Her work was on various lines—art, hospitals and the freedmen. Of art, she says: "I had a great love of art without any corresponding genius for production or talent for execution. Later, I came to see that the artist must be not a dreamer only, but a worker for humanity, a reformer." She helped to bring into existence the Boston Art Museum and its school, and the New England Hospital for Women, and was always secretary of numerous helpful organizations.

In her work for freedmen, she went through the South, meeting scorn and harsh treatment from the whites, but calling forth blessings from the humble

black people. She said the greatest compliment of her life was paid by a colored assistant teacher, in the words: "You've helped me." An old colored woman saw Mrs. Cheney and her friends and said: "O honey, we know youse our fren's by de heavenly light in yo' faces." On these Southern trips they received from the grateful blacks many presents, like sweet potato pie or a plate of honey, such convenient things for carrying!

Her work with the freedmen naturally led to public speaking. It began by her being unexpectedly called upon in a freedmen's meeting. "I was too much interested to refuse, and stepped forward and said—I know not what; but my heart was full of sympathy, and theirs of response, and I have no doubt they applauded as heartily as if I had given them the wisdom of Solomon."

Her work as an author was mostly in the way of biography, though she wrote a few stories, but frankly remarks: "My life was sheltered, and I knew so little of passion or adventure that I was always at a loss to get any bad people in." Her first work was a "Handbook for American Citizens," to meet the needs of the freedmen, but her most successful work was a book on solitaire for invalids, the profits going for libraries for the freedmen. "When I felt any temptation to literary vanity, I have corrected the impulse by remembering that I have had more gratitude for this [the book on solitaire] than for anything else I have written." There a few beautiful poems from her pen, the best known being "Prayer." It is printed in these columns in its original form, as noted on the autographed copy I have. It is a beautiful gem to come polished from the hand of a young woman of only twenty-five.

I never heard her speak, but I saw her late in life at an Alliance meeting. Her face gives the idea of large leisure and great thoughts in the making. She had, it seems to me, the largest head I ever saw on a woman. The sparse white hair was plastered down behind her ears. Her form was massive and clothed in plainest of black cashmere, relieved by a tiny ruffle of white not lace, at

throat and wrists. Her eyes were large and brown, very gentle in expression. Kindness seemed to radiate from her. I was content to place myself at her feet, while she sat near the edge of the platform, receiving greetings from her Alliance friends.

While it does not directly concern her, I am moved to enter here a story she gives in her life: "A lady was very much troubled about some moral occurrences which called for her correction, saying, 'I wish I knew what I ought to do about it.' 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Alecott, 'you ought to do nothing.' The lady still persisted, when Mr. Alecott closed by saying, 'Meantime, there is Providence.'"

The "Reminiscences" close with a summing up of the century, its good and ill. It is inspiring to read her clear, sane reasoning. Here are just a few bits:

"If a conflict is to come [between religious faiths], it will be in the interest of truth and reconciliation."

"The nineteenth century is a great prophecy of the emancipation of peace—peace, not a negative rest, but a harmonious union. War is coming to an end."

"There is a clearer light of wisdom on both sides [capital and labor], the boiling cauldron is cleansing and there will be reconstruction of labor and utilization of capital for the benefit of humanity."

PRAYER.

At first I prayed for sight,
Could I but see the way,
How gladly would I walk
To everlasting day.
I asked the world's deep law
Before my eyes to ope
And let me see my prayer fulfilled,
And realized, my hope;
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And mystery veiled me everywhere.

And next I prayed for strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching pace
To Heaven's serene abode;
That I might never know
A faltering, failing heart,
But manfully go on
And reach the highest part;
But God was kinder than my prayer,
And weakness checked me everywhere.

And then I asked for faith;
 Could I but trust my God
 I'd live in Heavenly peace
 Though foes were all abroad.
 His light then shining round,
 No faltering should I know;
 And faith in Heaven above
 Would make a Heaven below;
 But God was kinder than my prayer,
 Doubts visited me everywhere.

And now I pray for love,
 Deep love to God and man;
 A love that will not fail,
 However dark his plan;
 That sees all life in Him,
 Rejoicing in His power,
 And faithful, though the darkest clouds
 Of gloom and doubt may lower;
 And God was kinder than my prayer,
 Love filled and blessed me everywhere.

—*Ednah Dow Cheney.*

July 16, 1850. (As originally written.)

From "Prayer of the Women."

Lord, free us from the tyranny of the petty and the pretty, the futile and the feminine. Keep us faithful, self-sacrificing, devoted. Keep us simple and sincere. Teach us how to be humble without being weak, strong without being proud, firm without being cruel. Temper our quickness of perception with slowness of judgment. Help us to judge our fellow woman with that divine justice which is half mercy. . . . Teach us how to understand man. Help us to learn from him bigness of spirit and fineness of honor; to win with quiet and to lose with patience. Teach us how to work; to labor gladly at the task whose fruits are not of to-day but of to-morrow, and whose reward is of no time; to leaven labor and conviction with humor and to mix humor with sympathy and understanding. Teach us how to laugh. Teach us how to play. Teach us how to live nobly free.—*Inez Haynes Gilmore* in *Harper's Bazar*.

If you think a thing, think it strong enough to live it, even though you may be too wise to argue about it.—*Emily Lloyd*.

Many things which were once the dreams of saints and sages have come within the field of practical business and practical politics.—*Samuel M. Crothers*.

The Ministers' Institute.

A Symposium

[The recent meetings of the Pacific Coast ministers demand more acknowledgment than an ordinary report would give, and Prof. Morgan kindly engineered the following symposium on the part of the participants:]

Prof. William S. Morgan

The first Ministers' Institutes among Unitarian ministers of the Pacific Coast were held in December at both Spokane and Berkeley. It occurred to the writer that a symposium of the Berkeley Institute might be helpful in many ways; for this reason he has requested most of the men who attended the Institute to tell their impressions. This taking of stock will bring forth certain residual values that otherwise would lie buried among our forgotten treasures, furnish information to the membership of our churches always intensely interesting in the intellectual and inspirational out-reachings of their ministers, reveal the benefits gained by the participants and form an incentive to do the worth-while thing over again.

The Institute was the result of the initiative of the American Unitarian Association and its secretary the Rev. Lewis G. Wilson. The Association kindly assumed the financial burden. The matter was broached to a small group of around-the-bay ministers who are in the habit of meeting occasionally for a soul-outpouring over a good luncheon. The spark immediately kindled into a flame and the Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith, Ph. D. and Professor William S. Morgan were appointed a committee on programme. The ministers of the churches at Berkeley, San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda formed the hospitality committee. President Earl Morse Wilbur set the typewriting machine going and dispatched letters to the men and the programme was soon in the hands of the printer. There was much haste in the king's business.

The tyranny of master *Time* compelled the programme committee to act, contrary to its democratic instincts, *ex cathedra*. The subjects were assigned and

blessed forever by the good ministers; They valiantly tackled them, tackled them splendidly.

It was evident to the committee that the function of an institute as differentiated from a conference was to emphasize the profounder aspects of the spiritual life in which the minister lives and to the fostering of which he consecrates his life. The slogan of the Institute "Profounder, reflective thought; inspiration for practical service" followed as a consequence. Under the first caption, the nature of the being of God and the world in which we live, the basis and ideals of religion and education, very noble themes, were treated. Not content to give the thought of the men and women of our own civilization upon these philosophical matters, Bergson's reflection of French thought in his "Creative Evolution" and Eucken's adumbration of German thought in his "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal" were considered. Under the second caption such important matters as Socialism which is rapidly possessing the earth, the relation of Unitarianism to the other Christian bodies, the important art of preaching, the hymn and liturgy in the public services of our churches and the social aspects of our religion were well discussed. The papers given were dignified, earnest and capable.

The committee feels especially indebted to the younger and untried men, who through their capital addresses surprised us all and to the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, Lit. D., a visitor among us for the present year for repeating the paper, the mastery of which impressed us at the Berry Street Conference in Boston last May on "Educational Ideals and Religion."

Surely the Institute justified itself. It would have done this if it had only called these men of the ideal together for brief moments of sweet companionship. It did this and much more. Verily, we were inspired for practical service.

Rev. Earl Wilbur, D. D.,
PRESIDENT PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY.

It was my privilege to attend both the Ministers' Institutes of last month, and I

was keenly interested in observing them and comparing them with each other. The Institute at Spokane had a little smaller attendance, and was composed of men most of whom occupy lonely posts, remote from each other, and offering in all their difficulty the problems of pioneer preaching. They were a brave and sturdy band of men, somewhat worn by the constant struggle, hungry for sympathy and encouragement, and in some cases all but ready to surrender. The Institute did them a vast deal of good; though less in the way of stimulus to deeper thought, which an Institute is designed to furnish, than through the by-product of mutual sympathy and encouragement. This was but natural, since the most pressing problems of the men concerned seemed to be not of the intellectual sort. This is not to say that the papers read were not of a high intellectual order, but simply that the intellectual element in them was, as it were, incidental—they served as a medium of introduction to problems of a different character. The discussions at once, or soon, drifted round to the practical aspects. The Institute seemed to me, in fact, to resemble a conference more than an institute: and this is precisely what seemed to be most to the point in the circumstances. The men got close to the problems that were troubling them, and got light from each other's experiences. It seemed to help to find that other men were having questions to face, and were finding various ways to meet them. And at the end of the meeting, the men all went back to their posts refreshed and encouraged to a degree that made the Institute many times worth all it may have cost. One of the members at the last discussion expressed the mind of all when he said he should go in the strength of that meat for many times forty days.

The Institute at Berkeley had a somewhat larger attendance; the men attending, with two exceptions, had neighbors within fifty miles or so, and had not suffered from isolation; their interests were therefore somewhat different; and the programme had considerable more coherence. Intellectually it seemed to me to be of a very high character, especially

on the first day; and although, had time allowed, there might have been much more general discussion, it was evident that the attendants in general were deeply interested in the subjects presented to them, and it may be considered certain that they went home stirred up to "profounder reflective thought" as an "inspiration for practical service," as the printed programme happily expressed it. There is no space to discuss the papers of either Institute in detail; but I must record the fact that I was much impressed by the fine spirit shown throughout in the various discussions, even when there was wide difference of opinion. As our common habit is, appreciation was aimed at much oftener than criticism; but criticism was uniformly given without the least sharpness, and accepted with the utmost good tempers. This was most notable when, as in both meetings, the inevitable questions of social reform and of Socialism came to the surface, as they repeatedly did. The spirit of calm reason was the only spirit manifested: there was evidence of earnest conviction on each side, but no vehemence or heat in commending one's views to the acceptance of others. One could wish, if published reports are correct, that a similar spirit might prevail when such subjects are discussed by the brethren in other parts of the country. That is the surest and happiest way to the settlement of whatever issues arise.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer,
BERKELEY, CAL.

The Ministers' Institute seemed to me well planned and carried out. There was a larger attendance of ministers than usually gather at our annual Pacific Coast Conference.

The program was evenly divided between subjects of profounder reflective thought and those of so-called practical religion bearing upon church aims and methods and work. Those subjects naturally varied in their appeal to individual interest, but the treatment of them uniformly showed care and preparation and made the meetings both interesting and profitable to us all. We got better acquainted with each other

and with each other's thoughts; and while there was variation in emphasis and point of view, I think we all recognized the earnest spirit behind and below this variation; and this after all is the deeper bond of mutual respect and good-fellowship. We are all learners and expect to be (I hope) to the end; and we may find suggestion in another's point of view, to the better understanding of his thought and the widening of our own. With some others, I, too, should have liked a fuller discussion of some of the papers. This lack is, as we know, a matter of frequent criticism upon our conference programs; and yet I question if, on the whole, any great limitation of subjects rendered necessary for such full discussion be not rather a loss in comparison with the opportunity of hearing the more subjects well presented from careful forethought and preparation. The discussion does find place, it may be said, in groups of two or three or a half-dozen outside the sessions, and minds and hearts have been quickened in many ways.

It would seem invidious to single out individual papers or addresses whether for criticism or commendation; but one may speak his great appreciation of Dr. Williams' admirable address at the Oakland evening meeting on "Educational Ideals and Religion," and his contribution to the discussions in the day sessions at Berkeley: for Dr. Williams, just now in temporary charge of our church in Santa Barbara, seemed in this way as a special guest. We were glad to have with us Mr. Emerson Harris, a prominent layman in our New York City group of churches, and president of the local Unitarian Club.

Rev. Charles Augustus Turner,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

The Ministers' Institute was a very interesting gathering, and it enabled one to know what his fellow-workers, struggling for the same cause, were thinking about, and further to learn their point of view of life and religion.

The different papers touched upon vital points in present-day problems, as far as religion and social questions are concerned, and clearly defined for us our

position. But it seemed to me they failed to give a central thought whereby we might take united action in advancing the cause of Liberal Christianity; or if they presented that thought we failed collectively to profit by it.

Such meetings as we had should unite us in a central thought of action instead of sending us away individuals as we came, holding individual ideas upon fundamental questions. The Institute lacked the aggressiveness and positive *thrust* so necessary and vital in a religion which has, as its ideal, "the Fatherhood of God" and "the Brotherhood of Man." This would account, no doubt, for the failure to bring forth vigorous discussion on various papers.

The thought expressed was good, however, and the speakers were intensely interesting; especially was this noticeable in Dr. Williams' address in the Oakland church on "Educational Ideals and Religion." He uttered a truth when he said the dogmatists never give up their hold, and would if possible remove liberty and freedom from religion and education. Here lies the value and duty of such a meeting as the Ministers' Institute, to keep an open door for religion and education, and further to enable the soul to commune directly with its divine source.

Many of our ministers, it seems to me, considered that the social aspect of religion was the vital note to strike, but I think Professor Adams of the University of California in his address on "The Philosophical Basis of Socialism," removed any misgiving that Socialism was a religious movement. Socialism is based on materialism, economics and sense experience, and our message to-day has to do with the *inner world* and not the *outer world*.

On the other hand we should not expect too much from a first meeting of this nature, especially as it came at such an inopportune time for ministers, who were no doubt, like myself, anxious to hurry home to attend to their Christmas duties. The spirit manifested throughout the Institute was good and the fellowship inspiring, and I feel sure a continuation of such meetings will be profitable to one and all.

Rev. Oliver Porter Shrout,

SAN JOSE, CAL.

The Ministers' Institute at Berkeley, December 17-19, was a great success from every point of view. I was impressed with the bigness of the subjects discussed and the masterly manner in which they were handled. There was not a poor address given from start to finish. I was impressed with the candor and fearlessness with which the speakers expressed their views on great questions. But from the discussions which followed some of these addresses, I was more than ever convinced that there are some problems yet unsolved, some questions yet unanswered. This fact of itself served to show the wisdom of such meetings. They provoke thought, stimulate the mind, broaden ones whole view of things.

I was not always able to follow the speakers closely, and for this reason I think not enough time was given to the discussion of some of the addresses. Fewer addresses and more time for discussion, I believe, would have rendered the Institute more helpful to a large number of those who attended. By all means the papers read at the Institute should be published in THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, so that some of us may catch up with the procession.

I went to the Institute with the impression and conviction that we are living in a living, moving, pulsating, conscious world, and that impression was deepened by the most admirable paper read by Dr. Morgan. In all the endless, boundless universe there is no death. All is life. Man himself is the highest consciousness known to man. I did not fully grasp Dr. Smith's arguments on the Personality of God. I want to read the paper. One thing I do know, that when you put a boss at the top of the universe, the idea of bossism will trickle down into every human relationship. I care not how great and good that boss is, the effect will be bad. I like the idea of a Democratic God, with fraternal relationship between that God and man. I do not mean that the idea of the *boss* was involved in what Dr. Smith said, on that point I am not clear. I mean only that I am mixed up—in a tangle—and

need some man to lead me. Evidently God has projected his consciousness out into the universe in a sort of divine drama, but I am not clear on *Personality*. My impression is one of profound vagueness.

Socialism came in for a fair share of discussion, and seemed to be the one question on which everyone had some well defined ideas. If the Socialist movement will serve the purpose of ushering in a reign of Democracy, I think all will be satisfied. But either with or without socialism we must have democracy.

Drs. Wilbur, Hodgins, Leavitt, McReynolds, Williams, Turner, Reed, Clayton, were at their best. I mentioned two or three of the papers specially to indicate how much I did not know about the subjects discussed. But the papers were all right. It would take a good deal more time than I now have at my disposal to tell how much I did not know about the subjects discussed. But I know more than I did before I attended the Institute. Before I went I was in some doubt as to whether I fully understood some of the problems involved. After the Institute was over, I was absolutely sure that I did not understand them. So I now know exactly where I am, and it is worth something to be sure that you don't know a thing.

The fellowship was most delightful. I had the best home in Berkeley, and was happy. The Institute was an uplift, an inspiration and a revelation. I want another, and I should ask for no better place to hold it than Berkeley.

Rev. George William Henning,
SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Dear Dr. Morgan: Responding to your invitation to write my impressions of the recent Institute, I would much prefer to say nothing beyond the fact that it remains a delightful memory. If this is not sufficiently exuberant, I would say *de-lightful*. However, I could not be with you the last day, which I still regret. I was pleased and edified by the scholarly papers; relished the

keen, appreciative critical analyses of them by the brethren, and enjoyed the easy fellowship of those who have heretofore been only names to me. A few of the ministers are old-time friends, the meeting with whom revived very precious memories, and revived my courage.

I was especially pleased with the spiritual atmosphere in which I found myself, somewhat unexpectedly. It seemed freighted from the beginning with the Presence, and the discussions were characterized by deep thought and high aspiration. I very much enjoyed the meeting with Dr. Wilson, of the A. U. A., who made me feel that I was one of a large and goodly fellowship, and under marching orders. I came home to take up my work with fresh zeal and a better hope. I think my people also have caught a new vision in the reports.

Rev. William Day Simonds,
OAKLAND, CAL.

Unfortunately pressing duties caused my absence from a good share of the meetings of the recent Ministers' Institute. But those I was privileged to attend I found of much interest and value. It was well worth while, just the meeting of our scattered ministers, the interchange of thought on the practical problems that confront us all. And then the papers,—carefully prepared—and well delivered, gave to some of us who are on the "dead run" most of the time, a new conception of what is going on in the world of thought.

Not the least stimulating were the discussions, frank, searching, kindly, with which each session closed.

By all means—more Institutes.

Rev. Clarence Reed,
PALO ALTO, CAL.

I was impressed by the deep interest of the ministers in the social problems and the philosophical discussions of the present day.

I feel that at future conferences more time should be given to the discussions of the papers.

Resolutions Adopted by the Ministers' Institute Held in Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 17-19.

RESOLVED, (1) that we, the ministers of the Unitarian churches of California express our hearty appreciation to the American Unitarian Association for their generosity in encouraging and supporting this Institute, from which we have received great benefit and inspiration. We suggest that a committee of three be appointed to consider with the officers of the American Unitarian Association the advisability of holding annually a ministers' institute. If it is deemed advisable that such an institute be held, this committee is hereby given power to make necessary arrangements and prepare a program.

(2) That we express our appreciation of Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, our efficient and tireless secretary, and pledge him our loyalty in the carrying out of his plans for the advancement of our church.

(3) That we thank the members of the Berkeley church for their cordial hospitality and the trustees for the use of the church.

(4) That it is the sense of this Ministers' Institute that a World's Congress of Religions be held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and that a committee be appointed to confer with representatives of other religious associations.

E. M. S. HODGIN,
THOMAS CLAYTON,
CLARENCE REED,

Committee on Resolutions.

North Pacific Ministers' Institute and North Pacific Conference.

The tenth annual meeting of the North Pacific Unitarian Conference was held at Spokane, December 10-12, 1912. The meeting of the Conference was held upon one afternoon, and except for the address upon the work of the American Unitarian Association by Secretary Wilson, the Conference session confined itself to necessary business, and on account of the distance from other centers, no attempt was made to bring together lay delegates.

The session of the Ministers' Institute, which occupied most of the time, was the first of its kind in the Pacific Northwest, and was made possible through the co-operation of the officers and directors of the American Unitarian Association, whose representative, the Secretary, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, was present, as was also the Association Field Secretary for the Coast, Dr. Wilbur.

Mr. Dietrich, and his predecessor Mr. Fuller, who is now the public librarian

in Spokane, co-operated with the Trustees and people of our church there to make the occasion in every way a pleasant one. The Ministers' Institute took luncheon with Mr. Dietrich and Mr. Fuller on Wednesday, and on Thursday with Judge Dunning and the other Trustees of our Spokane church.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. By the North Pacific Unitarian Conference:—"The North Pacific Unitarian Conference expresses its appreciation of the purposes and actions of the officers and directors of the American Unitarian Association, and especially of their initiative in missionary work throughout this Conference."

2. By the Ministers' Institute and Conference:—"The Ministers' Institute, the first of the kind held within this district, and composed of Unitarian ministers of the Pacific Northwest, extends heartiest thanks to the officers and directors of the Association for the thoughtfulness which devised and made possible the Institute. The members personally wish to record their sense of its permanent value, affording inspiration and courage for the tasks which await them in their respective fields of work."

3. By the Ministers' Institute and Conference:—"It is the belief of the ministers gathered at the North Pacific Conference and Ministers' Institute, held in Spokane, Washington, December 10-12, 1912, that much would be gained for our cause if the theological schools to which we look for the education and training of ministers for Unitarian churches, would consider the possibilities of the further training of students for the details and methods of actual constructive missionary work, the breaking of new ground, the organization of new churches, etc. We wish that the practical problems of initiative and constructive missionary work may be remembered in all the departments and classes of the school. More specifically we inquire respectfully, might it not be helpful in all these classes occasionally to have class lectures conducted by men who are at the time in active missionary work?"

It was much regretted that the Rev. H. A. McDonald, the Rev. J. D. O. Powers, Rev. J. A. Baldrige, the Rev. S. D. Lindridge, were prevented from attending. The place left open by Mr. Lindridge's absence, was taken by Dr. Wilbur, who presented his address, "How to Listen to a Sermon."

The program of the Institute and Conference was carried out in the following order:

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER TENTH.

Sermon: A More Heroic Christianity, Reverend Matthew R. Scott, Vancouver, B. C.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER ELEVENTH.

Devotional Service, Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D. D., Portland. Addresses: The Christian Church as an Instrument of Redemption, Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., Portland; The Influence of Henri Bergson on Theological Thought, Rev. Stephen Peebles, Goshen, Ore.; Priest and Prophet, Rev. Edward G. Spencer, Everett, Wash.; Discussion led by the Rev. George W. Fuller.

Afternoon: Business Session:—Address: Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, Secretary American Unitarian Association.

Evening Session: Address: How to Listen to a Sermon, Rev. Earl Morse Wilbur, D. D.

Devotional Service: Reverend Fred Alban Weil, Bellingham, Washington. Addresses: The Mission of Religion in Human Life, Reverend W. L. Beers, Great Falls, Montana; The Opportunity of the Pulpit To-day, Reverend T. Clinton Brockway, Butte, Montana; discussion led by Reverend John H. Dietrich.

Evening Session. Sermon, Reverend Lewis G. Wilson, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

Death of Robert Collyer.

On November 30th Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D., pastor emeritus of the Church of the Messiah in New York City, died at the rarely attained age of 89 years. With the passing of this fine type of manhood almost the last of the group of great preachers of the preceding generation has left us. He belonged to the class made famous by James Freeman Clarke, Thomas Starr King, Henry Ward Bellows, Edward Everett Hale, William H. Farnen, William Greenleaf Eliot, Horatio Stebbins, Ephriam Peabody, and Charles Gordon Ames. He reached fellowship with these noted men, not through the training of Harvard College and the denominational divinity schools. His native endowment was great, but widely different from these fine American examples.

He was born in Yorkshire, England, the son of a blacksmith, and he learned his father's trade. His boyhood was a hard experience. When he was eight years old he worked in a cotton mill from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night—virtually a white slave. His book-learning was slight, but he had a large-hearted sympathy with all mankind, a ready wit and a fine spirit. He was an exponent of good common sense and a sunny faith that nothing could disturb.

He had a fine presence, a very musical voice and spoke with a pleasant Yorkshire accent. He was a genial companion, and popular as a lecturer as well as a preacher. His visit to San Francisco is fresh in the memory of those who enjoyed it.

His old age was vigorous and he preached at intervals almost to the end of his life. The kindly expression of respect for his memory, by all denominations, is a rare tribute to his breadth and all-inclusive sympathy.

The *Outlook* was no less appreciative than the *Register*, and from every quarter came testimony of the high regard in which he was held.

Three years ago Robert Collyer wrote the following characteristic greeting for the *Unitarian Advance*:

You ask me for a word of New Year's Greeting from the snow-line of four score and six years just completed,—and my most real faith. I gladly send the greeting to all your readers, and the wish that if they live to my length of years the burden may be as light and the content as deep in their hearts as mine is now, has been, and I trust will be, while I mind the poet's lines:

Grow old cheerily,
The best is yet to be.

"And my best faith centers in the Fatherhood of God; this as so many doctrines and dogmas suffer dimness grows deeper to me and clearer. Our Father in heaven,—and on the earth!

"It came to me when I could no longer abide in my old home,—Methodism—as the primal truth. He is my father, and I am His son; and when I leave this world I shall not go to Him, because He will be with me when I leave and wherever I go.

"This is the faith I found when I must move from the old first church and faith, fifty years ago, and found this we call Unitarianism, because we can find no better or fitter name."

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns—

No trivial bridge of words

Or arch of boldest span

Can leap the moat that guards

The sincere man.

—Thoreau.

Selected

The Rising Cost of Living.

By David Starr Jordan.

The rise in cost of articles of necessity began about 1897. It is world-wide, a little greater in high tariff countries, because of the shelter and leverage offered by protection. In general, this rise is forty to fifty per cent; the fall in the purchasing power of gold from twenty-five to forty. It is enhanced and aggravated in different countries by special conditions. Of these, several have been described in the United States, and others in other nations. These elements are not causes of the rising cost of living, but modifying circumstances. According to Sauerbeck, the "Englishman's dollar" of 1897 is now worth seventy-eight cents, the American dollar but seventy. Of actual causes, three may be recognized:

(1) The great increase in the world's stock of gold (from about \$7,500,000,000 to about \$11,000,000,000). This increase has now passed its climax. As the amount of gold at the best is very small for the credit resting on it, the bonded debt of civilized countries exceeding \$60,000,000,000, it is believed that the importance of this factor is greatly exaggerated. It is, however, an element of unknown force in determining the value of gold as stated in terms of other products of labor and capital.

(2) The cheapening of the processes by which gold is extracted and the consequent cheapening of gold as measured in terms of labor. The cyanide process has made it profitable to work low grade ores and old dumps, and a new dollar obtained from a gold mine costs in labor and capital much less than the old dollars cost.

Whatever value may be assigned to this factor, its influence is long since spent. It is not likely that the gold market will be soon disturbed again by new discoveries of mines or by new processes.

(3) The increase of taxation the world over, due (1) to waste of actual war, (2) the extension of armies and navies, and (3) the increase by one hundred to two hundred per cent of municipal and other local indebtedness of the world. "In-

stead of living beyond our means we are living beyond the means of the fourth generation."

Roughly speaking, the taxes of the world have been doubled since 1897, and supported by these additional taxes millions of men have been drawn from productive labor. In 1911 the bonded debt of the world for past expenditures (pawn checks for wars already fought) amounted to \$37,000,000,000. The annual interest charges on this was over \$1,400,000,000. The annual naval expenses of the seven most "progressive," that is, most wasteful, nations, rose from about \$250,000,000 in 1897 to \$629,000,000 in 1911. The total military expenses of these same nations doubled in this time, with a corresponding withdrawal of men from industry to militarism. Meanwhile, municipal and other local debts everywhere are two or three times as great as in 1897. For example, San Francisco had in 1902 a budget of \$6,500,000 annually. For 1913 this budget is \$15,000,000. The valuation of city property was in 1902, \$413,000,000. It is now \$510,000,000. It is estimated that in 1921, the valuation will be \$753,000,000, the tax \$27,000,000.

The bonded debt of British cities rose from \$1,500,000,000 in 1897 to \$3,800,000,000 in 1912. A similar increase is seen in Germany and France. In the United States the total of State and local taxes has risen from \$1,090,000,000 in 1901 to \$2,505,000,000 in 1911. The fact that these sums are raised by indirect taxation makes the burden the greater. It must be paid in the increased price of commodities; in other words, by a rising cost of living. All taxes, however levied, constitute a confiscation of private property for public purposes. In all cases the dealer, accustomed to a certain percentage of profit, adds his tax burden to this percentage. In doing so, he must lower his purchase price or raise his selling price. Which he does or can do depends on the relative power of resistance of producer, dealer and consumer. The stress and incidence of taxation falls on the less resistant elements. Any one of the three groups may combine to throw off this stress. The dealers are more often successful in this. As production

is more or less limited, the consumer is the weakest of the three groups and finally bears most of the burden. Some part of the consuming group being also producers may roll the burden back, but it is in any case a burden on the people and they can only shift it among themselves. There is no foreigner they can plunder to make their losses good.

As each dollar must bear the tax burden its value is diminished. Taxation lowers the purchasing power of money. As the purchasing power is likely to fall in the future, the rate of interest rises. Bonds will be paid in still cheaper dollars in the future.

In this connection it may be noted that the price of stable and staple commodities is fixed in London. Exports have in general in New York, the London value minus the cost of handling. Imports the London value with the addition of the cost of handling and the tax on imports. The value of non-exportable or perishable goods depends on local conditions, and is subject to much greater fluctuations. Thus potatoes are now very dear in California, and onions are excessively cheap. I am a dealer, let us say, in Palo Alto. I allow a margin of fifteen per cent gross profit on my dealings. I have some taxable property and I feed my family. My taxes direct and indirect amount to \$500. With time my government, municipal, State and national, raise this tax to \$1,200. I must increase my profits by \$700. I allow a margin of twenty-five per cent. Those from whom I buy have raised their margin also. They were obliged to do so to make both ends meet. I find that I cannot sell on a margin of twenty-five per cent. My competitors cut under my prices. We lose money. Then we form a secret or private combination to hold up the Palo Alto prices. Our customers, largely professors, cannot increase their stipends. They find that a salary of \$4,000 in 1912 is just equivalent to one of \$2,840 in 1897. The cost of living has risen. The purchasing power of money has fallen. It has fallen because all consumption has been overtaxed. The United States has done her part in this, but all over the world, from Osaka to Manchester; Buenos Aires, Palo Alto and Irkutsk, the same story is

told with local variations. Steadily increasing taxation means steadily rising cost of living. The more you take away from the people the less they have left and the higher the price they will set on what is left, and the more unpleasant it is to be poor, because the man lowest down is the man who cannot set his own prices.

In this view the primary factor in the rise of the cost of living is the fall in the purchasing power of gold, due to the excessive and growing exactions of the governments of the world. In other words, it is produced by the steady encroachments of the government on the individual the world over, through the indirect tax and the deferred payment. Stated differently, the common man has too many mouths to feed, and it takes too much of his money to feed them. The cost of enforced idleness and mal-employment, the special result of militarism greater even than the cost of powder, ships and guns. The long roll of those fed by tax increment steadily grows with the growth of the taxes that support them.

Hints from the Heights.

From Joaquin Miller's Poems, (in six volumes).

And oh, the voices I have heard!
Such visions where the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty—beauty everywhere:
The beauty creeping on the ground.
The beauty singing through the air.

The love in all—the good—the worth—
The God in all—or dusk or dawn;
Good will to man and peace on earth:
The morning stars sing on and on.

One final word to the coming poets of the Sierras and the great sea and the universal heart. For I would have them not like the very many cedars but like the very few sequoias. I would have them not fear the elements—or seek stations or office from any one, to owe no man, only God. Yes, I know—who should better know? How long and lonely and terribly dark the night is when not well nourished and encouraged by earnest friends; but I have seen

some better, abler than I halt, falter and fall from very excess of kindly praise and patronage. My coming poets—there are affairs, favors, high honors within the gift of good men—and good men are many; but the gift of song is from God only. Choose and adhere to the end; for we cannot serve two masters. A good citizen you may be—have love, peace, plenty to the end—but you shall not even so much as ascend the mountain that looks down upon the Promised Land, however much you may be made to believe you have attained it if you follow Mammon.

On the other hand, plain, simple, apart, alone, God only by your side, you must toil by day and meditate by night, remembering always that the only true dignity is true humility; remembering always that the only true humility is true dignity. Poverty, pain, persecution, ingratitude, scorn, and maybe obscurity at the end. But always and through all—and over and above all—Faith and Hope and Charity. And the greatest and humblest that has been, your one Exemplar.

If then, thus informed by one whose feet are worn—the starry steep of song be still your aspiration, don your Capuchin garb and with staff and sandal shorn go forth alone to find your lofty acre, to plant and water your tree, to take your eternal lesson from Him—through the toil of bee and the song of bird. Nor shall you in your lofty seclusion and security from the friction and the war of trade for one day escape or seek to escape your duties to man. The poets are God's sentries set on the high watch-towers of the world. You must see with the true foresight of the seer of old the coming invasion—the eternal evils—the follies of the age—and not only give warning but bravely lead to triumph or perish—as the prophets of old—if need be.

For example—by what right shall a man continue to devote his life to getting, and getting, and getting from those about him; and, fostered by the State in his continual getting, cut the State off without even the traditional shilling when he has done with his gatherings. All great men have to leave all their get-

tings to the State when they go. Why shall not a rich man? If all the Rothschilds should die tomorrow and leave all their riches to England, they would not all together leave as much as Shakespeare left!

Take another example—One of the monstrous evils of this hour: None the less monstrous—only the harder to destroy because encouraged and under the protection of every church in the land. To-day we are wasting enough to buy a house and provide a pension for every widow. Poor old women are made slaves—down on their knees scrubbing to pay monstrous ghoul for tawdry funerals: and largely, too, because our own sentimental weaklings choose to please and be made popular by catering to the dead in the grave instead of the living God over all.

Perhaps the greatest source of sorrow, sin, in this, our commercial age—is the periodical "hard times." There should be nothing of that sort. True, this age of gold and of getting will pass as the age of stone and man-eating passed—but our work is with our own age.

Why does China in all her thousands of prosperous years, notwithstanding her millions of poor, never have hard times? Simply because her people pay their debts. That is the secret of it. At the end of each year each man pays his debts; then there is a feast—and not till then.

The Jews were not foolish in their generation; they are not foolish now you will agree. And why had they never such periods of depression? For the same reason; they paid their debts—and paid their debts every seven years instead of every single year. And when we shall have a law like that—and live by it—the very name "hard times" in this land and age of boundless abundance can be turned over to the historian forever. Even the Romans—and more than once, but only when compelled—burned their books of mortgage-debt and taxes.

As for our own laws of limitations—said to be fashioned after those of the Bible—they are simply a delusion and a blank falsehood. The money lender sits

down with you, counts up the interest, compounds it, summons you to a new mortgage, and then you get up and go forth tied just one knot tighter than before. And this is our "Statute of Limitations!"

The undebated lesson after the goodness of man and the beauty of the world is the immortality of man. Yes, there may be those who do not live again. You may sow your field as carefully as you can—yet there are many worthless grains that will not come up—but will rot and resolve again into earth. And may it not be that this fearful disease of unbelief is a sort of crucial test? May it not be that if you be so weak as to say that you shall be blown out as a candle and so drop into everlasting darkness—that it shall be so? Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality—for it has seen the resurrection.

As for methods or details of teaching the divine art of song—I have none. There can be none. Don't write for either fame or money—write for your own soul—the good, the beautiful. First the Kingdom of Heaven—then all the rest. In brief—to be a poet—artist of any sort, you must not only feel your art, but live your art: humbly, patiently, continually live it.

There is a deal of nonsense about "midnight oil," and little or no good. God made the day for man: but the night for beasts: and the beasts have rights. Read, follow, believe *The Book*; because—for stateliness of style—simplicity of diction, directness of thought, and majesty of utterance—it is unmatched in all the array of books—old or new—to be found on the shelves of the British Museum.

I was asked to address the Jews in this synagogue here recently on the subject of poetry. I searched for poetry in many pages; waded through modern books and kept going back, back till the very fountain-head was reached: And here, and only here, did I find poetry in all its largeness and splendor of thought and utterance—in the Book of Books. Nature, God, has not forgotten us, but our poets have forgotten nature, God!

Man has built for himself huge walls

to shut out the light. The flowers that blossom continually along the pages of the prophets of old he never sees any more. The parables of that divinely beautiful young Jew—Jesus Christ—in the language of flowers all over the land—are to him a book that is sealed. Yet the world keeps continually crying out: "Where are the prophets? Where are the prophets?"

I answer, "Can a prophet prophesy without faith?" I say you might as well send a man out in the darkness to gather flowers on yon sunny hillside as to ask poetry of an age when faith and hope and charity are rudely thrust aside by the hard-mailed hand of doubt.

Yea, the blind man may gather some few flowers as the night goes by, but he will gather weeds and thistles and poisonous plants as well.

Not long ago, a rich San Francisco preacher came to see me when I was at work among my olive trees.

"Pretty rough piece of ground you have here."

"Yes, sir, rough under foot, but as smooth over-head as any man's land."

"Ahem! Will olives pay here?"

This was his first and last concern. The clink of the golden chain which bound that man's neck to the golden calf with the cloven foot was heard to rattle on my stony steeps as he spoke: Will olives pay here? Pay? Pay? In every breath of the sweet sea-wind that lifts their silvery leaves in the sun I am paid: paid in imperishable silver every day.

And yet, still we must ask: When will our great interpreter come? When will the true prophet—priest, poet, preacher come to us? For we are continually reminded that it is by the voice of the poet that a nation is allowed to survive. Jerusalem has been permitted to come down to us forever glorified: She cherished the poets. But where is Babylon—who cast the poets into the lions' den? Nineveh was "an exceeding great city of three days' journey": but Nineveh would not hear—and where is Nineveh now? Yet Jerusalem—the city of poetry and song, survives. And this is simply because she had Faith and Hope and so had her poets, and she did not despise them. And her poets made her immortal. And so of Athens. True or

false, the Greeks had gods—even the Unknown God of which Paul spoke: and they *believed*. They had Faith and Hope. And so their poets sang—sang in marble. They sang in music, sang in the eternal melody of beauty—and their country lives forever.

No, the poet cannot prove to you the immortality of the soul. There are things that rise above the ordinary rules of evidence—and this is one of them. He cannot prove to you—under the strict rules of legal evidence, even that the sun will rise tomorrow. But it will surely rise. And just as surely shall the soul of man be saved: if it be worth saving. Make your soul worth saving. That is all.

More than twenty years ago I sat down here on a mountain-side with mother and began to plant trees. [His mother was a woman of surpassing worth—her sterling character should be better known. And this we will reserve for a separate article. Her bust in bronze stands in the University of Oregon.] Think of fifty thousand trees and you have some idea of the satisfaction of planting and growing a Nazareth. A "place of the woods."

And, oh, the dignity of a tree—the truth, the courage of a tree! The companionship of a tree is the most inspiring in all the world. You want to see San Francisco? Well, you must come to Oakland to see San Francisco. And do you want to see Oakland and San Francisco—and the bay of all the bays on the globe—and the Golden Gate—at a glance—and all together? Then you must go two miles to the northeast and half a mile perpendicular. In short you must come to The Heights—to the camp where Fremont tented over fifty years ago—and from which spot he named the now famous Golden Gate—years before gold was found.

Could I but teach man to believe—

Could I but make small men grow,

To break frail spider-webs that weave

About their thwens and bind them low;

Could I but sing one song and slay

Grim Doubt: I then could go my way

In tranquil silence—glad, serene,

And satisfied from off the scene.

But ah, this disbelief—this doubt—

This doubt of God—this doubt of good.

The damned spot will not out!

Whatever you do, never let a painful inspection rob you of a great expectation. If, as you live, you try to live faithfully, then, as the Lord liveth, try to live hopefully, or you will miss the better half of your living.—*Robert Collyer*.

Let us thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her.—*Robert Collyer*.

Waiting.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand 'mid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny. . . .

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights. . . .

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave into the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs*.

The Water Lily.

O, Star on the breast of the river!
O, Marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall right down from Heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?

You are white as the thought of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun.
Did you grow in the Golden City,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white,
It slowly grew from the darkness
Down in the dreary night.

From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace,
White souls fall not, O my Poet,
They rise to the sweetest place.

—*Mary Francis Butts*.

Extracts from Sermons

Repentance.

By Rev. E. Stanton Hodgins, Los Angeles.

The greatest change that has ever taken place in religious thinking has occurred in the past one hundred years. This change, being evolutionary instead of revolutionary in character, has not been attended by crises and organic disturbances such as accompanied less significant changes in the past. One of the most significant features of this change has been man's changing attitude toward sin. The old idea was that sin was something positive and holiness was a negative condition—freedom from sin. All religious activity and all religious anxiety centered around this conception of sin. Man must ever have his thoughts centered on sin in order that he may escape it.

Sin was thought of as universal. All man's natural acts and impulses were thought of as sinful. He must repent of all these things and by some mystical and miraculous process have that sin which is a positive thing eradicated from his being. All the sacraments had to do with this idea of freeing one's self from sin. He must be brought under the conviction of sin and through the various mystical processes of baptism, repentance, absolution, etc., could be freed from sin and enter the negative state of holiness and become ready for union with God. Protestantism did not change this conception; it only changed the processes by which one was thought to become free from sin.

The new religious conception makes holiness positive and sin negative. Under the new inspiration man must attain to something positive—must become something and be something. Sin is negative! It is the failure to attain or become what one ought. The primary thought of the old was to get rid of something—to get something out of one's being. The thought of the new must be to take on something to achieve something positive. The primary incentive of the old was fear; the primary incentive of the new must be hope, anticipation, seeing the ideal under our efforts approximately realized. The old centers

one's thoughts on sin and failure, the new centers the thought on the ideal to be achieved.

Man went to the altar under the old inspiration to get rid of some galling and troublesome burden that was crushing him; he felt that if he could only be freed from this burden the desirable thing had been accomplished. Under the new inspiration man goes to the altar to take up some burden that is a challenge to his strength and which he deems worthy of his capacity and which he can carry in such a way that it brings him the highest joy and satisfaction.

Man bore burdens courageously and heroically under the old inspiration, but in a different spirit. He accepted the burden as a penance or punishment and carried it cheerfully, but was buoyed up by the thought that if he bore this burden well he would be free from all burden-bearing sometime. Man takes up his burden under the new inspiration because there is a craving in his nature to do something positive, and bearing his burden is an increasing joy and compensation; he bears his burden today inspired by the thought that it will enable him to bear greater burdens by and by from which he will receive greater compensation and joy.

The old inspiration is static; the new is dynamic. Under the old, man thought of himself as a passive creature in the hand of God, and the more passive he was the greater his holiness. Under the new inspiration man sees himself not a creature but a creator. He is a co-worker with God, and without his creative effort God can achieve nothing. It is in this thought of himself as a divine creator, doing the work of life and finding an increasing joy in it, that the call of the new religion is found.

 Spiritual Essentials.

By Rev. J. D. O. Powers, Seattle.

There are five great streams of influence which have entered into the main stream of individuality and personality in the past century, and the result is an entirely new and modern type of man and woman. These are what we may characterize as a universal environment in place of a local one, wider and

more inclusive friendships, universal education and modern invention, which alone has revolutionized our way of doing things and looking at the universe in which we live, and, lastly, a new social consciousness which is the resultant of all of the foregoing working together. The effect of the last three is little short of revolutionary.

1. Faith in a living and revealing God as active and potent to-day as in ancient times and places.

2. Trust of life and joy in its manifestations.

3. Appeal to the heart, the mind and the conscience instead of to some external authority.

4. A practical, doing faith in personal and social righteousness.

Creeds and dogmas and rituals and churches are being commanded by the modern spirit to so shape themselves as to bring forth more fruit of the divine spirit, more actual transformed life, made radiant and powerful with a new light, which never was on sea or land, but only in the hearts and consciences and wills of men. A practical age demands a practical, working faith, one which can be used every day. The questioning attitude of the age does not affect the ancient command to do justly to all men, to love mercy and to seek it and use it, and to walk humbly in the presence of the vast vistas yet unattained. From disputation and doubt the heart turns gladly to ask what we ourselves can do to make the world worthy to be the supreme work of God. The emphasis has shifted from belief to conduct, and particularly to the relations of a man to his fellows, instead of to belief and faith and dogma. In this respect the spirit of the age and the spirit of Jesus are akin at last. The lines are being drawn more closely between selfishness and self-seeking and the altruistic spirit. Not merely how we spend, but how we gain; not merely how much we give, but also how little we retain; not how little harm we do or may not do, but how much good we may do and must do; not how much is mine, rather how best the "mine" can serve humanity—these and scores of other questions are coming home alike to

capitalist and laborer, to him whose wealth is in things and to him whose wealth is in capacities of muscle or brain or heart. It teaches that religion is life, strong, sane, pure, manly, helpful life. It is love, a surge, swelling with desire to add to the sum total of human good and gain; it is like the bird-song, making the air vocal with melody for the world.

From the Churches

BERKELEY.—It has been customary for the Channing Club to fill a number of large stockings with toys, fruits, and useful wearing apparel, and turn them over to the charity organization of Berkeley for distribution on Christmas eve, among the poor and needy children of Berkeley. But it was felt that simply a stocking at Christmas was a very poor example of what Christmas should be to every child, whether rich or poor; and for a great number of children it was found that they had but slight prospects of a really good time, of entering into the true Christmas spirit. It was therefore decided to invite as many as possible to a Christmas party, who, with their parents, were to join in with the regular Sunday-school pupils, and that Santa Claus would there give them their stockings. The church was appealed to for contributions of all kinds, new toys, fruit and candy and money; and the response was so generous that almost the entire expense was met by the contributions of the church members, as well as those by Channing members. Of the twenty-five invited children, about twenty came, who, with the regular children, made an almost uncontrollable mob of youngsters. The main difficulty was to prevent some of them from having too good a time; one girl in particular needed a special guard or she would have discovered the Christmas tree way ahead of time, or been into the ice-cream freezer having a glorious time. Santa Claus, in the person of Dean Wilbur, came storming in, told them stories, and distributed the stockings—big ones for the poor, smaller ones, filled with popcorn, cakes, etc., for the others. The parents were extremely grateful, words failing them when trying to express

their thanks; and altogether, the affair was a great success, the spectators enjoying themselves as much as the children.

The Club had a candy and towel table, the towels being made by the members themselves, at the annual Church Bazaar, from which about \$30.00 was cleared. The regular dance occurred on the 26th, at which time each member received some foolish ten-cent toy or other. Sunday evening, December 1st, was devoted to musical numbers given by members, and on December 8th Prof. G. R. Noyes spoke on "Russian Student Life." Sunday evening, December 15th, Dr. A. M. Smith answered a great number of questions turned in that evening concerning a "Liberal Religion." The meeting following,—the last of the year—was a sort of family gathering around an open fire, while a Christmas poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell, and a Christmas story, "The Gift of the Wise Man," by O. Henry, were read by members of the Club.

EUREKA.—Beginning with the first Sunday of the new year a series of thirty sermons covering the first seven months of the year 1913 was begun. Twenty-three of these sermons are based upon the Old Testament, while the remaining seven are missionary sermons, coming monthly, on the first Sunday of each month. The Bible sermons cover the most important books of the Old Testament in their usual order. They are classified under four main topics, as follows: "The Law," seven sermons; "The Prophets," nine sermons; "The Religious Thinker" (Job), three sermons; "The Rational Worshiper" (Psalms), four sermons. The subjects of the first seven monthly missionary sermons for the year 1913 are as follows: January 5th, "Three Kinds of Free Religion;" February 2nd, "Missionary Work of the American Unitarian Association;" March 2nd, "Missionary Work of the Pacific Coast Conference;" April 6th, "Missionary Work of the First Unitarian Church of Eureka;" May 4th, "Lessons from the Missionary Work of Other Denominations;" June 1st, "The Student Volun-

teer Movement;" July 6th, "The New Era of Missionary Expansion of the Unitarian Church."

LOS ANGELES.—December is the special month for the giving of good cheer, and the different branches of the church here have done their share of this—by the Alliance fair, which was a most gratifying success in every way; also by the Christmas giving to the Utah Street children, some eight hundred of whom received gifts through the efforts of our young people. Then the Sunday-school had sweetly simple exercises, giving much pleasure to teachers, parents and friends. Each class was represented in the exercises. It was too cold to have a tree in the yard, as last year, but five-year-old Santa Claus went joyfully about giving the old and young, each one a bag of candy, disguised as an orange in crepe paper tied with green. No one was hurried or tired or cross, and all were just as well pleased as though weeks had been spent in elaborate preparation.

The Alliance has adopted a new plan worthy of trial by every branch, if not by every pulpit. Fifteen minutes each month is to be given to "Unitarian Current Events," and just the right person has been placed in charge. When things are beginning to hum and wheels to turn with marvelous power and efficiency, it would seem as though each individual ought to want to hear about the splendid items of progress.

Social service talks are still of a quality to "improve the mind" and heart as well. "The Work of the Parent-Teachers' Association," "The Cultural Value of Plant Life," "The Work of the Superior Court," and "The Work of the Lunaey Commission," have all been ably presented.

"The Faiths of Yesterday in Terms of To-day" still prove of absorbing interest. "Worship—the Glistening Soul," "Baptism—Religion's Purifying Power," "Prayer—the Heart's Sincere Desire," have been thought about this month.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Christmas service was fine in spirit and in every way impressive and fitting. The church dec-

oration was in the best of taste and the music was good.

The church auditorium has been enriched by the installation of a very beautiful carved-wood canopy to the baptismal fount, which was moved from before the robing room to the space made vacant by the removal of the organ to the gallery. It extends from the ceiling to the fount and is practically a replica of a similar ornamentation in the old church at Geary and Stockton. It is the gift of Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs and family in memory of her father, Mr. Jacob G. Jackson, a highly respected parishioner, and a church trustee for many years. It is a great privilege to honor a loved one while conferring pleasure to others and adding dignity and beauty to a place of worship.

The Christmas Festival of the Sunday-school was pleasantly observed in the fine rooms of the church on the evening of December 22d. The exercises and entertainment were simple and informal, but none the less enjoyed.

The Channing auxiliary held an interesting meeting on December 2d at which Mrs. Fred. W. Stowell spoke on "The Interpretative Dance," with musical illustrations. Miss Kissel of the University of California spoke on "Textiles."

The Society for Christian Work held only one meeting in December,—the fourth Monday. Coming so near Christmas, it was thought advisable to omit the meeting. On December 9th, a breath of ocean breezes, and the varied interests and marvelous scenes of an Alaskan trip were most vividly and interestingly brought before us by Mrs. Joseph Bauer.

Dr. George Rothganger delivered a very instructive address on "The Balkans" at the monthly meeting of the Men's Club, showing complete familiarity with his subject. Numerous maps were thrown on the screen showing the successive changes during many centuries and the changing fortunes of the Turks.

SACRAMENTO.—The first church fair of the Sacramento church was held at Thanksgiving time. The ladies rented one of the large stores down town and served lunch with their sale. The financial returns were far in excess of their expectations. Hence their gratification was great.

At last, after weary months of correspondence, it is believed that the plans for the new church will be agreed upon by the time this reaches the press, and early in February will find the new building under course of construction.

The Sunday-school held its Christmas tree exercises in the church on Sunday evening the 22nd. The little church was filled to capacity and all enjoyed the combination of church service and the Christmas tree.

The plans for the new church resemble much in appearance those of the Berkeley church. All are looking forward to the pleasure of spending the next Christmas in our new home.

STOCKTON.—The work at Stockton is still persistently holding its own, with meetings being held every Sunday afternoon in a hall there. The congregation is growing some and the faithfulness of the twenty-five members deserves the name of Stockton to be recorded among the other churches in the rear of PACIFIC UNITARIAN. There will some day be a Unitarian church building there and that day is not far distant either.

PORTLAND.—The busy month of December has passed, but in church work with us it was rather lighter than usual as we adopted the plan of holding the annual bazaar in November. We found it an improvement, removing all that extra work a little farther from Christmas. Our bazaar was very pleasant socially and financially—about the same result as usual.

Christmas services were held in the church December 22nd. The church was simply but tastefully decorated and the music good. Mr. Eliot gave us a very fine Christmas sermon on the place Jesus occupies to-day in the church, the home and the world at large. The Sunday-school was in attendance at the first part of the service. They had their Christmas carols in the Sunday-school in the morning. At the vesper service the choir rendered some unusually fine music.

The Sunday-school held its Christmas Festival on Friday, December 27th.

Sunday, December 29th was the most stormy day of the season,—one of those

days when Unitarians feel justified in remaining in their own comfortable homes, letting the minister preach to the pews. Even the fine music of the vesper service tempted very few out to hear it.

The Alliance meetings are keeping up with good interest. Mrs. Eliot's lectures are very instructive, dealing mostly thus far on the history of Unitarianism. They will increase in interest as she takes up the doctrines. The next one will be, "How to Use the Bible." Prof. Wood's last lecture was on housing, giving us an idea of the problems that have to be confronted in large cities. The annual meeting of the Society will be held January 14th. We are looking forward to good reports in finances and all the various activities of the church, which always gives an encouraging outlook for the work of the coming year.

WOODLAND.—On the evening of December 11th the members of the Woodland church and congregation threw open the doors of their new Community Club House to the city of Woodland. Hundreds responded to the invitations sent out by the Women's Alliance, under whose responsibility the Club House was built. This beautiful building cost the Women's Alliance just \$3,000. The Starr King Club, which comprises the younger element of the church and community, have rallied to the financial aid and are giving all of their proceeds toward the payment of the building. While the building is situated upon the property in the rear of the Unitarian church, yet it has been distinctly erected for the benefit of the social life of the community. Hence its name "Community Club House 2. The interior of the building is beautifully decorated, with a fine floor for dancing parties. The manner in which the public is reciprocating by renting it for social purposes is most gratifying to all those who have aided in the effort of its construction. One thousand dollars was loaned by the A. U. A.; \$1,000 raised by the citizens and \$1,000 secured by notes of interested ones. Mr. Baker, the minister of the church, believes that every community in which there is a Unitarian church should perform a like service for its community and thus help in solving the social question.

Books

This department conducted by William Maxwell.

[All books reviewed in the PACIFIC UNITARIAN are on sale at, or may be ordered through, the Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.]

INTO THE LIGHT.—By Edward Robeson Taylor. Sherman, French & Co. Boston. \$1.00.

Ex-Mayor Taylor is a man of at least versatility. Trained and qualified both as physician and an attorney, eminent as a lecturer on law, and for many years, and still, Dean of the Hastings Law College, with demonstrated capacity as an executive officer, what he really enjoys doing is writing poetry. He is pre-eminently an idealist and fortunately possesses in a high degree the poetic gift.

Sherman French & Co. have brought out in attractive form a number of his later poems, the volume taking the name "Into the Light," specially given to the titular poem. The spirit pervading them all is that of firm optimism, and a loyalty to the positive and constructive. They breathe of trust and faith, reliance on justice and final good. We come into the light by following duty and the right. Good predominates in life and will triumph over doubt and evil if we do our best and trust to God.

THE JAPANESE NATION: ITS LAND, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS LIFE. By Inazo Nitobé, author of "Bushido," president of the First National College, Japan; professor in the Imperial University of Tokyo, and Japanese exchange professor to American universities. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00 net.

One of the most important and timely volumes that is announced for publication this fall is "The Japanese Nation: Its Land, Its People and Its Life," by Inazo Nitobé, author of "Bushido," and president of the First National College, Japan. A thorough study of Japan by one of Japan's foremost scholars, this book is one of the very few existing authentic accounts of this much misunderstood nation.

As man is to some degree determined by his environment, Dr. Nitobé very early in the volume takes up for consideration the character of the land of Japan, and shows how its insularity, its conformation, and its location made possible the nation's growth in certain directions, while restricting it in others. The past of Japan is presented for the light it throws on the present, and for the correction of that confidently asserted but ill-substantiated statement that the Japanese are a warlike rather than a peace-loving people. A chapter on religious beliefs is followed by the associated question of morals and moral ideas, and the immodesty of many of our own customs, when contrasted with Japanese notions of decorum, is laid bare. An interesting chapter is the one on education and educational problems, for the writing of which the author, because of his very wide experience in education, is exceptionally well equipped. And from personal experience, too, the author writes when

he considers the colonization policy of Japan as illustrated in the island of Formosa, where Japan has brought order out of chaos. The closing chapters of the book are devoted to an account of the occasional intercourse between America and Japan before Perry's advent and to the very important history of the relations of the two countries since then.

Professor Nitobé received his collegiate education in America, married an American woman and is warmly interested in preserving the traditional good feeling between America and Japan. His book is thoroughly vital, infused with thought, written in a style that, with all its astonishing range and literary power, preserves a charming, exotic flavor, and should prove serviceable to those who want to arrive at a true impression of the Japanese people.

SPIRITUAL SURGERY. By Oliver Huckel. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. New York. 75 cents net.

In this fascinating book the author drives home certain striking truths by drawing analogies between the miracles of modern surgery and processes going on to-day in the spiritual world which are even more miraculous. Descriptions are given of the wonders performed by surgeons, in delicate operations on the eye, ear, and throat, the reconstruction of defective features, operations for skin grafting, and other amazing feats, and then similar miracles in psychology, sociology, and religion are discussed. The close connection between the mind and health, the soul and the body, is indicated, and it is pointed out that the Great Physician who lived on earth two thousand years ago is also the Divine Surgeon of to-day, whose work touches the most vital parts of the human life. The chapters are on such themes as "The Celestial Surgeon," "The Anatomy of the Soul," "Some Miracles of the Surgeon's Knife," "The Gift of Anesthesia," and "The Antiseptic Life." The author knows his subject thoroughly, his method of treatment is at once novel and keenly interesting, and his literary style is extremely finished. The various chapters were originally delivered as addresses to medical students. In their present revised arrangement they will have a strong appeal for all thinking readers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND. With an introduction by Louis Fréchette and an appreciation by Neil Munro. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Putnams have recently issued a one-volume edition of William Henry Drummond's complete poetical works, for which Louis Fréchette has written an introduction and Neil Munro an appreciation. It is not his clever manipulation of the patois alone that has brought Drummond popularity. He knows to the core the kindly, simple people that speak it; he is master of a telling minor touch of pathos; he has humor, and a wide sympathy with the French country folk of the Dominion. He has the human touch.

Sparks

During the Christmas morning service at a country church, when a famous preacher had come from London for the occasion, the organist was annoyed by the organ-blower working the lever after he had finished playing. After a particularly loud "lever interlude," he scribbled a note to the offender, and sent it round by the choir boy, who, misunderstanding his instructions, put it into the hands of the preacher just as he was about to enter the pulpit. This was the note: "Perhaps you will kindly stop when I tell you. People have come to hear my music, not your noise."

Woodrow Wilson, on the steamer Bermudian, showed his modesty in many a witty saying.

Appropos of the criticism always meted out to the occupants of high places, Mr. Wilson said one day:

"The man who couldn't fill a position of eminence better than the man who actually holds it has yet to be born."—*Kansas City Times*.

Professor William S. Morgan was recently elected president of the California Writers' Club. In the monthly Bulletin issued by the Club the following silhouette appears:

W. S. M.

"His craft to train sky-pilots boid their craft to steer
O'er dizzy gulfs of doubt without a fear."

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

"Gee," yelled a little man in the audience, "I wish you'd open a grocery."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

She had just finished reading Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," and, as she laid it down, she sighed and said:

"I cannot imagine anything worse than a man without a country."

"Oh, I can," said her friend.

"Why, what?"

"A country without a man."—*Province, Vancouver, B. C.*

LIST OF BOOKS.

A few copies of the following books, published by the American Unitarian Association, are on sale at the Unitarian Headquarters:

	Postage.	
Sea of Faith.....	\$0.80..\$0.08	
Milton Reed.		
Letters to American Boys.....	.80 .08	
William H. Carruth.		
The Understanding Heart.....	1.00 .09	
Samuel M. Crothers.		
Some Memories	1.25 .12	
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A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet . . .
And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

Theodore Parker.

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God our Father; man our brother

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Editorials.

New conditions are always a test to the animating spirit of life. Every change presents a demand and the response depends upon what there is in stock to meet the challenge.

In California there is a well-founded belief that the completion of the Panama Canal is to greatly quicken foreign emigration, and that the immigrant must be sympathetically met and judiciously directed, if his coming is to be of benefit to him and to us. The state has constituted a Board of Commissioners composed of interested and well-informed citizens who are giving the matter thorough consideration, and organizations and citizens are not only preparing to coöperate, but they are actively at work and doing now what they will be called upon to do on a larger scale when steamers come to us direct from foreign ports.

Among other organized efforts, the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco has employed an immigration secretary, who is actively attacking the problem. He is a man deeply interested in the work and equipped by extended study and practice. Several years ago he was working by the side of a recent immigrant who knew no English. The foreman gave some order that the raw workman did not understand and paid no heed to, whereupon the foreman cruelly struck him. His fellow workman remonstrated, and the enraged foreman called out, "What have you got to do about it?" "He is my brother," quietly replied the American. "Well, if he is your brother, teach him English," rejoined the boss.

Impressed by the incident and the remark, the conscientious young man fol-

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lowed the advice and was led into a deep interest in the foreign immigrant and his trials. It became for him the chosen form of helpfulness, and the training received fitted him for the position he is now called to fill. For some time past he has sought out those who applied for citizenship and befriended them in many ways. Many of them availed themselves of the privileges afforded by the magnificent plant of the Y. M. C. A. and were made at home there. A class for instruction in citizenship has been formed, under capable leadership, and a genuine interest has been aroused.

In December a social gathering was arranged and an invitation was extended to those who had been naturalized during the past six months, to attend, with their wives, a dinner and entertainment at which an equal number of native-born, or seasoned immigrants, were to be their hosts.

There resulted a delightful and highly significant gathering. The President of the Y. M. C. A. presided and the hosts were widely representative—both men and women. As the company filed into the dining room, the Immigration Secretary, who knew his sheep quite thoroughly, saw to it that hosts and guests alternated. Each recent citizen had on either side some citizen, more or less distinguished, and all formality was given a vacation. A simple meal was served and when the collector came around the privilege of paying for self and guest was accorded to the native. Before the inevitable speaking began the chairman said he would like to know what nationalities were represented, and he asked that the visitors arise as their countries were called. Thirty-five made response, divided between seventeen countries, as follows: Italy, four; three each from Germany, Norway, Sweden, Austria, England and Scotland; two each from France, Holland and Hungary, and one

each from Russia, Armenia, Greece, Switzerland, Slavonia, Denmark and Africa—the last being a young girl born of English parents. As an evidence of cosmopolitanism and of San Francisco's capacity as a melting-pot, this showing is striking.

Then there were short talks from an officer of the Immigration Office, from an attorney representing a District Judge, from the City and County Clerk, from an editor representing the Mayor, from the president of the Board of Education, from Bishop Hughes, from an Italian officer, from a Scandinavian minister, from the Executive Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, from ladies representing the Mother's Club, the California Development Board, the Women's League and other organizations. Nothing prosy or perfunctory—all alive and full of friendliness and interest. Thanks were voted by the guests, every one was smiling with good-will, and in conclusion all joined hands around the table and sang "America".

It was a remarkable occasion, in that it showed the possibilities of friendliness and helpfulness on every side and was a demonstration that these possibilities are being actually met by a spirit that will make of them realities of better citizenship and broader human sympathy.

Those who would retain faith in the soundness and sweetness of human nature need to hold fast to every encouraging fact that gives evidence thereof. San Francisco is often spoken of slightly, and there are reasons for it, but that there is beneath seeming disregard for that which is pure and of good repute an abiding love of it, may be stoutly held after seeing such a play as the Blue Bird draw crowded houses for

three weeks. On the last day the large theatre was filled for three performances.

It is not to be denied that other considerations painfully qualify any trust we may succeed in establishing. The Blue Bird would have no charm for a great many of our people. It would be almost a bore to those who crave the sensational, whose hardened tastes demand something much more striking, and are not fully satisfied without a smack of wickedness. That there are many such people is too evident for comfort. They are a product of our civilization, but the most significant fact is that they represent the extremes. Those who sink to the bottom of society and those who rise to the top, contribute most largely to the demoralizing section that disgraces the whole. Not that all who attain marked success or marked failure are morally delinquent, but that they are subjected to the greatest danger, and are more apt to miss the normal wholesome life. To be miserable and desperate, or to be able to indulge every desire, and to have done so to satiety is to be well-nigh incapable of well-regulated, reasonably happy, sympathetic and normal life.

San Francisco is on the whole no better and no worse than other cities of its size and general characteristics. It no doubt differs in its manners, and perhaps is subject to severe criticism on that account. It is perhaps more indifferent to appearances, less insistent on keeping from view the things elsewhere understood to be hidden. It is certainly unjust to itself in permitting any commercialism of vice. Its association, the world over, with the quarter called the Barbary Coast, is more than unfortunate,—it is its shame. And that people supposed to be decent take in its sights, and

conduct visitors to its sordid surroundings is a wrong that brings its punishment in lowered ideals and loss of respect.

San Francisco is called upon to redeem itself from its evil reputation. Its free and joyous spirit, its tolerance of form, its philosophy of accepting fate with a smile, its self-satisfaction, its boundless faith in its future, its Bohemianism, its good-natured forbearance, its sunny gaiety, are either harmless or delightful, but they may be, and must be, kept clean. There must be no compromise with vice. San Francisco ought not to be behind her sister cities in removing temptation from her young and in making strong effort for the enforcement of laws for the abatement of evils that menace the foundations of society.

It is shallow consideration that permits any man to find excuse for inaction in the fact that social evils have always existed, and that eradication is hopeless. Murder and robbery have always existed, and probably will always exist, but we do not cease to punish them by reason of the fact. There is no more reason for falling down in despair before the Social Evil. The only way that self-respect can be maintained is to act resolutely and persistently, as experience and judgment may prompt in overcoming the monstrous wrong.

It is pleasant to notice how, in the presence of a great danger, people forget their differences and get together to fight side by side, or back to back, offensively or defensively. At a late meeting to take steps for a moral clean-up of San Francisco, the committee reporting consisted of a Unitarian clergyman (chairman), a Congregationalist, a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Cath-

olic, a Rabbi and laymen of equally varied faith.

A public-spirited Jewish citizen presided admirably, and was empowered to name four citizens to act with him in presenting to the city authorities certain recommendations as to desirable matters of reform.

The bonds of separation seem almost broken down, and even we are tempted to embrace one another.

At the conclusion of a meeting not long ago, at which addresses were made by various religious representatives, a Methodist was heard to remark with enthusiasm to a Jewish Rabbi: "That was a fine talk you gave us. It was a good Methodist sermon." "Thank you," said the genial Rabbi, "I thought you talked like a Jew."

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By William Day Simonds.

Chicago is a very interesting city, and sometimes striking events occur there; also instructive. Just as 1912 was drawing to a close, an event took place which, even in the second largest city on the continent, attracted general attention. It is too important to pass in silence, and it points a moral so plainly that your preacher paragrapher must free his mind about it, or run the risk of some kind of mental and moral indigestion.

It happened, so the story runs, that a few days before New Years, Mayor Harrison granted to the 8,000 saloons of Chicago the privilege of remaining open for "business" two hours longer than the law permits. The statute says, "Close at 1 o'clock." The Mayor said, "On this gala night of the year, let the thirsty multitude drink its fill until 3 o'clock in the morning."

Whereupon, the Protestant ministers of Chicago held an indignation meeting, and after much lurid rhetoric, marched in a body, three hundred strong, to the Mayor's office to protest—in person—in person, mind you—against this "pagan

affront to religion and morals in our beloved city."

Mirabile dictu. And sad as well. When this dignified body of reverend "best citizens" reached the City Hall, requesting immediate audience with "His Honor," they were told, more or less politely, that Mayor Harrison was very busy and could not possibly see them. "What! Couldn't see three hundred Chicago clergymen, representing all the Protestant denominations of that city!" "No; not for love or money," and the vanquished three hundred marched back to headquarters, thinking unreportable thoughts, like as not.

Then followed solemn condemnation of the "Czar of Chicago," and many sermons on the following Sunday addressed to sympathetic congregations and alert newspapers. But, to this date, no adequate apology by the Mayor, and nothing but impotent complaining by the ministers.

This is what I call an event. Once it would have caused a revolution. In the good old days Mayor Harrison would have been hiding in Canada, or elsewhere, long ere this. How are the mighty fallen! The clergy, I mean. And "there's a reason." We will get to it presently.

We think of Henry of Germany, crossing the Alps in mid-winter, and standing three days in the snow at Canossa, that he might find acceptance and forgiveness at the hands of a priest of the church; or of Queen Mary trembling in the presence of John Knox. We think of the power of the Puritan parson in early New England, or of the high honor given but yesterday to "men of the cloth," and then of Chicago's dejected three hundred. What has happened? Only a "change of front of the universe." That is all.

Perhaps this "event" points to the weakness of the modern ministry. The honest fact is, these three hundred long-coated brothers were not out for big enough game. The Mayor saw that. They were destitute of a real cause. As the politicians say, there was no live issue. Nothing upon which they could

appeal to the people, except ruffled dignity. Their mission wasn't worth their journey or the Mayor's time. It did not make any great difference to the people of Chicago whether its saloons closed at one, or three, on New Year's morning. It really didn't matter much to the ministers. It was a poor, spectacular, paltry mission. If the saloons are open for the good of the people and the welfare of society, why not two hours more? If the saloons are bad for the people and for society, let the valiant three hundred labor zealously to close them permanently. That is, try to do something worth doing. Hundreds of churches are dying all over this land just for want of something to do that stirs the blood, fires the imagination, quickens hope and satisfies the conscience. A minister, if he is a man, wants a man's job, and if he cannot find it in the service of the church he will find it in the great world outside, which is at least in earnest after its own fashion. The church of to-day faces only one issue large enough to justify its existence, and that is the reformation of society; the translation of Christian ethics into law and custom. When the church goes to work on this issue, and means business, its representatives will be heard in our legislative halls and in our executive chambers.

There is yet another reason why Chicago clergymen were treated with such scant courtesy. They represented division, and the weakness that comes of division. A half dozen Catholic priests would have been granted immediate admittance to the august presence of the Mayor. They represent union, and the strength that belongs to union. Our theological subtleties have worked as poison in the veins of Protestantism. For a creed, or often the mere fraction of a creed, we have ruthlessly divided the moral forces of society. We have followed our peculiar pet "ism" as though it was royal truth, until we have shattered the temple of brotherhood, thus giving to the solidarity of evil an immense advantage. Simplify your creeds and unite your efforts. This is the gospel of the hour. To disregard it is to invite "defeat with dishonor."

And this may be said finally to the honor of the Unitarian movement; that in its demand for entire intellectual liberty, its insistence on character instead of opinion as the sole basis of religious fellowship, it has nobly prepared the way for that union of moral forces which alone assures victory for the good, the true and the beautiful.

Notes

Rev. William Day Simonds, of Oakland, addressed the Fruitvale Civic Club on January 15th, speaking on "Making Men Good by Law." His conclusions are not reported but can be imagined.

The annual meeting of the Berkeley church was held January 9th. Rev. Dr. Arthur Maxson Smith read a report of the church work of the past year. Reports were also read from the Channing Club, Women's Auxiliary, Sunday-school and secretary and treasurer of the church. Mr. Berkeley Blake was chosen Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and with Mr. Freize, was also appointed a member of the board of directors of the church to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of W. C. Fife and death of Andrew M. Davis. Other members of the board of directors are William Carey Jones, President; Allen G. Freeman, William E. Chamberlain, S. N. Wyckoff and J. C. Brown.

Rev. Howard B. Bard, who has recently taken charge of the San Diego church, seems to have served an encouraging apprenticeship in social helpfulness during his residence in Grand Rapids. He, as president of the Playground Association, carried through the movement to bond Grand Rapids to the amount of \$200,000 for parks and playgrounds. He was a director of the Michigan Children's Home for Cripple and Blind Children, a member of the central council of the Charity Organization Society. He was a member of the board of directors of the equal suffrage movement of Grand Rapids and one of the committee of three on campaign plans last November. At the last joint convention of liberal churches he was elected president of the Unitarian State Conference. It was

through the efforts of the men's club of his church that the probation system was introduced in the Juvenile Court, and he was chairman of the committee appointed to formulate plans for the introduction of the probation system in the Circuit and Superior Courts.

Rev. C. A. Brockway, the minister of the church at Butte, Montana, preached on the first Sunday of the new year a sermon on "What Manner of Man Was Jesus." His final sentence epitomized his conclusions: "The Jesus who is real to me is not God descended, but man ascended. He is not the eagle with strong sweep of wings, but the man who struggles toilfully and painfully, yet withal, triumphantly."

About the most encouraging of the annual meetings held in July was that of the church in Spokane. An enjoyable banquet participated in by "seven score members" was followed by an enthusiastic meeting. Mr. Deitrich praised his congregation for past performances and pointed out some of the deficiencies that must be remedied in the coming year. He said they had outgrown their present church home, the general attendance having trebled in the twelve-month, and that a new church seemed a necessity. The general sentiment seemed to favor selling the church lot and building a more commodious church; further out. There was a good balance in the treasury and all bills paid.

The Unitarian Church in Salt Lake City, under the charge of Rev. Frederick M. Bennett, for thirteen years minister of the church in Lawrence, Kansas, seems to have taken a new lease of life. Interest in the services has steadily increased. The indebtedness of the society has been settled and the re-united liberals are courageously carrying forward the activities of the church.

The Alameda Church held its annual meeting on January 16th. The business meeting was preceded by the annual dinner, which was under the direction of the Ladies of Unity Circle. One hundred members were seated at the tables and the spirit of good fellowship was general. Speeches were made by the older members of the church and the pastor. The

report of the treasurer showed the flourishing condition of the finances of the church. The remarks made by the pastor were earnest and to the point and deepened the appreciation of the church people.

The Santa Rosa Church held a very enjoyable annual meeting on January 17th, following a banquet at which Dean Wilbur was the guest of honor. The minister gave an admirable address of welcome and various toasts were responded to. Upon the conclusion of the program the annual business meeting was held at which the reports for the year were received and the old officers re-elected.

A reception was tendered to Rev. H. A. Hand at the Unitarian Church of Woodland on January 20th, by the members of the congregation. A large number of the membership and other friends assembled and enjoyed a most pleasant social evening. The new minister is a young man of attractive personality and already has made a most favorable impression on his parishioners. He is a graduate of the Unitarian School of the Ministry at Berkeley. His sermons are both thoughtful and helpful and he bids fair to become one of the most popular ministers of the city. A short program was rendered during the evening, and refreshments were served by the ladies of the Alliance.

The Unitarian Club of Boston has lately absorbed the Channing Club, raising its membership to 325 laymen. Dr. Charles W. Eliot retires from the Presidency, being succeeded by Hon. John D. Long. Warm resolutions of appreciation of the devoted service of the retiring President were adopted at the meeting held on January 8th. Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck and Dr. Franklin P. Dyer, Boston's Superintendent of Schools, spoke on "The Education of Boys and Girls from Fourteen to Eighteen." Dr. Eliot, in discussing the addresses, spoke of the marvelous educational system of the Japanese, on which they spend a much larger portion of the public money than we do, with the result that their standard of education surpasses that of America.

At the opening service of the new year, at Los Angeles, a class of thirty, a majority of them men, were received into the church. The minister, Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, spoke in part as follows, his subject being "Holy Orders": "Every youth ought to feel that on entering his life work he is taking 'holy orders;' that he is chosen of God to do a particular work that will not be done unless he does it. He ought to feel that he must prepare himself for his sacred calling by the most diligent preparation that is possible. That in doing his work God is functioning through him. He ought to feel that his best intelligence, his best reason, his best will and his best judgment are Divine intelligence, reason, will and judgment and that whenever he is tempted to do anything less than the best that is in him he is violating and degrading the holy orders under which he is working, and is untrue to his sacred calling. Our President and every public official ought to feel that he is under holy orders—that he has been Divinely chosen and serves by Divine right. Everyone that approaches the ballot box should feel that he is under holy orders, that he is responding to a call from God to cast his ballot influenced by the best intelligence that he can develop."

The co-discoverer with Darwin of the doctrine of natural selection—Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace—last month attained the venerable age of ninety. Now, in full vigor of mind, he still pursues the study of science. In these modern days of elaborate education it is interesting to note that Dr. Wallace left school finally whilst still only thirteen. He loved science and read it by himself. "Having nobody to help me was actually an advantage; for worrying out for myself all difficulties was a valuable mental training."

Whilst agreeing with Darwin as to the evolution of man's body, Dr. Wallace still insists that "man's mental powers cannot wholly have been evolved by development, but must have required an influx from a Higher Mind." Moreover, he holds that even physical growth implies such changes, not merely in the cells, but even in the atoms and the electrons, of the growing animal or plant,

as could never be caused by causes merely material or chemical. He adds, "I have arrived at the conclusion that the Materialistic theory is unthinkable. The more we learn, the more mysterious everything becomes."

The sounding line of a German survey ship was reported a little while ago to have sunk, in the Pacific Ocean, near the Philippine Islands, to the depth of nine thousand seven hundred and eighty metres. This is some thousand metres deeper than the previous deepest sounding. Assuming this great depth of nine thousand seven hundred and eighty metres—thirty-two thousand and eighty-eight feet—to have been correctly sounded, the world's loftiest mountain, Mount Everest, could be sunk there until its highest peak was three thousand feet below the water's level.

Dr. Francis Darwin, who is this year's recipient of the Darwin Medal awarded by the Royal Society, is of distinguished Unitarian descent, for he is the third son of the famous naturalist. More than any of the sons of Charles Darwin, he was intimately associated with the great life work of his father. Intended for the medical profession, for which he was educated at Cambridge and St. George's Hospital, he preferred to become his father's assistant at his home at Down. Dr. Francis Darwin, who has made the phenomena of plant life his special study, was President of the British Association in 1908, a position held by his brother, Sir G. H. Darwin, three years earlier.

Here is a story told of a Scottish minister pitted against an up-to-date American: Quoth the American to his clerical friend, "Why do you have such doleful Psalm-singing in your Scotch kirk?" "Well, you see, we don't think it doleful," returned the other. "We are fond of our old tunes. And they are very old, you know." "I dare say. They are none the better for that." The minister had not done with it. "The belief is—mind you, I am only telling you what the belief is among our poor people—that our tunes, our old Psalm tunes, are the very ones that David himself played upon his harp!" Quick as lightning the other turned upon him. "Are they? Then, by gum, I don't wonder at Saw' throwing the javelin."

On January 12th an impressive Collyer memorial service was held in the Oakland church. An interesting account of the early life of Doctor Collyer was given by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, of Berkeley, who was a personal friend of the famous minister for many years in the Middle West. He told of the characteristics of the man, his courage, his kindness, his democracy and his indomitable spirit, and described his work during the trying times of the war period. An analysis of Doctor Collyer's method as a preacher was given by Dr. William S. Morgan of the Pacific Theological Seminary in Berkeley, who declared that Dr. Collyer was not a problem preacher; he appealed to the heart and conscience of men in a simple, direct way, dealing with everyday life and duties. In his closing remarks on the life and influence of the beloved clergyman, Rev. William D. Simonds, minister of the church, spoke in terms of warm appreciation and deep respect.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, preached a stirring sermon on January 5th, on pressing forward, in which he urged strongly that life is not static—but dynamic. Studied afresh with all the resources of modern methods the Bible is found to be pre-eminently of this spirit. It is one of the most-alive books in the history of human thought; its pages reveal an age-long struggle between the old and the new vision, between the static and the dynamic, between life and death; its constant message is upward, onward, forward, forgetting the past, pressing forward toward a higher goal in the future. That expresses the spirit of every prophet-leader in every world-religion. That is pre-eminently the spirit of Jesus: I came that you might have more abundant life than you have had, not less—that you might have a fresh outpouring of the spirit of truth and righteousness and love, not that you might remain satisfied with what you have attained; and I ask that you put the new wine of the spirit not into the old forms but into new wine skins lest both the old and the new be lost and destroyed together. Forgetting all these things, let us press forward unto the higher calling of the divine spirit within us.

Contributed.

Reply to a Criticism.

Editor Pacific Unitarian.

Dear Sir:—The Rev. Maxwell Savage's letter to the editor, in the January number of the PACIFIC UNITARIAN, has set me to wondering whether Mr. Savage is impulsive. Many excellent men and women are, and the evidence that Mr. Savage is one of the many is at least as conclusive as the evidence that "every Unitarian minister believes that Jesus was born in Nazareth."

I do not like that assumption. It disturbs my peaceful serenity. It does more. It filches from me what ecclesiastical status I might wish to lay claim to, leaves me with the sense of being unfrocked, disfellowshipped by one whose "bull" I am disinclined to honor. I who am nominally a Unitarian minister, do *not* "believe" that Jesus was born in Nazareth. I do not know where he was born, and what is more, I do not care. I believe that he *was* born, *somewhere*, and I rejoice that he was. I *doubt* if he was born in Bethlehem, I *think it probable* that he was born in Nazareth; but I do not *know*. Nobody knows! and I do *not believe* one way or the other.

Mr. Savage ought to be reminded that Jesus was not born on the 25th of December, nineteen hundred and twelve years ago, that there is no reason why Unitarians who "know" should commemorate his birth on that date; no reason why they should use in their services of commemoration the two beautiful hymns of Edmund Sears; no reason why they should say or sing a score or two of things they do say and sing about Bethlehem, herald angels, etc., upon those festive occasions. It is all "make-believe" according to Mr. Savage's way of thinking. "Right for children, wrong for men and women"—who are themselves such children!

I confess that I am childish enough to find that which delights me in Mr. Murdock's fine use of the Herald Angels and their song; childish enough to rejoice that their song goes ringing down the ages, though I know the angels sang it in the hearts within men's bosoms rather than in the sky above their heads.

The world needs that song more than it needs Unitarianism, and if the world could not retain both, and I had to choose for the world, I would say, let Unitarianism perish.

Of course I understand the Unitarian objection to the view that Jesus was born in Bethlehem,—an objection based upon results of critical research which are not the fruits of Unitarian scholarship,—but I like to believe that, even if that objection were to lose what force it has, I could still successfully defend the faith that is in me. Indeed, I would be glad if tomorrow conclusive proof were forthcoming that Jesus *was* born in Bethlehem after all. It would make us sit up, rub our eyes, feel the foundation of our serene cock-sureness dissolving under us.

Mr. Murdock's beautiful paragraph on the cover of the PACIFIC UNITARIAN for December was not offered as history, nor as criticism, nor as Unitarianism, but as literature. It is poetic prose, and its allusion to the literature of our religion wherein Bethlehem figures as the birthplace of Jesus, and Nazareth does not, observes all literary canons and proprieties. Moreover, in ignoring the critical conflict which rages over the question, Bethlehem or Nazareth? Mr. Murdock is more faithful to the spirit of Christmas romance and poetry than is Mr. Savage in the implication that the poetry and romance are in anywise dependent upon the outcome of the critical controversy, or upon strict fidelity to historical detail.

After all, Mr. Murdock did not say that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, but that it is a far call from Bethlehem to San Francisco. It is: but not so far as Mr. Savage's criticism flies wide of the mark.

EDWARD G. SPENCER.

Everett, Wash.

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by
the way.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Claim your freedom in service.—*Philips Brooks.*

The Recent Ministers' Institute.

By the Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith, Ph. D.,
Berkeley.

The Ministers' Institute, conducted in Berkeley, December 17th, 18th and 19th, by the Unitarian ministers of the State, marked a new era in the thought and fellowship of the liberal ministry of California. In a time still characterized by loose theological thinking, though most rigorously scientific in all other departments, it is well worth while for any group of religious leaders to come together with the avowed purpose of combining profounder reflective thought with inspiration for practical service. This result was unquestionably attained. Every man on the programme was put on his mettle and felt compelled to do his very best with the part assigned him, and though several would doubtless have chosen different subjects for themselves, on the whole the selected subjects were well adapted to the training and peculiarities of those who presented them.

It was the object of the Programme Committee to lead from theory to practice, in the development of the thought and interest of the Institute, because, from the point of view of any liberal ministry there is no such thing as groping blindly on the basis of a fanciful "faith," on the one hand, or of unregulated "experiment" on the other. Truth, for a liberal ministry, is either an established historical and scientific fact, or a principle clearly established by reason. Such truth at once becomes the real object of a real faith, the essence of which is the will to determine attitude of mind and social action in accordance with the clearly established truth. This type of faith was the faith of Jesus, and he allowed no wild play of fancy or of traditionalism to hurt his faith. But such a faith grows and deepens according as the realm of spiritual, ethical and social facts and principles enlarge, and as the atmosphere of this realm clarifies for the vision of the earnestly seeking soul. The growth of such a faith must be, in the nature of the case, the test of the genuineness and value of the religious experience of any people of any time. It is a matter of congratulation that any liberal ministry is free to adopt such a

basis of religion, and proceed without hindrance to the full fruition of such a faith. With this in view, the members of the Institute came together and labored, the results being all that one could wish for as justification of the effort, but, it is hoped, only the beginning of a plan directly and earnestly to strengthen and deepen the religious life and enlarge the usefulness of the religious leadership of the liberal ministry of California.

Need of University Students to Study Man.

EDITOR PACIFIC UNITARIAN.

My Dear Sir:—If I were able, I should be glad to write to every University student who is interested in the scientific and sociologic study of man, especially criminal, pauper and defective men. I trust, therefore, you will publish this letter, and I request each student to regard it as a personal letter to himself, whom I shall be pleased to help all I can, should he desire to devote his life to the fundamental study of social pathology.

I appeal to University students to direct their attention more to the scientific study of humanity. It is a cry to "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Let the University encourage students more to take up these subjects which have been so long neglected and in which there are great opportunities to aid humanity, directly, by scientific investigation of the causes of crime, pauperism and defectiveness, in order to prevent and lessen them through knowledge gained by first-hand study of the individuals themselves.

When a student chooses for his life work a subject in the older branches of knowledge, as physics, philosophy, philology, Greek, Latin and natural history, he finds the field somewhat well developed; but not so in more recent sociological lines of research, as criminal anthropology (criminology, shorter term), and other cognate subjects, in which there is full opportunity for mental acumen and scientific ability of the highest character, to carry out most lofty purposes.

The question may arise as to what

course of study will prepare one best for such work. I would suggest the following:

1st. A two-years course in psychology, especially laboratory work.

2nd. Medical studies to the extent of anatomy, physiology, general pathology, nervous disease and insanity (especially clinical studies).

3rd. A practical course in craniology in the laboratory.

4th. Facility in reading modern languages, especially German and French.

Thus social pathology, especially criminal anthropology, one of its branches, requires more extensive preliminary training than most subjects, for it involves the investigation of man both mentally and physically. Such training is synthetic, which in this age of specialism, is much needed. As such education is relatively new and experience in it as yet limited, it is difficult to designate a preparatory course. I have myself followed the course of study just indicated, but more extensively especially in medical lines, but such additional preparation might not be practicable for most students.

A small leaflet entitled, "Study of Man," explains the work more fully, and I shall be glad to mail it to any student gratis, who will send me his address. As I have said in this leaflet, "Criminals, paupers, mattoids, and other defectives are social bacilli, which require as thorough scientific investigation, as the bacilli of physical diseases."

I beg leave to remain,

Most faithfully,

ARTHUR McDOWELL.

"The Congressional,"

Washington, D. C.

January 21st, 1913.

Peace Found.

I cast my lot with these,
The Churches of the Open Way. For me
Henceforth no other way is possible,
And in them I will shelter, finding peace.
I war not 'gainst the rest who still hold fast
The creed of Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Knox!
I only claim like freedom for myself
That I may live my life as they lived theirs,
Holding as true that which is truth to me.

—*"The Heretic,"* by H. W. Hawkes.

The Blue Bird.

By Rev. Clarence Reed.

I have little sympathy with the prejudices many ministers have against the theatre. It is easy to understand the reason many persons prefer a play to a sermon, for there is a lack of reality in the average sermon, in comparison to the average theatrical performance. The church has been ascetic, its favorite commandment being "Thou shalt not!" while the theatre often makes a universal appeal, delineating in living characters the worth of beauty, truth and goodness. Preachers and priests have cultivated the other-worldly look, while the actor is a lover of life; the preacher often scolds and condemns, the actor cheers and radiates happiness; the preacher moralizes in words, the actor presents a living personality and the listener does his own moralizing.

I have never heard a minister portray the consequences of vice with such impressiveness as Modjeska gave to the sleep-walking scene as Lady Macbeth. Better than any sermon on "Love one another" is Gertrude Elliott taking the part of "Glad" in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

The church has no grounds for taking the attitude toward the theatre that "I am holier than thou!" It is a matter of regret that there are plays on the stage today that no decent person should witness. We ought to hate and condemn the rude jest, the fascinating appeal to the baser passions, the sneer at virtue and the clever performance of anything that is really debasing.

On the other hand, the church has often been the enemy of human progress; it has for ages taught men to believe as the truth myths, legends, superstitions and creeds that are contrary to reason and conscience; it has used torture rooms, excommunication and social ostracism in order to secure uniformity of belief. The bigotry of the Christian church in the past and the superstitions currently taught at the present time are as harmful as the vicious influence of certain plays.

Mæterlinck is not the apostle of the new, the sensational or the revolutionary,

but of the eternal and universal. He is fundamentally constructive, although with the touch of reverence he lays aside the outworn beliefs of the past. He expresses truths that help men in their everyday lives. Personal goodness has to him more worth than an accumulated store of knowledge, a moral character being something to be achieved through the moral purposes that we endeavor to realize.

Mæterlinck emphasizes in his plays and essays many ideas that undoubtedly will form the foundation of the universal religion of the future—absolute freedom of thought, the supreme value of the moral ideal, the realization of virtue and happiness as the supreme goal of life, the consciousness of mystery, the sacredness of the beautiful and the divineness of every person.

The Blue Bird is a fairy story. On Christmas eve a fairy in the likeness of a poor neighbor, who has a sick child, comes to Tytyl and Mytyl, the two children of the woodchopper, and sends them in search of the Blue Bird, which is necessary in order for her child to recover. The fairy says: "We don't quite know what's the matter with her; she wants to be happy."

The fairy gives the boy a green hat, on which is a magic diamond, and explains the way to use it: "One turn, you see the inside of things: one more, and you behold the past; another, and you behold the future." The children are told that if they obtain the Blue Bird they will possess the universe, see and know everything. Upon turning the diamond the fairy becomes a beautiful princess, the hours as fair maidens dance around the room, and one by one the souls of bread, sugar, fire, water, the dog and the cat appear. Light comes to lead the children on their journey.

Tytyl and Mytyl go to the Land of Memory, where they visit their grandparents and dead brothers and sisters. Their grandparents reprove them on account of forgetting and not visiting them. The children answer that it has been impossible until the present time when the Fairy made it possible. The grandparents answer: "We are always near, to enjoy a little visit with those

who live. * * * Every time you think of us, we wake and see you again."

In the Land of Memory people no longer grow old and they seem even more beautiful than in this life. While there the children find a bird that looks perfectly blue. Tytyl obtains it from his grandparents, but it becomes black as soon as they leave the land of Memory.

Next they journey to the Palace of Night. About the room are many doors leading to caverns in which dwell all kinds of plagues, wars, terrors, evils and disasters. In the beautiful garden of Night they find many Blue Birds, but as soon as Light enters they droop and die.

From the Palace of Night they go to the Forest where the Cat plans by the aid of the Trees to kill the children. Light and the Dog are loyal to man, fighting to save the children. Tytyl turns the diamond and sees the souls of the trees. The Oak charges Tytyl with seeking "the supreme secret of things and goodness," in order that men may make harder their supremacy over nature.

Tytyl and Mytyl seek the Blue Bird in the cemetery. Their companions are afraid to go with them. At midnight Tytyl turns the diamond and the cemetery is transformed into a most beautiful garden, radiant with a light like the first rays of daybreak. The graves and tombs disappear and in their places are only lilies. Mytyl asks: "Where are the dead?" and Tytyl answers: "There are no dead."

The Palace of Happiness is visited. As they approach it Light says: "I believe we have the Blue Bird this time." They see some of the grosser pleasures symbolized by persons who are satisfied and happy to spend their time in eating and drinking, loud talking, laughing and singing. They wish the children to join them, but Light tells them not to forget their mission, which is to find the Blue Bird. Tytyl asks if he may have one small cake, but Light says: "They are dangerous and weaken the will-power. It is necessary to know how to sacrifice something for the duty that we have to perform."

The Pleasure of Being Rich comes to

Tytyl and in the name of his companions asks the children to honor them by their presence. He introduces to them the Pleasure of Owning Property, the Pleasure of Drinking As Much As You Please, the Pleasure of Eating When You Are No Longer Hungry, the Pleasure of Understanding Nothing, the Pleasure of Doing Nothing, the Pleasure of Sleeping More Than Is Necessary. When Tytyl asks the Pleasure of Being Rich if he knows where to find the Blue Bird, he responds that the Blue Bird "is a bird that is not good to eat, I believe."

In marked contrast to the gross pleasures are the happinesses of life. Tytyl and Mytyl see the happinesses of their own home, such as the Happiness of Good Health, the Happiness of Pure Air, the Happiness of Love for Parents, the Happiness of Going Barefoot in the Dew, but they do not recognize them as they come dancing on the stage. When Tytyl asks them in regard to the Blue Bird they laugh at him because he does not see the Blue Bird constantly about him.

The children meet the great Joys of life, the Joy of Being Just, who smiles whenever any injustice is overcome, the Joy of Being Good, the Joy of Work Performed, the Joy of Understanding, the Joy of Seeing That Which is Beautiful, the Joy of Love, and, best of all, Maternal Love, the most beautiful of all the Joys.

Maternal Love says: "Heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other."

Finally they reach the Kingdom of the Future, where they hope to find the Blue Bird. The palace is blue, and they feel sure that the birds there will be blue. They see the children that are waiting to be born. One has an invention which will increase human happiness, and another has a contrivance that flies in the air like a bird. Some have wonderful flowers and fruits,—Easter daisies as large as wheels, grapes of the size of pears, apples that are like melons, and melons like unto pumpkins. One has thirty-three medicines with which to lengthen life, and another will "bring pure joy to the globe by means of ideas which people have not yet had." Not a person leaves the Kingdom of the Future with empty hands.

The children do not find the Blue Bird in the Kingdom of the Future, for he becomes pink, "he changes color when he is eyed."

At the end of their journey they realize that they have returned home without the Blue Bird. They thought that they had found it in the Land of Memory, but it turned out to be a black bird; as soon as they left the Realm of Night it died; in the Cemetery were flowers, but no Blue Bird was visible; in the Forest they were not able to capture it, and in the Kingdom of the Future it became pink. Light says: "It seems likely that the Blue Bird does not exist, or that he changes color when he is caged."

Morning comes and their mother awakens them from their sleep and wonderful dreams. They imagine a year has passed and they tell their mother in regard to the wonderful experiences they have had. She is afraid that they are going to be sick.

Then comes the poor neighbor woman, Berlingot, to the house to ask for some coals for her fire, and the children think that she is the fairy Berylune. She says that her sick girl wishes Tytyl's bird. He goes to the cage to give it to the neighbor and he sees that it is blue. In a few moments Berlingot returns rapturously happy, leading her child perfectly restored to health, who holds in her hands the Blue Bird.

Tytyl starts to take the dove in his hands in order to show the way to feed it, and the dove escapes. The neighbor girl sobs, but Tytyl consoles her, saying: "Never mind. Don't cry. I will catch him again." Then, stepping to the front of the stage, he addresses the audience in the concluding sentence of the play: "If any of you should find him, would you be so kind as to give him back to us. We need him for our happiness, later on."

"The Blue Bird" is a fairy-tale, and as such may be compared with "Alice in Wonderland" or "Peter Pan." Animals and inanimate things are personified and freely express themselves. It makes a universal appeal, interesting the old and the young, the educated and the ignorant.

"The Blue Bird" is not only a fairy-tale, but also an allegory, rich in symbol-

ism. It may be called Mæterlinck's philosophy of life expressed in dramatic form.

In order to understand the symbolism of "The Blue Bird," it is necessary to be familiar with the essays of Mæterlinck. Read his essay entitled "Our Friend the Dog," and the speech of Tylo the dog seems to contain the words that Mæterlinck's own dog tried to express: "I had so much to tell you! Bark and wag my tail as I might, you never understood. But now! Good morning! Good morning! I love you!"

Light is the embodiment of knowledge in the Socratic sense. It symbolizes Mæterlinck's book "Wisdom and Destiny," which was the product of his search for the truth. At all costs he would know the truth. He seeks to understand the universe and to solve the riddle of human life.

In order for Light to lead us, it is necessary to have a sanctuary within the soul where Light may dwell. The character of this inner sanctuary depends upon what we cherish in our minds. St. Francis of Assisi and Fra Angelico seemed to see angels about them from day to day, while King Saul and Macbeth saw terrible witches. Joys and sorrows, victories and defeats seem to come from the external world, while in fact they are personal creations of our own thought. Mæterlinck has defined God as the noblest "desire of our soul." The brightest light comes from an inner sanctuary built of disinterested goodness, the unselfish search for the truth, love for the beautiful, and absolute self-mastery.

Night is the embodiment of the mysteries, superstitions and ignorance of the past. Night is the Church of the Inquisition. Night is despotism in government. Night is commercial greed. Night is the curse of militarism.

Light falls upon the blue birds of the night, and they droop and die. The creeds and rituals, the bigotry and superstitions of the church, the exploitation of the people by despotic government, the law of tooth and nail in commercial life, the glory that has been associated with war are dying, on account of the light of reason and conscience. Our age is realizing that the Blue Bird of happiness can-

not be found in the Palace of Night hidden "among the blue birds and the dreams * * * that die as soon as they set eyes on the sun."

In the visit to the Land of Memory is expressed in dramatic form the ideas that Mæterlinck has elaborated in the essay with the title "The Past." He asks: "How can they be dead when they live in our memory? We mourn and give way to despair because our knowledge is so limited."

The present is only the reaching forward of the past; it is the child of the past; it is only a second in the hours of the ages; it is the rising of the sun of a new day out of the eternity of the past. The past may be our jailer or our deliverer; it may be a heavy burden that crushes us or it may be a stairway by means of which we may ascend to the glorious heights of the future. We may warm our hands by the fire on the hearth kindled in the past, and, adding fuel to it, we may keep the fire brightly burning, or we may let it die, and soon only the embers of regrets and grief will remain.

Every man finds in the past that for which he is looking. In the past may be seen an art gallery filled with masterpieces and a palace of beauty, happiness and love, or the past may be a mean, dirty hovel. Our past depends upon what we treasure in memory. The past may be filled with demons of worry that tell of awful things that may happen, demons of hate and selfishness, and demons of grief that change the days into eternal night.

We may discover in the past glorious hopes and aspirations. Memory may bring back our beloved dead so that they constantly dwell with us in a happy spiritual fellowship, and it may cause our old friends to return, no matter the distance that separates us.

The Blue Bird is happiness. He who searches for happiness for its own sake never finds it, but happiness comes to any person who devotes himself to the living of a virtuous life. The happy life cannot be kept as a personal possession, happiness being inseparable from some form of activity. Our thoughts bring us happiness when embodied in virtuous deeds.

The happy man is he who has experienced joys and sorrows, victories and defeats, and has found that man may be master of all. Sorrow and misfortune speak all the written languages, but the language of happiness pertains to the soul.

The message of Mæterlinck's book, "The Treasure of the Humble," is that the Blue Bird of happiness may be found in any home, however humble. The dwelling place of the Blue Bird is the human soul, which, however, is often so filled with worries, regrets, hatreds and selfish passions that there is no room for the Blue Bird.

True to life is the story of Tytyl and Mytyl journeying far and wide in search of the Blue Bird, and when at last they returned home, they found that their own bird was blue. They did not hesitate to give away their dove after the journey in order to help a neighbor child, realizing that happiness grows by being shared.

The Blue Bird is something more than happiness. It is complete self-realization, the perfect unity of virtue and happiness. The Blue Bird is the "great secret of things and of happiness." Mæterlinck seeks to understand the complete meaning of life, believing that the highest happiness can come only through the interpretation of all of life in terms of the ideal.

We crave the magic diamond: "One turn, you see the inside of things. One more, and you behold the past. Another, and you behold the future." In your hands is this wonderful diamond, only you do not realize it. It is insight, your mental attitude, your interpretation of life. Socrates found it long ago carved on the temple at Delphi: "Learn to know thyself." Now and then you have a vision of the soul of things, and you see the divine that inheres in man and nature. The words of the fairy at times seem true: "All the stones are precious."

More wonderful than the magic diamond that changed the old, withered, humpbacked witch into a beautiful princess, the rude hut into a palace, the poor furniture into elegant adornments, and the clock into beautiful fairy hours, is the power of rational insight to trans-

figure the human with the divine and make all of life radiant with happiness and beauty.

Mæterlinck in "The Blue Bird" is a passionate seeker for the beautiful in all of life. He is in love with life and the world in which he lives, seeing the beautiful everywhere in nature, and having visions of the beautiful in his soul. There is a wonderful beauty in his literary style, an exquisite chasteness and a delicate tenderness in the sentiments expressed. He seems to have lived in a beautiful garden, his pages being melodious with the songs of the birds and scented with the fragrance of the flowers.

The beautiful according to Mæterlinck has moral qualities. The appreciation of the beautiful in nature or art is a means whereby to discover God. The beautiful has been defined as "the language of God." Certain scenes in "The Blue Bird" bring to mind the words of Browning: "Ye have heard and seen. Consider and bow the head."

"The Blue Bird" emphasizes the divineness of man. The Dog says: "In life and death, all for man. Man is God." Noble deeds are not the ornaments of the soul, but expressions of the divine that inheres in man.

I cannot conceive of any joy greater than living in fellowship with God on earth through being a friend of all kinds of people, reading the greatest books, seeing the best plays, hearing the finest music and seeing the beautiful in nature and art.

We become conscious of the presence of God in the grasp of a friend's hand, in the ecstasy of joy on the face of a child, in the heroic faith of a man who has suffered and yet hopes, in the opening of the fronds of a fern, in words expressing loyalty to conviction at all costs, in the edge of a cloud tinted with pink or gold, in the visions of beauty and the ideal on the stage.

After seeing the play, three scenes stand out in memory. The first was in the cemetery where Tyltyl turns the diamond, changing it from a place of graves and gloom to a beautiful garden of lilies, and says to Mytyl: "There are no dead." The next was in the Kingdom of the Future, which is glorious with optimism, where Father Time calls to the spirits

that are to be born. Grandest of all was the scene where Maternal Love, Justice, Beauty, Goodness and Love bow before Light. The supreme message of the Blue Bird is that whoever discovers the divine in his own life finds the wonderful blue bird of happiness.

Events

Rev. Bradford Leavitt Retires.

The members of the congregation of the San Francisco Church received a distinct shock at the conclusion of the sermon on January 26th. Mr. Leavitt preached in the Oakland church, exchanging with Rev. W. D. Simonds, who read the following letter.

January 26, 1913.

*To the Trustees, the Members, and the
Congregation of the First Unitarian
Church:*

DEAR FRIENDS — For some months past I have realized that the time would soon come when it would be unwise for me to continue longer in a work requiring constant use of the eyes in writing and study. On this account and on others I am now convinced that it is best for me and for you that our relation as pastor and people should end. Therefore, with great regret but with unchangeable determination, I hereby tender my resignation as your Minister, to take effect April 30th.

Twenty years and more I have labored in my chosen profession, and here with you I have served more than thirteen years. Happy years they have been to me, helpful I trust they have been to you, and not without some little benefit I hope, to the city we all love. Our relations have always been of the pleasantest; we have passed through earthquake and fire together, and there has been no least friction between us nor dissension in our parish. It is therefore with keenest regret that I now resign my work, but with a certain satisfaction that no allurements of another church in another city have been able to bring about this action. It is no small compensation to me that my plans for the future contemplate my remaining in San Francisco and continuing with my family as worshippers in this church, and I intend to devote such ability as I have to another

work not requiring studious application, but in which there is some opportunity for real human service.

Affectionately your Minister,

BRADFORD LEAVITT.

It was a surprise to his people, who had received no intimation of impending change. Those who knew that he had been troubled with his eyes for some time were in part prepared, but were not apprehensive of immediate resignation.

Mr. Leavitt subsequently explained the reasons that had actuated him. While he could have continued in the pulpit for a time, he felt assured that the time was rapidly approaching when he would be obliged to give up preaching, and an opportunity offering for a business connection which would assure him support, he felt he could not risk the possibility of becoming a pensioner or a burden to others. This opportunity necessitated immediate action and he decided for himself and acted promptly in the way that seemed to him judicious.

He is to be associated with the long-established firm of N. Gray & Co., the leading undertakers of San Francisco, and feels that he is still in the ministry.

A sympathetic interview in the *Bulletin* of February 1st expresses his general sentiments regarding the change and his future:

Just before Socrates drank the hemlock he was asked by his guards:

"What shall we do with you after you have drunk the hemlock?"

Socrates replied:

"You might do anything you wanted with me then—could you but catch me. But here is not the place I shall be."

To his disciples Socrates said:

"If you would do me honor, why should you mourn over my body? It would not honor me for you to weep and rend your hearts over that clay—as if that were Socrates."

Rev. Bradford Leavitt, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, of this city, read the simple sentences aloud with complete simplicity and understanding. Then he turned a page and read another glorious bit from Walt Whitman, a third from Tom Paine, a fourth from the

words of Buddha, a fifth from the ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead.

The message of all was the same: death is natural; death is but a beginning; there is about death nothing horrible, nothing shuddery, morbid or repulsive.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt has announced that since the weakness of his eyes was about to drive him from so studious a work as the ministry, he had made arrangements to resign his pastorate and enter the services of a firm of undertakers. His object in making this discussion—treating change was to banish, so far as possible, to the powers of one man, the thought of horror, tragedy, fear, from that of death.

"Of course," said Rev. Leavitt, "it isn't accurate to say that I am going into the undertaking business. There is a phase to that profession—the caring for the dead—of which I know nothing and never will know any more. I am to be really only a sort of consulting brother. My task will be, if only in some slight degree, to fight against the horrible, the terrifying phases of our burial services; not to care for the dead, but to comfort, in so far as I can, the living.

"There is a vast deal about the attitude of people to-day toward death and the dead that is not only terrible: it is unbeautiful, unethical, un-Christian, un-Mohammedan, un-everything else.

"Let me explain my position a little more clearly. It is humanly impossible to do away with sadness in the presence of death. The sense of bereavement is inevitable to human beings when a loved one departs. It would be worse than our present way, if that were possible, to treat death flippantly or bear one's self lightly where death has occurred.

"But fear—that is another matter. There is a strange thing. Why should this terror cling about scenes of death? I have not been a minister this long without knowing whereof I speak. Our ideas of death are all mixed up with superstitions inherited from our barbarous pagan ancestors. You don't find in the Bible all that stuff that Shakespeare has about yawning graves, and ghosts walking and eerie sounds at midnight—

goblins, spooks and superstitions. Pure barbaric Paganism, every bit of it.

"Yet it is to these things that we to-day owe all that's horrible in our idea of death. You see, in matters of religion, and matters with which religion is concerned, the human race is at its most conservative. Literature, labor, speech, dress, most habits of thought, all change and advance and develop at their varying rates; away along in the rear are our religious rites and customs, hardly changed a trifle in many centuries.

"In the main, that is a good thing. But when we go to the point of keeping in our minds a mass of pre-Christian, un-Christian legend, which warps our view of death until it is further than that of any other race from the ideal of our own religion, this conservatism works a fearful wrong.

"Look at it frankly. At the worst, the very worst, death is merely a passage from this world into sleep. At the best, it is the beginning of another and grander world. Believe any way you want, between those two extremes, and there is nothing to fear. Yet I have talked with many people whose dread of death, of the tomb, of the grave, is as though they were going to be buried!

"I repeat, there is nothing in the bare idea of death that is overwhelming, or morbid, or uncanny. It is because we have associated it with so much that is morbid and uncanny that we have such extreme fear of it. Death is perfectly natural; as natural as birth or breath or anything. And that is proved, if you need proof, by the fact that other races, other peoples, who have not our old Teutonic ancestors with their creepy stories to frighten children behind them, regard the end of this life with none of our abhorrence. The Chinese, the Hindus, the Mohammedans, all have less fear as to their own death, and less horror at the death of others, than we show. And—pardon me—but I cannot but believe that they treat their dead more respectfully than do we.

"Here we have our departed friend; and it is our duty to observe his departure with all respect, beauty, taste, true honor and sincere feeling. I wish every Christian minister realized all this duty

involves. I have heard ministers, and so have you, by the dozen, who made it their main endeavor, on the occasion of a funeral service, not to stop until they had fairly wrung the hearts of the bereaved family to the point where everybody was half hysterical, and there was not another tear or expression of grief left to wring. Unless they had done this, they seemed to think the service was somehow a failure.

"Of course, let all due sadness remain. There must be sadness where there is bereavement. But why the harrowing of every sensitive feeling in the one who would mourn naturally? Why the wailing children and nerve-wracked women? Why the undertaker with his black gloves?

"Which brings me back to my starting-point. When I retire from the pastorate of my church, I do not retire from the ministry. There is a sense in which we are all ministers; a minister is anyone who ministers, anyone who helps his fellow man. And I feel that there is a great work to be done. How far it will succeed, I do not know; from the comments of friends it would almost seem as though much had already been accomplished.

"I feel that any work that tends to lessen the fear of death, to present death in its true light, is a work of high ministry. There will be many people who will still prefer to wear crepe, to cover their faces with heavy black veils, to emphasize every symptom of grief; and for these also there is much to be done in the way of a natural, sympathetic arrangement of the funeral rites.

"Take the one detail of looking upon the face of the dead. We all know the fearful bass intonation of the professional undertaker, as he stands stiff and solemn—with his black gloves—and announces, 'Those who wish—may now—approach and gaze—on the face—of the dead.' How much better if the words were said only naturally! Merely a simple statement that the friends of this man who had departed might look once more on the features that in lifetime were his!

"As I said, how much can be accomplished I do not know. Perhaps little

directly; the old ways are conservative and hard to change. But whatever can be done in little ways to clear the darkest of the morbid atmosphere from burial rites, that I shall endeavor to do. And much can be done by the intonation of the voice alone, and much by the power of suggestion.

"This dreadful death, when stripped of the things which do not belong to it as a part of God's ordaining, is simply the opening of the door to let us out from the prison-house of one little planet into the freedom of the universe. It is one of the divinest gifts of the Father to His children. As such we should consider and observe it."

The Unitarian Club of California.

The January meeting was held on the 27th, the announced subject being "Climate and Character." The conjunction set up was evidently artificial, constructed for the purpose of harmonizing the natural topics of invited speakers. San Francisco numbers among its most interesting public servants its weather forecaster, Mr. Alexander G. McAdie. He is a combination of scientist and poet, and a genial, entertaining speaker. President Symmes secured him and gave him free rein to speak of fogs, clouds, winds, or any kind of weather or climate. He talked instructively and entertainingly. He produced slides that showed how clouds are made, and how they looked when displayed to an appreciative photographic film. It was a charming talk.

He was followed by Dr. Arthur Maxson Smith, who, being a successful minister, was an expert on character. He demonstrated that while climate had its influence on human tendencies, it was by no means a controlling factor in its achievements. He cited in proof of the fact that the sources of character were exerted from within rather than from without—the fact that nations made diverse historical records at different times. The Romans were once the leaders of mankind, strong, heroic, masterful. The Italians of to-day are by comparison an effeminate people, with small trace of the characteristics of their ancestors, who under like climatic conditions ruled the world.

Likewise the Greeks, whose achievements in Art have been unequalled by any succeeding nation, to-day present no semblance of their former achievements.

Rev. F. W. Clappett, an Episcopalian of courage and independence, willing to risk his standing in breaking bread with heretics, followed with a vigorous talk, well mingled with earnestness and humor. He, too, found little excuse in weather, and was unwilling to give it credit for much in the matter of character building. He had noticed one difference in the effect of weather on church-going in the East and in the West. In England or on the Atlantic shore a pleasant day generally brought out a good congregation, but in San Francisco a very pleasant day was apt to entice the church-goers to its direct enjoyment, and he rather thought he had larger numbers when it rained. He felt sometimes that among the possibilities of the future would be the removal of the rostrums to the parks, or where the people really congregate.

Annual Meeting of Berkeley Church.

The annual business meeting of the First Unitarian Church, of Berkeley, was held in Unity Hall, January 8th, 1913. About one hundred and twenty members of the parish and their friends, accepted the cordial invitation extended to them by Dr. Smith, the minister, the trustees of the Church and the Woman's Auxiliary, to a dinner at 6:30 P. M. After a very excellent dinner and sociable hour, Prof. William Cary Jones called the meeting to order for the purpose of hearing reports and electing two new trustees. The vacancies were caused by Mr. Fife's term of office having expired and his refusal to be re-nominated, and the death of Mr. Andrew Davis, who had passed away during the year. The names of Mr. J. E. Fries and Mr. Berkeley Blake were placed in nomination and were unanimously elected to fill the vacancies. Mr. Fife, who has acted so ably during his term of office as secretary and treasurer, gave a very plain statement of the finances for the year.

The outlook for this church was never brighter. In addition to carrying the

year's budget with practically no indebtedness at the close of the year, the congregation has given over \$3,000 to apply on the Unity Hall indebtedness. If giving of one's means, in times when everyone has many avenues of legitimate expenditure, is a test of loyalty and generosity, surely this congregation has proved its splendid spirit this year.

Mr. Fife, referring to the gift of \$500 from the estate of Mrs. M. D. Marsh, said the heirs had paid the amount to the trustees, and instead of devoting it to church expenses, in any form, that it was the wish of the trustees to keep the money intact, loan it out on interest, and said interest to be added each payment to the principal, thus creating what should be known as the "Mrs. M. D. Marsh Fund." At present it has been loaned to Unity Hall Association.

Mr. J. Conklin Brown spoke hopefully of the financial condition of the Association. The indebtedness has been reduced by the recent gifts and subscriptions, and that the income from rental had been greatly increased during the last year. He was looking forward with confidence of greater increase of revenue when the lease upon the house on the property should expire and rooms be available for additional accommodations in the way of better kitchen and larger and better quarters for the caretakers, and rental of up-stair rooms.

The Sunday-school report was interesting—money in the treasury. The Milk Fund accounts settled, but regret at the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain was deep and sincere; happily, Mr. Berkeley Blake, the new trustee, assumed the responsible position of superintendent.

The Channing Club report was inspiring, for it was replete with enthusiasm and showed a fine coöperative spirit among all its members.

The annual meeting came to a close by a serious, sincere and thoughtful talk from our minister, Dr. Smith, upon church relationship of minister and parish: of the difficulty of preaching sermons that would always please each respective member, ministers, professors and laymen, all on one Sunday, as they happened to be present. But we hope the task will not be too difficult, and that

the present delightful relationship may last long.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, Mrs. A. E. B. Fries, 2638 Dwight Way, was unanimously elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Church.

The Unitarian Club held an unusually interesting and helpful meeting on the evening of Thursday, January 2nd. The speaker of the evening was Dr. Frank R. White, Director of Education of the Philippine Islands. He sketched the social, economic and educational conditions of the Islands in a very graphic and interesting manner. Probably very few Americans realize what great progress the United States Government has made in the management and development of the Islands. Certainly much that the speaker had to say was new and very gratifying to members of the Club. It is worth while to feel one's self a part of a government that can do with hearty and unselfish goodwill what our country has done for the Philippines. The presence of ladies as guests of the Club was a very pleasant feature of the evening.

Selected

Impressions of Europe.

Our Santa Barbara minister on a year's leave of absence, sends to his home paper a bright and familiar letter expressing his impressions, and it seems well worth appropriation:

"ROME, Dec. 18th, 1912.

Editor of the *Press*.

Dear Sir:—I had a good time yesterday reading the *Press* of November 24th and various interesting items clipped from other issues. The nice boy at the American Express office in Piazza di Spagna, who gives me my letters or else furnishes excellent reasons why they have not yet come, was very much pleased that he could hand me the *Press* after he had looked for letters and found none.

Since the *Press* gave him and Mrs. Goodridge and me so much pleasure, I really think that I ought to write this very morning the letter to you that I promised before I left Santa Barbara.

What a little while ago that was, and

yet long enough to make some of the happenings of the interval seem a bit misty. But perhaps it was not the lapse of time but rather the gray northern Atlantic which is responsible for this mistiness.

Certainly it is not the long journey up the coast to Vancouver and then across to Montreal that is befogged. No, that stands out bright and clear—immensities of sea and land, yet all sharply defined under the summer sunshine.

It may have begun to Montreal. The air was hot and heavy, with now and then a drizzle of rain. I heard so much bad English and indifferent French that I felt uncertain of my whereabouts. Could it be possible that a people living within such easy distance of Boston were content to make the scraps of these two languages "their daily food"?

This mental fog cleared away as we sailed down the St. Lawrence. I have very distinct recollections of Quebec—two of them, one grave, the other gay. I looked up at the frowning heights with awe, and marked the spot where "Montgomery fell," and then, just a little later as the steamer was moving out from the dock, I saw a rather stout clerical gentleman (not myself) being hauled up to the deck, much like a sack of potatoes. He came within three seconds of being left in that historic spot.

Passing through the narrow gateway into the Atlantic between Newfoundland and Labrador, we found the fog there waiting for us, attended by many icebergs. But we had a wise and skillful captain, and we were not under orders to maintain high speed regardless of conditions. We saw many beautiful, sinister-looking bergs, but all at a safe distance. And Captain Gavin Hamilton had the satisfaction of docking his ship at Glasgow and landing his passengers and cargo without damage.

The impressions are still misty along here, for we saw the coast of Ireland under a driving rain, and Glasgow received us the next morning with some of its well known "saft weather." By way of variety, Glasgow added a little dash of snow, and we took our ha'penny and penny rides in the tram cars and paddled about the streets in a continuous

downpour. There were, however, compensations. Rain is becoming to Scotland. I doubt if the fine university building on its high seat would have looked as well in sunshine as it did with its background of wind-torn clouds. And I am sure I should not want to see Whistler's Carlyle with "all the greyness and weariness of the world in his face," on any but an appropriately gray day.

As soon as we had seen that and the fine old cathedral we fled away to Edinburgh. This was a change from bad weather to better. But, although we fell at once deeply and irrevocably in love with Edinburgh, it was not on account of its fine climate. It is a very wonderful old city, "beautiful for situation," like no other in the world. While we were there we shivered often with cold, but more often with delight, and left it with keen regret and an earnest desire for some "larger leisure," in which we could read over again all the Scotch history and poetry and romance that had ever been written.

Durham and York and Peterborough detained us a little while on our way to London, and our impressions were of magnificent cathedrals, of an hour when we were really warm while we sat on the sunny bank of the Ouse in York, and of great stretches of harvest field, waterlogged and ruined by the floods. The summer in England had been a disastrous one for farmers.

London well deserves to be heart and head of a world empire, for it is a city of great quality. One who stays there only a month will miss many things—especially if he is there between seasons, as I was—but I do not see how he can miss that savor of London's greatness.

In London you can go sight-seeing if you want to. There is enough there to employ the most determined and tireless seeker after information and impressions. But if for any reason you do not wish for sight-seeing, you can get a great deal of English history and literature into your system by going out and getting lost and not trying to find yourself until after you have absorbed as many of the names of streets as you can hold. I am sure I never had half as much pleasure and profit from going straight

to my destination as I had from getting lost shortly after my arrival in London, and then all of a sudden finding myself in Trafalgar Square.

But, alas! one cannot absorb much of London without also absorbing a great deal of soot from the murky atmosphere. We did not see a real London fog, but we did encounter half of one and that was enough. There was one of full size the day after we left for Paris, with its usual accompaniment of street accidents, and we rejoiced to breathe a better air, although Paris took no hold upon our affections as London did.

Our Crossing from New Haven to Di-
eppes was beautiful, but uneventful—not a single subject for the joke-makers who delight in the miseries of mankind. There was a benevolent old abbe on deck, but he could hardly have been real, he looked so exactly like those in novels. As soon as I saw him I said to myself: "He will take snuff in a minute," and he did, scattering it liberally over the front of his soutane. More real was an American missionary, going back to his work in Southern India. He had been there forty years and with broken health had gone home to America to live out his days. But he could not live away from his life work and the people whom he had learned to love. He was going back to spend the little strength he had left with his Telugu converts. Upon his pale, benevolent face there was a look which was not much of earth.

At Rouen we reveled in the finest of Gothic architecture and visited all the authentic and unauthentic relics of Joan of Arc. We walked the "Street of the Good Children" and peered into the courtyard of the queer old inn of the same name. "Taking great heed of our steps" we wandered in the picturesque quarter by "The Water of Robie." It is very old, but I would not have supposed that any number of centuries could have accumulated so much dirt.

Nothing could have been lovelier than the Seine—embroidered landscape between Rouen and Paris, as we saw it under the mild October sunshine. And our first day in Paris was a joy to the hearts of two sun-loving Californians. But in the fifteen days that followed, the

sun gave us but little more of his kindly fellowship, and only once was there a day which drew "all Paris" out to walk or drive on the Champs Elysees. However, one need not lack occupation in bad weather. When out of doors becomes impossible, there are the most magnificent art collections in the world to be visited, and there are lectures at the Sorbonne for those who can understand the French of science and philosophy—and for those who like to appear wise beyond their real capacity.

Our stay in Paris was not any more interesting than what had come before, but it was more exciting. There was an increase in the electric tension of the atmosphere due to the Balkan war, which had just begun. Paris is full of newspapers—there are more than 2,500 of them in the city, and of these at least 150 are political, and the newspapers were naturally full of war news. The scare heads were not as big as we sometimes see at home, but everything else about them was even more excited and feverish than we are at our "yellowest." This excitement seemed to reach its height in the "newspaper runners," as the men who sell on the streets are appropriately called. It used to give me the feeling that the Balkan war must be raging just around the corner in the next street to hear every day at noon the hoarse yell *Paris Midi*, and see men charging through the crowd at top speed, with an armful of *Noons*, their faces ablaze with excitement and exertion. How they managed to sell as well as to yell, was more than I could make out.

A pleasant event in Paris was the meeting with Santa Barbara friends quite unexpectedly—an experience repeated in Florence and again here in Rome. Ah, but I am forgetting. The first meeting of that kind was in London, when, on coming out of the Tower and feeling of my neck as I came, to make sure my head was on securely, I looked into the face of Mr. Adam Ott. Then for a few minutes London was nearer to Santa Barbara than Montecito is.

Having been deprived of Santa Barbara weather for more than three months

we went from Paris down into Italy in search of it, and found it—almost—at San Remo on the Riviera di Ponente. For a week we basked in the sunshine and took much needed rest from our strenuous sight-seeing, and then went on to Florence.

We had a feeling that Florence ought to be especially kind to us on our return after being away for more than twenty years. But she was as grim and cold as one of her frowning palaces, and so we again took the road to Rome, where we arrived on the 23rd of November, and found delightful weather, a great double-handful of home letters, a faithful, much-enduring trunk that we had last seen in London, and so many interesting things to see and do that we were fairly overwhelmed.

We live in a modest hotel on the "Street of the Four Fountains," opposite is the famous Barberini palace, which has in it a picture gallery, the home of the Spanish Ambassador to the Quirinal, and last, but not least, the home of our American Ambassador. Looking down our street we see the places where we can stand and get a fine view of Rome before we begin to go down those 108 steps that lead into the Piazzetti de Spagna. Just to the left from the foot of these steps is the spot that is dearest to us in all Rome. It is the American Express Company's office, where we get letters, an occasional *Press*, and once an *Atlantic Monthly*.

Looking up our street we see on its commanding position on the Esquiline Hill, Santa Maria Maggiore—a magnificent church containing masterpieces of art, rich marbles and a sumptuous ceiling gilded with the first gold that was brought back from America. It is hardly necessary for me to mention that the stream of gold from America to Rome, which started at that time, is still flowing.

Just above our hotel is the huge, ugly Quirinal palace of the king. At sunset one may have the pleasure of seeing the famous colossal "Horse Tamers" that adorn the fountain in front of the palace, of looking off at a splendid sunset, with the great dome of St. Peter's in the center of its glow, and of hearing

one of the fine military bands play, while the guard is being changed. This is one of my favorite indulgences, for it is only five minutes' walk from my room, and the weather has been almost uninterruptedly fine.

I have not visited the Pope, and probably shall not, as I have no wish to take either his time or my own from more important matters. But I have visited and enjoyed the art treasures of his big house of a thousand (not eleven thousand) rooms, and have been into a considerable number of the 360 churches of Rome.

The medieval Rome (and that is the Rome of the churches) does not interest me nearly as much as does the Rome of the Caesars and the Rome of Vittorio Emanuele III. The ruins are so fascinating that I can understand how one becomes an enthusiastic archæologist. But better worth while it must be to throw oneself heartily into the work of helping on the new Italy to fulfill its great destiny. Much has been done since I was last here in the way of improvement. Nearly all the cities and towns have gained in cleanliness and comfort, in health and prosperity. Rome especially, which is now one of the healthiest cities in the world.

One of the greatest joys of Rome is abundance of water. There are fountains, fountains everywhere, and day or night, they never cease flowing. The public water taps are never shut off. The waste flows down into the street, making, perhaps, a street-car track the channel of its little brook. From ancient times Rome has always had more water than it knew what to do with, except to let it run in this free and careless fashion. And that is a very good way to do with water when you have enough of it. But it is not so good a way to do with the ink in your pen, when you are writing a letter to the *Press*, which must take its place along with many other things in its columns.

I will, however, add one more word about water, in order to say that I have not yet drunk of the Fountain of Wevi, so as to insure my return to Rome. There was an occasion when I thought of doing so, but just then a man went down and

washed his face and hands in it, and his need of the wash was so much greater than mine of the draught that I came away without taking it, and have not since felt any urgent desire for it.

But if in my future wanderings I come upon fountains that will insure my return to Santa Barbara, I shall drink of them all, regardless of any deterrent circumstances.

The impression gained from what items of news I have had is of much activity and growth in our beloved city. May all its good enterprises flourish!

This letter will reach you, I trust, not much too late to wish for the *Press* and for the people of Santa Barbara a happy and prosperous new year!

Cordially yours,

BENJAMIN A. GOODRIDGE.

The Hopes of the Future.

At the autumnal meeting of the British and Foreign Association, held in Sheffield, Eng., in November last, Rev. C. J. Street spoke of "The Hopes of the Future." The life that now is is vitally linked with the past. Its heroisms have made life to-day infinitely better and the possibilities better still. There were many things to sadden us, but the golden year is coming, and it were well that we should borrow the light of our faith in the future to dignify and ennoble the present. "I gaze into the future," continued Mr. Street, "and what do I see? I see, amongst other things, creeds and theologies and ordinances, good in their way, taking the quite secondary place which they merit, and yielding sway to the fervent reality of religion which is sempiternal, always rejuvenating itself, always universally adapting itself to the special needs of races and individuals. I see worship no longer content with self-depreciation and fawning adulation and selfish petitions, but marking the soul's consciousness of its kinship with God, eagerly demanding its own. I see not one comprehensive Church, which some people dream of, and which I believe to be as undesirable as it is impossible, but a multitude of worshipping assemblies regulating their own method and shape of faith according to their own light and conscience, each respecting the other and

coöperating as far as they possibly can in all things essential. I see the nation conscientiously training its young people to make the best use of their faculties, fitting each of them first and foremost for his and her own life's work, cultivating the graces of character, and leaving to parents and churches to develop their religion. I see society no longer given over to cut-throat competition, sharply divided between extremes of luxury and destitution, but welded together in a fraternal solidarity, giving every one his fair opportunity, each for all and all for each. Is the dream too good? Is it too much to hope for? No; because God is; but God does His work through human instruments."

Another Parliament of Religions.

We print in another column an editorial from the pen of the Rev. Clarence Reed, which appeared in the *PACIFIC UNITARIAN* for December, concerning a Congress of Religion for 1915. The opposition to such a congress in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be subtle and intense. The more or less vulgar love of spectacular display, the greedy ascendancy of "business" interests, the clamor for more money to display more things, will be reinforced by the well developed distrust of timid ecclesiastics, the opposition of those who feel that the open fellowship and the cordial greeting to all forms of faith, implied in a Parliament of Religion, will somehow menace the interests of Christianity, and help break down its claim as a peculiar, unique, and only true religion. A prominent representative of a great religious denomination, an active worker in the interests of religion, residing in San Francisco, declared to the writer two or three years ago, that the "Christian people" of San Francisco did not want any Parliament of Religion in their exposition, justifying his attitude on the score, that the Christian church "had not yet recovered from the fell blow it had received from the Parliament of Religion held in Chicago in 1893." The reasoning of this good brother is the very best argument for another great clearing-house gathering of the devout seekers after God, of the most earnest

advocates of the moral law, and of the purest representatives of love and brotherhood, from all sections of the globe. The Panama Canal will find but a sordid interpretation, and on that account, inadequate interpretation, if the exposition stops with the display of things, and the kaleidoscopic show of the perishable nations.

Shame on an exposition held anywhere in the world in the twentieth century of the Christian era, that will leave out of consideration these verities, and fail to invite the representatives of the religions of the world to a prophetic conclave. The glory of the Grand Court at Jackson Park, Chicago, in 1893, is gone, the beautiful architectural dream is fading even out of the minds of those who saw it, but the inspirations of the Parliament of Religion still encircle the globe with electric thrills, breaking ever into light. Clearly, now, it is seen that the Columbian Exposition reached its climax and transfiguration in the Parliament of Religion that extended a world's communion service over seventeen precious, inspiring, loving days. Chicago in 1893, did well. Let San Francisco in 1915, do better. To do less than this would be to do so badly as to bring shame and the reproach of their descendants upon the promoters.—*Unity*.

A Good Program.

An Eastern minister sent to the members of his congregation a fine call for help in making the world brighter and better in the coming year. He says:

Let us begin by looking for the many excellences in people round about us. When we appreciate the merits of others we make the world brighter for them and for ourselves.

Look upon your work not primarily as a means by which you gain something for yourselves but rather as a means by which you express yourself in the service of God and of your fellowmen. Thank God for your work and for the power to do it.

Cultivate friendships! There is no better way in which to brighten the world. Be thankful for the old friends whose companionship has meant so much to you, and reach out also to meet the

friendly people whom God is sending across your path from day to day. Be deeply thankful for the gracious gift of friendship.

Above all, brighten the world by letting your Christian faith shine out in clearest radiance. This most of all transfigures the lives of men and illumines the world.

Boston Twentieth Century Club.

A roaring as of a sea of sound greets the visitors at certain times to the pleasant home of the Twentieth Century Club on Joy Street in Boston. Past the tiny dooryard that belongs to the old-fashioned houses on Beacon Hill one steps and enters where the long Dutch room with heavy oak beams and a row of high Dutch windows down the side is crowded with long tables. Here are seated—every other tongue at least in full tide of talk—a thoroughly characteristic company of Boston men and women. The Twentieth Century Club, as its name implies, is a very up-to-date and progressive body. People of all sorts and conditions are members, provided only that you have done something for somebody that really counts. You may be a woman of leisure devoting that leisure to good works, you may be a school teacher, a business man with an eye out for the welfare of other folks, but you more often are somebody who has made a mark in some public work for humanity.

The club luncheons come every Saturday during the season and all may be attended by the women members, though the first Saturday is their especial day. You may take any vacant seat you chance upon and begin at once to chat with your neighbor, who may, for all you know, be very much somebody indeed. The talk usually begins over passing the oysters or the sliced ham or the excellent brown bread for which the luncheons are famed. For all the elements of the meal are set on the table and guests serve one another cheerfully.

The talk veers from the discussion of that same excellent brown bread and the hope of the lady on your left that she can get the recipe, to discussion of Pennell's last book with the Panama sketches, or why a third party, or whether the vote

will make much difference when women at last get it.

Then the president raps—he is the Rev. Charles F. Dole—or the secretary, E. H. Chandler, has something to say, before the president introduces the speakers of the day. They are found at the big round table at the head of the room. They may include a Persian scholar in fez or even turban and gown, or an officer just home from the Philippines, or a man from the Western Reserve, as part of Ohio used to be called, or an eager youth from Montana where they are doing wonderful things for boys on a farm. The speaker may be a famous Dutch architect, or an Italian of the Waldenses, with flashing dark eyes and a marvelously smooth rolling English poured all through and through with the melody of his native speech. Perhaps a woman at the head of some great settlement house tells of her friends in the humbler streets thereabouts and how one of the old boys of the house has now his own home on Beacon Street. Perhaps a lady just home from Japan tells American women of the sweetness and self-effacing charm of the Japanese lady. Perhaps Miss Stone tells of her loved friends the Albanians—for she apparently is a friend even to those who carried her off, for were they not kind to her?

Sometimes there is lively discussion, and a man from the audience asks just what the speaker considers the vocation of a citizen to be, or whether the state or the employer should fit the boy for his specific trade. Or another of the audience asks whether Japanese education is not under a cloud in China and whether the hope of China is not felt to lie in the western-educated men? Perhaps a traveler lately in the Southwest tells of the self-made man he met, superintendent of a department in some big enterprise, who confided to all around that he had college men from Harvard, from Yale and from Princeton working for him: "When I say come they come, and when I say go they go. Who wants an education?"

The roar of delight that greets this sally also characterizes the company, for they are one and all folk who not only have an education but are as busy as

possible getting more. That's the reason they belong to the Twentieth Century Club.

From the Churches

EUGENE, OREGON.—The First Unitarian Church, of Eugene, Oregon, has had no regular minister since the resignation of Rev. Arthur Hayes Sargent, last October. The pulpit, however, has been filled each Sunday, either by visiting ministers or local laymen.

Rev. Stephen Peebles, who was first to get together the Unitarian people of Eugene, and the first to preach for them, has consented to fill the pulpit until permanent arrangements are made.

Mr. Peebles' last subject was "Queen Esther's Task;" reviewing briefly the book of Esther, he considered the whole story something to be unlearned.

"Human existence," he said, "is not for getting even; Jesus did not turn table and get even when persecuted; neither did John Bunyan."

The Sunday-school, with Mrs. A. A. Bancroft as Superintendent, has five teachers and forty-eight scholars, which is a strong element in the permanent work of the church.

The Woman's Alliance, with Mrs. Dugald Campbell as President, meets fortnightly in the pretty little church, or at members' homes. January 14th, Mrs. W. F. Osburn, of the Hotel Osburn, was hostess, entertaining in her interesting Wistaria tea room. Following a short business session, a programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, and readings on the life and teachings of Robert Collyer, was enjoyed. A cup of tea and an opportunity for all to see the attractive collection of Japanese and Chinese curios in the tea room, was much appreciated by all.

LOS ANGELES.—A fine vigor has characterized the last month of the old year and the first of the new. Thirty-two joined the church January 5th, one-half being men.

The annual meeting found each organization reporting "All's well," spiritually as well as financially. One of the trustees said that never since its organization had the church been so solidly

prosperous as now. All look forward to a year of increased zeal and efficiency. Reports are not always interesting to outsiders, but a few items from the Sunday-school department, as prepared by a lassie of tender years, shows what a fine heaven is working.

"The interest in the Sunday-school has been very good and the attendance regular, although many of the pupils are late. (A common failing, strange to say, in this City of the Angels.) . . . The secretary of the Social Service Class has taken an active interest in the school, and in order to create a greater interest among the pupils to be on time, has promised to give her birthday money to the class which has the fewest tardinesses. She has extended her birthday a little, and she says she may have another birthday later on, if this plan is a success. The class may do whatever it chooses with the money. This, we think, a very good plan, and it has aroused a big interest. A class of boys is leading in attendance now. Four pupils have been present every Sunday, three of them being boys. It is to our superintendent, Mrs. Hodgkin, largely, that the Sunday-school owes its success. There has been much interest shown by some of the church people, and visitors are always welcome."

Alliance work is vigorous, of course. At the literary meeting a unique and most interesting talk was given by Mrs. Mary Howard Gridley on "The Significance and History of the Oriental Rug Industry." Mrs. Gridley has made a close study of the subject for many years, and her feminine hearers were eager to add to their knowledge of this fascinating subject.

Social Service Class and the Wednesday evening talks on "Jesus and His Times" are both interesting many. The work of the Lunacy Commission was presented by Judge Hutton. The present conditions of our insane asylums are bad, with little hope of change. We are behind the times in our treatment of the insane. In Europe mechanical restraint is forbidden. Better legislation is most important. The chief cause of lunacy and the social evil is liquor. The speaker favored national prohibition;

he commended the work of the Psychopathic Parole Society in caring for the released patients and in finding work for them.

The land tenure system of England was well presented by an English lawyer, and the need of a municipal market was shown by a member of the Board of Public Works. The cost of food must be lowered. There is lack of food for children. Farmers in this country received last year six billions of dollars for their produce. The consumers paid thirteen billions. The difference was the cost of handling. We pay not only for what we get, but for what we waste.

The sermons of Mr. Hodgkin, following the lines of his syllabus, have been: "Penance,—Coming to One's Self;" "Holy Orders, or Enlisting for Life;" "Indulgence, or Strength in Weakness." Rev. Robert E. Ramsey, recently of the First Unitarian Church of Davenport, Iowa, spoke most acceptably on January 26th. In the last Unitarian *Word and Work* a reference to this course of Rev. Mr. Hodgkin, is perhaps a little misleading. It might be "almost equivalent to a divinity school curriculum." were it not that each topic is considered "in terms of to-day," and the summing up is always the latest word of twentieth century democracy.

PORTLAND.—The annual meeting of the First Unitarian Society of Portland was held on Tuesday evening, February 14th, and was preceded by a bountiful and appetizing turkey supper, served by the Women's Alliance, whose reputation for furnishing toothsome viands on similar occasions was greatly enhanced by the evening's efforts. A fine musical program was given by the church choir, to the enjoyment of all present.

Reports from the different branches of church work were presented and showed that interest along the different lines was increasing and a healthy, progressive spirit pervaded all.

Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, the much beloved pastor, gave an earnest, appealing address, containing a brief resumé of his year's work, together with the future outlook of the church as a power and influence in the community. He referred to

the sale of the present site which (while not immediate in prospect) is sure to come in the near future, as the location is too valuable for business to be retained long as church property. He spoke of the extension work that would follow in philanthropic, civic and social duties and interests, the opportunities for growth and development in a more general humanitarian effort than at present can be met. All who listened were thrilled with enthusiasm and felt that his words were prophetic.

The moderator, Mr. Wm. F. Woodward followed the pastor, and bore testimony to the rare worth of Mr. Eliot as a citizen—a man among men. By his stirring, forceful words he added to the inspiration and courage of all present and left an impress upon his hearers that surely will bear fruit in word and work. Mr. J. D. Hart, Mr. S. G. Lathrop and Mrs. L. W. Sitton were elected Trustees for a term of three years.

Subscription cards circulated among those present brought in the promise of generous support during the coming year. After an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the Women's Alliance for their part in the success and goodwill of the evening, the meeting adjourned.

The Women's Alliance of the First Unitarian Society, at its annual meeting elected the following officers: Mrs. L. W. Sitton, President; Mrs. Elliott Habersham, First Vice-President; Mrs. Samuel C. Kennell, Second Vice-President; Mrs. J. W. Thacher, Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. W. Burrage, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. E. P. Waite, Treasurer; Mrs. T. L. Eliot, Mrs. R. S. Greenleaf, with other named officers, Advisory Board.

The Alliance was fortunate in securing two courses of lectures for the current year. Mrs. T. L. Eliot is giving one course upon the general subject, "The History and Present Attitude of Unitarianism." Mr. Arthur Evans Wood, of Reed College, gives a course on "The Church and Social Welfare." Both series are proving popular and are well attended.

The past year was a successful one in every way and the Alliance continues to

be a strong factor in the work of the church.

SPOKANE.—Since our last report a number of interesting and important events have occurred in the Spokane church.

On January 8th the annual dinner and business meeting of the congregation was held. More than one hundred people assembled to partake of the good dinner served free of charge by the Woman's Alliance. At the close of the dinner the business of the congregation was transacted. The reports of the officers of the various organizations showed all to be in a flourishing condition and a comfortable balance in all treasuries. The minister's report showed that the church attendance had been trebled during the year. The principle feature of note was the passing of two of the oldest trustees—Judge C. B. Dunning, who has been president of the congregation since its organization in 1887, and Mr. C. M. Comstock, who has been a trustee since 1892. Each expressed his faith in the future success of the congregation and his reluctance to leave the board, but the belief that the activities of the church should be in the hands of younger men. Mr. S. E. Hege and Mr. Geo. H. Greenwood were elected in their places, and at a recent meeting of the board Mr. S. P. Domer was elected president to succeed Judge Dunning.

The Woman's Alliance held its annual Christmas Fair on December 6th and 7th, having on sale fancy work, candies, domestic articles of various kinds, and giving on both days business men's luncheons. The net profits amounted to \$200. The total receipts for this organization for the year were over \$800, most of which was expended in furnishing music for the church services.

The Sunday-school held its religious Christmas service on the Sunday before Christmas and its Christmas tree service the Friday evening following. At the latter the children sang Christmas songs, played games, and gave and received gifts.

The Unitarian Club banqueted on December 16th at Davenport's, about forty members being present, and at its Janu-

any meeting was addressed by T. C. Anderson, secretary of the National Board of Trade, on "The Reform of Our Monetary System."

Dr. Dietrich began his 1913 course of lectures on Tuesday evening, January 14th, with not a vacant seat in the church. The series includes sixteen talks on "Comparative Religions," to be given on Tuesday evenings.

SANTA BARBARA.—The annual meeting on January 14th was an encouraging one and well attended, in spite of a stormy evening. After the supper, served by the Woman's Alliance, a business meeting was held at which, with two exceptions, the old officers were elected and satisfactory reports were made of the financial condition of the different organizations. It was resolved to send a cable to our absent pastor, Mr. Goodridge, and to his wife, conveying the good wishes and earnest appreciation of the members of the parish.

Mr. Theodore C. Williams, the acting minister, after an eloquent talk on the problems and needs of the church, presented us with a fine photograph of Dr. Francis G. Peabody, one of the earliest friends of this Association, who will pay us a visit some time in February.

The sermon topics this winter have been of especial interest, and the sermons rich with inspiration, both religious and intellectual.

The Woman's Alliance has had a busy and profitable year. At the monthly meetings a series of talks by leaders of the various civic and charitable organizations of Santa Barbara has added materially to our knowledge of our own city. The Christmas sale was held in the Parish Hall, December 6th, and the financial results were very gratifying.

The steady growth of the Young Peoples' Club has continued throughout the year. In addition to their work in the choir and on the Decoration Committee, they had charge of the candy table at the sale.

A number of twilight recitals have been given by our organist, Mr. George Wornington, assisted by Miss Scotland and Miss Andrus, and were a source of great pleasure to the music-lovers of the parish.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The congregation was given a shock on January 26, when the pulpit was occupied by Rev. William Day Simonds, of Oakland. He evidently shared the surprise when he read the letter from Rev. Bradford Leavitt offering his resignation, framed in terms that made it irrevocable. His determination had been confided to very few of the congregation and his nearest friends were not advised. The letter itself appears in another column.

The general sentiment is one of regret at his having felt the necessity. Apprehensive of being incapacitated in the not remote future for ministerial work, coupled with a business opportunity that must be accepted at once, if at all, seem to have induced the resignation. Mr. Leavitt has given general satisfaction and his place will be hard to fill. The inevitable is always to be accepted, and it is wise to accept it with composure and with trust. It is a poor church that cannot stand a strain, and the more severe the trial the greater need of courage and determination.

The Channing Auxiliary has held its usual meetings, and also its annual meeting. The administration of Mrs. E. W. Stadtmuller has been an eminently successful one, and the Society never was stronger. It was impossible for her to accept re-election and her mantle has fallen on the former First Vice-President, Mrs. A. E. Buckingham, which insures continued dignity and prosperity.

The January meetings of the Society for Christian Work were both very well attended. On January 13th Mrs. Lloyd Osborne talked straight from her heart on "The Mother of the Poor and Her Dependent Children." She enlisted our sympathies and interest and we will surely do all in our power to help the bill soon to come before the Legislature, providing support to mothers and enabling them to keep their children with them, instead of housing them in institutions.

The January 27th meeting was our annual meeting. The reports all showed the Society in fine running order. The meeting was marked by the retirement of Mrs. James Marvin Curtis from the Presidency. Mr. Leavitt voiced our love and gratefulness for her years of devo-

tion when he presented her with a silver vase inscribed "To our President, in loving appreciation, from the Society for Christian Work, 1902-1913." Eleven years she has given us devoted, capable, tactful service for love, and in all these years been absent from us for only two meetings, unavoidable, owing to illness in her family. As a record of health alone, no "Scientist" could do better.

Mrs. Curtis very gracefully introduced Mrs. S. J. Drummond, our incoming President, who spoke modestly but hopefully. We all pledged loyalty and support to her, and had a pleasant hour over the tea cups.

Proverbs of the Japanese.

Patience is the rope of advancement in all lines of life.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument.

Where there are no birds, the bat will be king.

Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.

When the sense of shame is lost, advancement ceases.

Genius hears one individual and then comprehends ten.

Negligence looks at the battlefield, then makes its arrows.

Seeking information is a moment's shame; but not to learn is surely a lasting shame.

Some French Proverbs.

Confusion reigns where intelligence is not.

Truth never varies.

Evil never comes from a good thing.

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

Virtue is medicine for vice.

Wisdom is better than violence.

He lives in peace who magnifies good.

Good results when sought for.

Striving Necessary.

Let us all be sure that all is well whatever comes, while we trust and stand fast and strive; and only hopeless—and rightly hopeless—when we want what we are in no wise willing to earn.—*Collyer*.

Books

[All books reviewed in the *PACIFIC UNITARIAN* are on sale at, or may be ordered through, the Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.]

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, editor of *Unity*, is in the habit of annually gathering, at New Years, from the editorial staff and other competent friends, their testimony to "the six or less most notable books issued during the previous year."

This year the nine whose replies are published are Newton Mann, John Faville, Albert R. Vail, James G. Townsend, Eleanor F. Gordon, Thos. P. Byrnes, Charles Zeublen, Joseph Fort Newton and John Haynes Holmes. It is somewhat significant that in these nine replies there are only five books that receive more than one mention and none that receive more than the two. The favorite authors are Walter Rausenbusch, "Christianizing of the Social Order;" Clayton Bowen, "The Resurrection in the New Testament;" Walter E. Weyl, "The New Democracy;" J. H. Jewett, "The Preacher—His Life and Work," and "The Life of Henry D. Lloyd," by his sister.

Prominently mentioned among the thirty books selected are Smith's *Ecce Deus*, Eucken's "Life Basis and Life's Ideal," Hermann's "Eucken and Bergson," Dole's "Burden of Poverty and Theology of Civilization," Wells' "First and Last Things," Galworthy's "Inn of Tranquility," Bouck White's "The Call of the Carpenter," Holmes' "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," Royce's "Sources of Religious Insight," Havelock Eeli's "Talk of Social Hygiene," and Jane Addams' "A New Conscience and a Modern Evil."

In the way of biography and fiction are mentioned Mary Antin's "The Promised Land," Dell Munger's "The Wind Before the Dawn," "Leon Vicenti," De Witt Miller and Margaret Deland's "The Iron Woman."

TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE. Thomas Van Ness. American Unitarian Association. \$1.00.

The sub-title of this unpretentious volume is "Messages from a Historic Boston Pulpit." The Second Church of Boston was founded by the Puritans in 1649, and thirteen ministers have filled the pulpit, including the three Mathers, John Lathrop, Henry Ware, Jr., and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Thomas Van Ness was ordained in 1892 and for twenty years filled the pulpit. The happy thought presented itself to publish a selection of twenty of his sermons, one of each year of his ministry, as historic samples of the religious thought which obtained during this period of this remarkable church's history. In his modest preface Mr. Van Ness says they represent twenty years of ministerial life; busy and happy. They are an affectionate greeting to loyal parishioners and to his friends generally.

Mr. Van Ness makes no effort to equal his far-back predecessors in the length of his sermons. No doubt John Mayo and Increase

Mather felt called upon to hit harder and talk longer to the sturdy old Puritans, and they probably expected it and endured it with the grim satisfaction of their earnest nature, but their descendants are satisfied with less, so that these sermons are short. They cover a good range of topics, from "Why Go to Church?" to "Immortality's Indestructible Foundation." He discriminates in considering man. One talk is "The Man Below the Average," another "An Average Man," and another, "The Talented Man." He coordinates the old and the new. One of the sermons is "The Samaritan in a Dress Suit."

The general trend of thought is practical and helpful, with little emphasis on theological distinctions and denominational glorification. He treats of "The Mastery of Power," "The Test of Life," "Beliefs Worth While," "Salvation and Damnation Through Habit," "The Final Judgment," and "The Rhythm in Human Life."

The little volume will form a pleasant souvenir of the author for parishioners in his Colorado and California beginnings, and be of interest and value to scattered Unitarians who cannot hear the spoken word.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL. By Jane Addams. The MacMillan Company. \$1.25.

The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago employs twenty field officers who report daily to the head office, which adjoins Hull House. Miss Addams as head of the Publication Committee, reviewed these records, as well as the results of a series of special investigations on dance halls, theatres, the home surroundings of Juvenile Court children and the records of four thousand parents who clearly contributed to the delinquency of their own families. The Association also collected the personal history of two hundred girls each, of department stores, factories, offices, hotels and restaurants, especially studying the immigrants.

With the distressing and appalling facts disclosed, Miss Addams was also impressed, and encouraged by the large and diversified number of people who promptly responded to any appeal made on behalf of those who were wronged, or could in any way be helped. All classes of people were unsparing of time and effort. City officials, policemen, attorneys, employers, physicians, teachers, newspaper men, railway officials, trade unionists and clergymen were equally ready to do anything in their power to relieve and protect.

Miss Addams, with thorough understanding of the temptations and causes, and with wise judgment as to methods of prevention and rescue, performs a valuable service in pointing out conditions. She also brings encouragement in setting forth the evidence she finds that there is indeed a new conscience, which she feels is slowly gathering strength, and which she says "we may soberly hope will at last successfully array itself against the incredible social wrong, ancient though it may be."

Sparks

Nonsense is like the food of a giraffe. A little of it goes a long way.

"See how I can count, mamma," said Kitty. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one make three. Three feet make a yard, and I want to go out and play in it!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Rev. Russell Day, a famous Eton master, once ordered a boy to stay after school, but, when the hour came, he himself was in a better temper. "What may your name be?" Mr. Day asked of the prepositor. "Cole, sir," replied the boy. "Then, my friend," said Mr. Day, "I think you had better scuttle."

"I am a self-made man, I am." "Well, I think there is one thing you needn't worry about." "What's that?" "Taking out a patent."

The wardens of a prominent city church were not in accord concerning the new rector's introduction of extreme ritual. Mr. Edwards was aggressively on the rector's side. Mr. Wells quite the reverse. The former, having exhausted his arguments, said, "At least, you will own that art is the handmaiden of religion." "Yes," returned Mr. Wells, savagely; "and I wish religion would give her a month's notice."

Irving's mother is a lady of literary tastes and often quotes poetry to her small son. The other day at the table she handed him the plate with one solitary cookie on it and remarked:

"I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be."

The subjunctive mood was new to Irving, and after pondering a moment, he said, "But the bee would offer honey, mamma."—*Christian Register*.

In a big cotton manufacturing town of Lancashire a revival service was held. The minister called upon all those who wished to go to heaven to stand up. All rose to their feet with the exception of one young man. "Don't you want to go to heaven, my friend?" asked the preacher. "Oh, aye, I want to go right enough," the young fellow replied. "but not wi' t' trip."

LIST OF BOOKS

A few copies of the following books, published by the American Unitarian Association, are on sale at the Unitarian Headquarters:

	Postage.	
Sea of Faith	\$0.80	\$0.08
Milton Reed.		
Letters to American Boys80	.08
William H. Carruth.		
The Understanding Heart	1.00	.09
Samuel M. Crothers.		
Some Memories	1.25	.12
Robert Collyer.		
Whose Son is Christ?.....	.80	.07
F. Delitzsch.		
Apples of Gold. Book of Select-		
ed Verse	1.00	.12
Clara B. Beatley.		
Unitarianism in America.....	2.00	.15
George W. Cooke.		
Historic Americans	1.00	.16
Theodore Parker.		
Daughters of the Puritans.....	1.50	.13
Seth Curtis Beach.		
The Church of To-Day.....	.75	.07
Joseph H. Crooker.		
Jewish Religion in the Time of		
Jesus	1.00	.08
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Soul of the Bible.....	1.25	.12
Ulysses G. B. Pierce.		
Church Councils and Their De-		
crees80	.08
Ambrose N. Blatchford.		
The Shepherds' Question.....	.80	.08
Burt Estes Howard.		
Miracles and Myths of the New		
Testament	1.00	.07
Joseph May.		
Paul	1.00	.09
W. Wrede.		
Sons of the Puritans.....	1.50	.12
A. U. A.		
The Transfiguration of Life....	1.00	.11
James Freeman Clarke.		
Immortality and Other Essays.	1.20	.12
C. C. Everett.		
Four American Leaders.....	.80	.08
Charles W. Eliot.		
The Bible. What it is, and is		
Not	1.00	.08
Joseph Wood.		
Message of Man.....	.60	.05
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"The Higher Sacrifice"80	.86	
"The Human Harvest"	1.00	1.07	
"The Innumerable Company"....	.50	.55	
"Life's Enthusiasms"80	.86	
"The Strength of Being Clean".	.50	.56	
"The Philosophy of Hope"75	.81	
"The Religion of a Sensible			
American"80	.86	

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Labor Question25	.09
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Tides of the Spirit.....	.25	.08
James Martineau.		
The Supremacy of Jesus.....	.25	.08
Joseph H. Crooker.		
West Roxbury Sermons.....	.25	.09
Theodore Parker.		
Endeavors After a Christian		
Life25	.11
James Martineau.		
The Influence of Emerson.....	.25	.10
Edwin D. Mead.		
Pioneers of Religious Liberty in		
America50	.13
Samuel A. Eliot.		

The following are 25c books, paper covers.

Transcendentalism in New England.	
By Octavius B. Frothingham.	
Orthodoxy, Its Truths and Errors.	
By James Freeman Clarke.	
Religion and Science as Allies.	
By James T. Bixby.	
The Spark in the Clod.	
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Hebrew Men and Times.	
By Joseph H. Allen.	

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By F. A. Hinckley.	
A Remedy for Industrial Warfare.	
By Charles W. Eliot, LL. D.	
Some Unsettled Questions about Child	
Labor.	
By Owen R. Lovejoy.	
The Social Conscience and the Religious	
Life.	
By Francis G. Peabody.	
Friendly Visiting.	
By Mary E. Richmond.	
Rural Economy as a Factor in the Church.	
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Martineau.

Henri Bergson, the French prophet of idealism, is having an enthusiastic reception at Columbia University, where he is lecturing on "Spirituality and Liberty" and kindred topics. On February 24th he addressed an audience at Harvard University—his only appointment in New England.

Bergson liberates us from the tyranny of reason. The sphere of the intellect is the examination of material things. There is a spiritual principle abroad in the world and intuition has its place. He is at one with Prof. James, who said: "Religious faith is an utterance of something within us deeper than the intellect."

It is seldom that the nation's chief executive occupies a pulpit on the Sunday before retiring to private life, but William Howard Taft is not a Unitarian ashamed of his faith, and he shows his loyalty whenever occasion offers. On the morning of March 2d he attended All Souls' Church, and briefly addressed his fellow worshippers. He said: "It has always been a wonder to me why all the world is not Unitarian. I think all the world is verging in that direction. We preach the doctrine of sweet fellowship, of love of God, of love of Jesus Christ and of tolerance—for every faith depends upon the great principle of liberal Christianity—and that makes for progress toward morality and higher religion. The one trouble we suffer from—if it be a trouble—is that there are so many Unitarians in other churches who do not sit in the pews of our church."

Dr. James de Normandie in his address, "Fifty Years in the Ministry," makes many interesting allusions to men and events in the period, which graphically indicate the changes that

have taken place in many directions. Before his time, notes were sent to the pulpit asking special prayers for those gone on a journey or seriously ill. Two such he found on the first Sunday, but instead of publicly responding to them he called on the families the next day, and found them grateful that he had thought it better to give up the custom.

For walking in the country after the second service, in the afternoon, he was loudly condemned by the evangelicals as a young infidel.

His ministry has been happy and fruitful. From the first the burden of his preaching has been "to emphasize and make clear simply the fundamental principles which abide through all changes, simple enough for a child to understand; unchanging spiritual laws and eternal realities, deep enough for all philosophy to rest on, more enduring than the everlasting hills, out of which the spiritual life must find its comfort and strength and peace, and by which, too, all social unrest must find its solution and quiet."

We are apt to overlook the gains we are making in the matter of governmental control. In California our Railroad Commission has gained a standing that seems incredible when we revert to the kind of control exercised a few years ago by a similar body nominated by a corporation-controlled convention. The decision in the railroad merger case seems very wise, and commands the respect of all who realize its import. The firmness shown in dealing with the United Railroads gives confidence that in the future we are not to suffer from enormous over-capitalization that at a stroke makes promoters millionaires and leaves a community burdened for years through poor service, that dividends may be paid on fictitious values.

Recently without cost the Railroad Commission tendered to the city the services of a clear-headed, well-trained expert on telephone rates, and his penetration and mastery of the returns of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company was so convincing that by a unanimous vote the rates authorized were reduced over thirty per cent.

Public opinion is still the controlling factor, and its wise organization and judicious expression is effective. The Police Commission of San Francisco, after a meeting with the Mayor and a committee widely representing citizens who are jealous of the good name of our city, has put a stop to the employment of women in drinking resorts, and other practices and customs that made certain quarters disgracefully attractive. This was done quietly, with no flourish of trumpets and injurious publicity.

The passing of Joaquin Miller removes from California her most picturesque figure. In his three-score and twelve years he found wide experience, and while his garb and habits were somewhat theatrical he was a strong character and a poet of power. In some respects he was more like Walt Whitman than any other American poet, and in vigor and grasp was at least his equal. Of California authors he is the last of the acknowledged leading three, Harte and Clemens completing the group. For many years he has lived with his wife and daughter at "The Hights," in the foothills back of Oakland, writing infrequently, but with power and insight. His "Columbus" will probably be conceded as his finest poem, and one of the most perfect in the language.

He held his faculties till the last, writing a few days before his death a tender message of faith in the eternal.

With strong unconventionality and a

somewhat abrupt manner, he was genial and kindly in his feelings, with warm affections and great companionability.

An amusing incident of many years ago comes back to freshen his memory. An entertainment of a social character was given at the Oakland Unitarian Church, and when my turn came for a brief paper on wit and humor, I found that Joaquin Miller sat near me on the platform. As an illustration of parody, bordering on burlesque, I introduced a Miller imitation—the story of a frontiersman on an Arizona desert accompanied by a native woman of "bare, brown beauty," and overtaken by heat so intense that but one could live, whereupon to preserve the superior race he seized a huge rock and

"Crushed with fearful blow
Her well-poised head."

It was awfully audacious and but for a youthful pride of authorship and some curiosity as to how he would take it I should have omitted it.

Friends in the audience told me that the way in which I watched him from the corner of my eye was the most humorous thing in the paper. At the beginning his head was bowed, and for some time he showed no emotion of any sort, but as I went on and it grew worse and worse, he gave way to a burst of merriment and I saw that I was saved.

I was gratified then, and his kindness brings a little glow of good will—that softens my farewell.

Bret Harte was a direct contrast in almost every way. He was fastidious in dress and conventional in his standards—inclined to reserve and a bit supercilious. He had a keen wit and rather enjoyed a thrust, even at good friends. Before he became famous he was theatrical reporter on a city daily

on which I was for a brief period a reporter. One night I had taken the part of Tom in "Nan the Good-for-Nothing" for a charity performance. Going to the office later on I found Harte and led the conversation up to the play which he had seen, hoping for some complimentary acknowledgment. Not getting any I incidentally remarked that I played Tom, whereupon he said, "Were you Tom? I supposed they had sent to some theater for a supe."

Of Mark Twain my memory is confined to two brief views, both before he had achieved his fame. One was hearing him tell a story with his inimitable drawl, as he stood smoking in front of a Montgomery Street cigar store, and the other when on his return from a voyage to the Hawaiian Islands, he delivered his famous lecture at the Academy of Music. It was a marvelous address, in which with apparently no effort he led his audience to heights of appreciative enthusiasm in the most felicitous description of the beautiful and wonderful things he had seen, and then dropped them from the sublime to the ridiculous by some absurd reference or surprisingly humorous reflection.

The sharp contrast between his incomparably beautiful word paintings and his ludicrous humor was characteristic of two sides of the waggish newspaper reporter who developed into a good deal of a philosopher and the first humorist of his time.

The sources of success are often hidden. It is frequently difficult to trace the causes of a conspicuous result. Take, for example, the profession of the preacher. What does experience teach as to the qualities or characteristics that predicate success? The consideration to be of value must cover the complete

circle of ministerial requirement. It is not enough for a man to draw a crowd, or to be sympathetic and helpful in time of trial or distress. The successful minister must not rest on popularity or be respected solely for his unselfish labors among the poor and the suffering. Eloquence or scholarship or zeal, separately or jointly cannot insure success.

We all know good men who are conspicuous for one or more of these vital requirements who fall short of being good ministers. Just what they lack we cannot tell, but we are sure that they have either mistaken their calling or not doing themselves justice.

There are many things desirable in a minister and there seems to be an embarrassingly large number of things that the people in the pews consider indispensable. Really the list ought not to be very long, for considerations of common sense and justice should prevail. Perfection is rare in a mundane world and expectations should be moderate. It is a pretty poor preacher who cannot help most anybody if given a chance, and generally people who demand the impossible are too unreasonable to go to church at all.

It is, on the other hand, to be expected that certain essentials shall be supplied. A pew holder is entitled to be addressed in a voice that can be heard. If the tone is pleasant and the modulation intelligent and cultivated, so much the better. A good reader is a great delight, but if all a preacher can do is to read well he will abjectly fail.

A bright, keen mind appeals to hearers, and eloquence stirs the blood, but both may leave the soul undisturbed or uninspired.

A preacher may be good and kind and of lovely spirit, but if he is dull his hearers will either fall to sleep or not wake up.

It is good to be aroused and incited to new determination, but a restless, tireless prodder stirs up the wrong spirit and gets himself disliked.

The pews are hard to please. The preacher who sticks close to the great truths that are the gospel is charged with neglect of modern issues, while if he neglects them and substitutes mild dilutions of current socialism he soon empties his church and is apt to find himself with those who follow short cuts that lure them from the Truth, the Way and the Life.

There seems good reason to believe that we attach too much importance to the sermon and waste too much energy in its criticism. By far the largest congregations in these later days gather in churches where there practically is no sermon. Readers, to the unprejudiced observer apparently uninspired, repeat the interpretation of a woman of religious sentiment, varied with passages from the Bible, the same familiar hymns are sung, Sunday after Sunday, and all seem more than satisfied. If our churches show diminishing congregations it would seem to indicate that something is wanting in the pulpit or in the pews or in both.

Evidently spiritual leadership is not a matter of sermonizing. A minister is more than a preacher, and ministry is largely due to personality. The primal requirement for preacher or for minister is a *man*. Gifts of mind or tongue are distinctly secondary. A consecrated purpose to serve; vital faith in spiritual realities; a heart alive with sympathy, throbbing with love and unselfish desire to work with God; scorn for all that is petty and mean, and patience in well-doing. A man is a minister by virtue of what he is, independently of what he does.

C. A. M.

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By William Day Simonds.

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan is now Secretary of State, the premier of the Wilson administration. This fact is doubtless not new to readers of the PACIFIC UNITARIAN, and is mentioned here solely to teach a lesson in morals and manners that may not be so very wide of the mark.

It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Bryan at a Chatauqua Assembly in 1895, a year before the famous "cross of gold" speech. It is just as well to confess that I was so obtuse that it never occurred to me to even suspect the coming greatness of the young Nebraskan. A pleasant gentleman, a fine speaker, though in no way phenomenal,—this was my deliberate judgment. Since then I have followed with the keen interest of a student his remarkable career. And the phase of it that is of interest in this connection is just this: perhaps no life among us, in our generation, quite so clearly affirms the force and value of simple, sincere, manly character.

Outside his devoted followers and worshippers, I imagine that but few are impressed by any evidence of remarkable intellectual gifts, and vast numbers of his fellow countrymen believe him a tyro in finance and a "rainbow chaser" in the realm of politics. Outside the aforesaid "cross of gold" speech he has never achieved any signal triumphs in oratory, and it is more than suspected that the success of that effort was largely due to unusually favorable circumstances. Yet he has steadily gained, and that in the midst of disastrous defeat, the confidence and even the admiration of fair-minded Americans everywhere. The Bryan of 1896 was feared and hated by two-thirds of the people in some of the foremost States of this Union. The Bryan of 1913 takes high and honored place in the councils of the Nation, with the almost unanimous approval of press and people. A change, this, worthy of thought.

A single quotation from the New York *Tribune* of the latter part of November, 1896, will serve to show how far we have traveled in our better and saner judgment of this distinguished publicist. It is well to remember that the *Tribune* was founded by Horace Greeley, and that at the date mentioned it was still a power in the land.

Speaking of the defeat of what it was pleased to call Bryanism, the *Tribune* said in editorial comment: "It has been defeated and destroyed because right is right and God is God. Its nominal head was worthy of the cause. Nominal, because the wretched, rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbuéd hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist, and other desperadoes of that stripe. But he was a willing puppet, willing and eager. Not one of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments. He goes down with the cause, and must abide with it in the history of infamy. He had less provocation than Benedict Arnold, less intellectual force than Aaron Burr, less manliness and courage than Jefferson Davis. He was the rival of them all in deliberate wickedness and treason to the republic. His name belongs with theirs, neither the most brilliant nor the most hateful in the list."

Only a little over sixteen years ago sentiments such as these were widely approved by our "best citizens." What has wrought the change. Nothing under heaven but the force of manly character. The people have seen Bryan under all conditions that ordinarily try a man, and they are ready now to trust him with large responsibilities. He is doubtless a broader and bigger man than in 1896, but he is the same kind of a man. True to his convictions and fearless in the expression of them, and devoted to what he believes the public good. How many abler men, with seemingly larger opportunities, have gone

down since then to defeat with shame, while he, the defeated one, has risen to this enviable place in the people's confidence. The conclusion would seem to be that in the long run character is the only pledge of success.

Another conclusion would seem equally inevitable. As a people we are given to a reckless and wicked abuse of our public men. We make the path of public service a Golgotha of misery to the men who could serve us best. That is men of genius, and therefore of sensibility. We hound these men, and often their families, with insinuation, slander, vituperation, and we often make it impossible for them to win our battles because we weaken public confidence by our miserable suspicions.

May the new administration be accorded fair and just treatment, not alone for the sake of the administration, but for the sake of the Nation.

The Farmer.

The day is fled, the twilight hour
Brings grateful breezes from the Bay.
The perfume of acacia flower
Floats from the hedges far away.

My tired body, hammock borne,
Delights in comfort fairly earned;
Though plaintive dove may gently mourn,
My thoughts to happiness are turned.

To spend my life in honest toil
And wrest from mother earth my fare,
By ways that neither burn nor soil,
Is blessedness beyond compare.

A book to read, true friends to cheer,
A world of beauty to enjoy,
With love that maketh all things dear,
What better could my hours employ?

My crops may fail from drought or blight,
And health no prudence can insure,
But man's not fed by pure delight,
And they who *live* learn to endure.

What though my life lacks lofty flight,
Unspurred by lure of glittering goal,—
I live in peace, my heart is light,
And nought disturbs my trusting soul.

—Charles A. Murdock.

Yes, since we are not grand,
Oh, not at all, and as for cleverness,
That may or may not be—it is well
For us to be as happy as we can!

—Jean Ingelow.

Notes.

The Unitarian Club of Alameda keeps up its record of two meetings a month. On February 3d Mr. John D. Barry, a San Francisco newspaper man, spoke on "Writing for a Newspaper," and on February 19th Rev. Clarence Reed, of Palo Alto, addressed his former flock on "Observations and Experiences in Turkey and the Balkan States."

The Unitarians of Santa Cruz held a pleasant church social on January 31st. There were musical contributions by Mrs. James H. Willey and Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and an illustrated address by Rev. C. A. Turner, followed by a Woman's Alliance supper. Hackley Hall affords ideal accommodations for all social occasions.

Rev. Thomas Clayton addressed the Visalia Unitarians on the evening of February 2d, speaking on "Unique Ideas in the Teaching of Jesus."

By the will of Mrs. Sarah A. Merrill, of Portland, the minister of the Unitarian church was left \$1000, as a token of her esteem. Such an act of appreciation and consideration is very fitting, setting an example worthy of emulation.

Rev. William Day Simonds addressed the students of the Berkeley Business College on the afternoon of February 8th, speaking on "Cheerfulness as an Asset in the Business World."

Mr. George C. Griswold, of Claremont, gave a delightful account of his three years' residence at a German university, on the evening of February 2d, speaking before the Outlook Club of Pomona.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke visits San Francisco this month, and whatever his Presbyterian brothers may do or fail to do, his admiring fellow-fishers are to express their appreciation and regard by a reception and dinner.

In his address at the late Unitarian Club dinner, Rev. William Day Simonds expressed his inclination to form one more social organization—a Stay-at-Home Club, members of which should take a pledge to stay in their homes at least four nights of each week.

The Santa Barbara church had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Francis G. Peabody on February 23d. He came to San Francisco by way of Southern California, on his missionary tour to Japan. It is probable that he will be in San Francisco for a Sunday or two on his return.

The complimentary banquet tendered Dr. Francis G. Peabody at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, on the occasion of his retirement from the professorship of Christian Morals, was a noteworthy event by reason of the participants. Dr. Charles W. Eliot presided. Among those who paid tribute of affection were Bishop William Lawrence, Dr. George A. Gordon, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, President Hyde of Bowdoin College, Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, and Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster. Professor Peabody, in responding, declared: "The heart of the time is thirsty for the living God; and if God's truth is not poured down from above, then it will be pumped up from the brackish waters of social evolution."

At the meeting of the Unitarian Club of Alameda held on February 19th resolutions of respect were adopted to the memory of Professor Frank Soule, for many years a devoted member of the Club, who often proved his interest by going from Berkeley, ten miles away to attend its meetings. One of the resolutions was as follows:

Resolved, That in his death the community has lost a valued citizen, the university a member of its faculty who had contributed much to its advancement; his widow and children an affectionate husband and father, and this club a most valued member.

Sunday has outlived the unrealities of superstitious observance, as well as the derision of the world. What grievous burdens have been laid on men in the name of Sunday! What reactions of selfishness have tried to sweep it out of existence! Employers have tried to ignore it. Preachers have confounded it with the Jewish Sabbath. And yet in every Christian country the Sunday still has a hold in the best national conscience as strong as it has ever held from the beginning.—*Christian Life* (London).

Richard Warner Borst, formerly of the Congregationalist ministry (unordained), having satisfied the Pacific States Committee on Fellowship, is hereby admitted to the Fellowship of the Unitarian ministry and recommended to the confidence of our churches.

EARL M. WILBUR,

THOMAS L. ELIOT,

Pacific States Committee.

Feb. 6, 1913.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, on February 16th, spoke on "Evolution and the Moral and Spiritual Nature of Man." He declared the Bible itself to be one of the best proofs of evolution. As reported in the *Times*, his concluding sentence was: "Man is the fruit, but not the ripe fruit, of evolution; and his moral character is the product of all the conjoined forces that work in atoms or in universes. He is already child of cosmical environment, but it does not yet appear what he shall be or become. He weaves now at the loom of his own destiny. It is nature and her child—the Father and the Son; the Infinite finitely felt; the finite infinitely yearning; and be it remembered that all nature, that all life, that the entire moral order is on the side of the one who tries to rise, to grow, to unfold."

James Bryce seems to hold high rank as a man of honor and the highest rank as a man of honor. Sixteen universities have honored him, and he is entitled to add to his well-known name D. I. S., D. C. L., Litt. D., LL. D. (eight times).

Those who are contemplating a trip to Europe next summer will do well to write to Charles W. Wendte, general secretary of the International Meeting at Paris, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, for the announcement setting forth "Five Tours to Europe," in connection with the "World Congress of Free Christianity and Religious Progress" at Paris, July 16-22, 1913. These tours range in cost from \$265 for a thirty-four days' tour to \$580 for a sixty-three days' tour, and they afford an admirable opportunity to see the best of Europe and to hear the world's best men under the happiest circumstances.

At the impressive memorial meeting held in the Oakland Unitarian Church, attended by a thousand or more of the friends and admirers of Joaquin Miller, Colonel John P. Irish paid this fine tribute to his worth as a man and a friend: "Since he died the other day much has been written, most of it kindly meant, but some of it erroneous. One writer has suggested that we should separate his personality from his work. Now we who knew him cannot do that; we would not do that; we should not do it. His personality and his work are inseparable. We know that he never spoke evil of any living thing. He hated sham and pretense only. In over thirty years' association with him, under all sorts of circumstances where men show their souls to each other, I never knew Joaquin Miller to utter a vulgar word or give expression to an ugly thought. He was a good man, whose work shows the innate loveliness of his character."

The largest club of girls and women in the world has entered the field of social service. The Girls' Club of the *Ladies' Home Journal* has undertaken to raise among its members a fund of \$1,200, to be used for endowing a perpetual scholarship in medicine for Chinese women at the Union Medical College for Women, at Peking, China, with the understanding that the successive beneficiaries will devote their services to the neglected and suffering among their own sex. June 1, 1913, is the date set for the completion of the fund, the *Journal* offers to subscribe one-half of the fund, \$600, members of the Girls' Club to contribute the balance—the money to be earned through personal effort.

The Chinese Government is showing itself tremendously in earnest in its determination to suppress the use of opium. By law effective January 1st habitual opium smoking was made punishable by a fine up to \$2,000 and in extreme cases by death; and late Associated Press dispatches from Shanghai report the execution of a woman who persisted in using the drug in spite of the official prohibition.

The plans for the new All-Souls' church in Washington have been approved by the directors of the American Unitarian Association, and the treasurer has been authorized to pay from time to time such sums as he may see fit not to exceed the amount which All Souls' church shall have raised in cash for its share of the building fund.

At the First Church in Boston, corner of Berkeley and Marlborough streets, vesper services are held Thursday afternoons at half-past four, consisting of a half-hour of organ music, followed by a brief devotional service, music by the choir, and a short address. All seats are free.

At a meeting of the New England Associate Alliance in Boston on January 23d, World Missions was the general topic of the day, and Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., took as his theme "The World Range of Unitarian Religion." Dr. Wendte spoke of the world-wide demand for a faith good for all peoples in all climes and of the gratifying spread of Unitarian religion. There is no demand for a religion founded on dogma. Since the early days foreign missionary work has been more philanthropic than religious. The Industrial Congress is one of the means to more practical work and methods. Particular success has been achieved in Japan and China. He closed by saying: "The call is upon us for a larger and broader work, not only in foreign lands, but also in our own country. Let us realize the joy and splendor of going out into the world and preaching the gospel to every creature."

Educators are seeking to foster a stronger connection with the things that are and knowledge of the world of today. The *Literary Digest* has been adopted as a text-book in the Washington Irving High School of New York.

It is a little encouraging to find that Woodrow Wilson reads fiction for recreation, when he has a day, or a part of a day, off. It is always gratifying to find that one's sins have respectable backing.

It renews one's youth to know that Mr. Howells has a new story, "New Leaf Mills," in which he goes to the Middle West of sixty years ago and weaves a characteristic showing of what happened following an attempt to do business on a basis of high ideals.

A book that ought to be of great human interest will soon appear. Henry James is to tell the story of the boy life of his brother William and himself. It will be worth while if it gives any hint of how they achieved.

"A minister of good cheer; that is all I am," was the answer, when some one asked a clergyman who had been helping to heal the sick, what he was. He belonged to no cult, he made no profession, he used no device, material or mental. He was just a minister of good cheer, carrying a little sunshine into a darkened room, and in the sunshine of life revived, hope was re-established, thought became sweet and sane, new interests were born, and in happiness was health.

It is an old saying that "Every dog has his day," but now it may be equally predicated on cats. October 1st is now recognized in England as "Every Cat's Day," when all who sympathize with the sufferings of cats are asked to give them some help. One way to do this is to contribute to one of the institutions which have been formed in many towns to carry out the simple duty of clearing the streets of stray cats and giving them at least a painless exit from life. There are forty-five cat shelters in various parts of the country.

You say, "What can I do?" You can furnish one Christian life. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, so determined not to commit every sin, that the great Christian Church shall be stronger for your living in it, and the problem of the world be answered, and a certain great peace come into this poor, perplexed phase of our humanity as it sees that new revelation of what Christianity is.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Events

The Unitarian Club.

President Symmes belives in activity, and in improving opportunities. It had been understood that the next meeting of the Club would be held during the promised visit of Dr. Crothers, who is to give the University of California an early opportunity of testing his quality, but learning that Dr. Francis G. Peabody was to be in San Francisco for a few days, preparatory to embarking for Japan, an extra meeting was arranged, the Harvard Club being invited to share the privilege.

On Thursday, February 27th, a very enjoyable meeting was held at which Dr. Peabody was greeted by many old friends, and won high regard from those not previously enjoying his acquaintanceship. His benignant presence, his kindliness of manner, and the wisdom and earnestness of his utterances impressed all. If he had come unheralded and unknown the effect would have been much the same. The strength of personality is intuitively recognized.

Many years ago, at the platform meeting of Boston's historic May assemblage, Mr. George William Curtis presided with unequalled discretion and wit. Among those whom he introduced were Dr. Hedge, Dr. Stebbins and Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. In presenting the genial and venerated theologian he related an incident of his early life. He had substituted for a friend to the delight of his hearers. On the way out a stranger inquired of a parishioner, "Who was that young man who preached this morning?" "That was Peabody," was the reply. "Peabody Peabody! Well, I knew it was somebody!"

The impression seems to attract the name. All the attendants felt that they heard somebody, and somebody whose opinions on religion, life, and the church was not to be forgotten.

He spoke of the changes in conception as to the place of the church, and the emphasis on service. The concern of the world for social service has become the dominant note of life. There is a new sense of responsibility. The

concern is for all. The strength of the whole is a wider aim than the strength of the part. There is less consideration of self, and more thought of the world. We are following Dr. Hale's appeal to "look out and not in—and to lend a hand." The church is less interested in theological differences. It seeks a Christ of the Human Heart. As Unitarians it may be useful to us to re-read our life of William Ellery Channing. We will be surprised to find how modern it seems—to find the extent to which he placed in the foreground those conceptions that are now so generally accepted. The times seem to have caught up with what he so earnestly proclaimed. His appeal might have been urged by a popular preacher of the present year. Take three of the characters he held up for appreciation—Dr. Howe, Dr. Tuckerman and Dorothea Dix—and consider how widely they represent the new era of social responsibility.

It is well to consider what part organized religion is to take in this bringing in of the Kingdom. Shall work be substituted for worship? Whatever the church may do, its greatest service will be to preserve the touch of the ideal. There are two possibilities ahead of us—we may proceed along a lower level and develop a dark materialism, or we may lift life to a higher realm controlled by will and conscience. The place of the church is suggested by the power-house which generates energy to transform and animate the material world. What the world most needs is spiritual power, and it looks to the church for it. If we can generate power enough, all our troublesome and threatening problems can be solved.

The only other speaker was Rev. William Day Simonds, of Oakland, who made an excellent address on what San Francisco was called upon to do in the crisis presented by the approaching exposition. It will certainly present a great opportunity, and its results will be either a better city or a worse city. Which it shall be, depends upon the people of the community.

There are four agencies to be relied upon,—the government, the home, the

school and the church. He contended that the saying that man could not be made good by law is a false statement. It is finally the only way. He illustrated the progress of the idea of freedom. The anti-slavery sentiment held by a few became a conviction by many, and, unconsciously, men fought for it, but it only became effective until it was embodied in law, through the stroke of a pen, then it became a habit, and finally the accepted condition of national life. He made an earnest plea for the preservation of the American home, whose decline he felt a great danger. Flats and apartments are not homes, and there is danger in the multiplication of attractions that lure from home, and in the devotion to business that makes a man a stranger to his family.

The school is tremendously important, but those interested are so merciless in their self-criticism that they seem to be deserving of protection against themselves. It certainly is demanded that pupils be fitted for life through education of heads, hands, and hearts.

He alluded forcibly to what the church might do and what it must do if it is to deserve life and maintain it.

He closed with an expression of faith and optimism. What San Francisco has accomplished in the past six years is sufficient evidence that she can do anything she concludes is worth doing. The exposition would be worthy and it would leave San Francisco a better and a stronger city.

Two Ways.

"If I had a fortune," quoth bright little Win,
 "I'd spend it in Sunday-schools. Then, don't
 you see,
 Wicked boys would be taught that to steal is
 a sin,
 And would leave all our apples for you and
 for me?"

"If I had a fortune," quoth twin-brother Will,
 "I'd spend it in fruit-orchards. Then, don't
 you see,
 Wicked boys should all pick till they've eaten
 their fill,
 And they wouldn't want apples from you or
 from me. —*Mary C. Bartlett.*

The idea of right is the primary and the highest revelation of God to the human mind.—*Channing.*

Joaquin Miller's Burial.

On February 17th Joaquin Miller's brave spirit left his enfeebled body. Simple ceremonies marked the funeral.

It was in Juanita cottage on the "Hights" surrounded by the trees which the poet had planted, the flowers he loved and the home he constructed with his own hands, that his friends gathered in the cool of a mountain morning to pay the only tribute which Joaquin himself desired.

Rev. William Day Simonds recited two of Joaquin Miller's poems and then said:

"We are gathered at the funeral of the last of America's great poets, that is, the last so far as now appears. Longfellow and Lowell, Holmes and Whittier and Walt Whitman, all of whom knew and honored the Poet of the Sierras, were laid to rest years ago. A little younger, but belonging distinctly to that era, Joaquin Miller has lived into the second decade of our twentieth century. For twenty-five years he has lived here on the 'Hights,' a thousand feet above the city and the sea. And now that he is gone what shall we say of him, our poet?"

"Truly and most sincerely this: He was a poet by the grace of God, and not by favor of school or college. The God-ordained poet is a man endowed with a vision and with the gift of adequate expression—adequate and musical. To that vision he must first of all be true, and that gift of melodious expression he must train with persevering industry.

"Joaquin Miller was true to his vision and true to his gift. Let the poet once stoop to commercialize his vision or consent to fashion his verse to please popular taste, though he gain applause and wealth, to such a one the gates of noble achievement are forever closed.

"To our poet, upon whom has fallen the 'white silence' of death, there was granted in youth a vision of rare beauty. He saw this wonderful West, its mountains and valleys, its rivers and charming lakes, its forests and deserts, its varied life—not as the careless see, but as the dreamer with artist soul endowed, and so seeing he revealed to the

East, and to Europe, a new paradise for men. Well could he say, 'I have been true to my West. She has been my only love. I have remembered her greatness. I have done my work to show to the world her vastness, her riches, her resources, her valor and her dignity, her poetry and her grandeur.'

"This was his mission, his vision, and right nobly was it fulfilled. In words that were pictures in cadences that sometimes fell like softest music on the ear, he portrayed to an admiring world the unexplored beauty of lands that lay between the Rockies and the sea.

"In his lines are the majesty of our mountains, the loveliness of the valleys threaded with winding creeks, the mystery of untrodden forests, the fragrance of wild-flowers, the nesting of happy birds, the mingled light and shade of morning and of night, and over all the serenity of the stars.

"He loved the freedom and the frankness of nature. He reveled in the unspoiled integrity of God's great out-of-doors. Pioneer men and women, miners, hunters, Indians, children of the fields and woods, the unconventional and the sincere, these were his friends, and to those he gave the best his genius could bestow.

"What troubles he may have had, what private griefs I know not; but this I know, he was in life most fortunate that God permitted him to do a little work the world will not forget. Much that he wrote will pass and be remembered no more, but there are lines traced by his hand which bear the stamp of immortality. They will live as long as men can sense the grandeur of our mountains, or the ocean's sublime appeal.

"Most fortunate our poet in the time and manner of his going from us. Dante died in exile; Byron in far away Greece; Shelly sank to his rest in the waters of a foreign sea. But Joaquin Miller died under a roof his own hands had reared and in sight of a forest his own hands had planted. Birds he had welcomed to their summer nests sang his requiem. Wife and daughter and friends ministered to nature's last needs. Loving hands smoothed his pillow and moist-

ened his parched lips. Dying, he went from love to love, from his own house to his Father's house above.

"And he is dead, our poet. But what is death? He shall answer:

"What is this rest of death, sweet friend?

"What is the rising up, and where?

I say death is a lengthened prayer,
A longer night, a larger end.

"I say the shores of death and sleep
Are one; that when we, wearied, come
To Lethe's waters and lie dumb,
'Tis death, not sleep, holds us in keep.

"Yea, we lie dead for need of rest—
And so the soul drifts out and o'er
The vast still waters to the shore
Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil, quest.

"It sails straight on, forgetting pain,
Past isles of peace to perfect rest."

Following his address, Dr. Simonds read Miller's poem, "Down Into the Dust."

Colonel John P. Irish, life-long friend of the poet, also spoke feelingly of the latter's illustrious work and referred to Miller as "the last of the great poets."

Blanche Partington then recited "The River of Rest," a poem by Joaquin Miller, beginning with the lines:

"A beautiful stream is the River of Rest;
The still, wide waters sweep clear and cold.
A tall lean mast crosses a star in the west,
A white sail gleams in the west world's gold;
It leans to the shore of the River of Rest—
The lily-lined shore of the River of Rest."

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Herbert Jump, pastor of the First Congregational Church.

This ended the ceremonies at the "Fights."

At the mortuary chapel Mr. Simonds took as his text a quotation from the poet's "Columbus," the closing lines of which run:

"Sail on, Sail on. Sail on and On!"

He referred to having heard the poet recite those lines on the occasion of his last public appearance on Independence Day at Lakeside Park.

"Into that line," said the speaker, "this grand old man seemed to throw the energy, not of his frail body, but of his great, unwearied spirit. That has been his life: 'Sail on, sail on.' He has slept beneath Italian skies; he has seen the beauties of Greece, and the frozen wilds of Alaska. Scarcely is there a spot on the Pacific Coast that

he has not immortalized by his wonderful pen.

"I ask you to think that this change which we call death is but a sailing on across God's seas to a dearer land.

"It was natural that this true and sincere poet of the West should have formed a strong attachment for a true and and sincere poet of the East, John Greenleaf Whittier, and so I can think of no more appropriate way of closing this service than by reciting the beautiful lines of Whittier:

"Yet in the maddening maze of things
And tossed by storm and flood
To one fixed trust my spirit clings
I know that God is good."

It was Ina Coolbrith, the poet—and now, since Miller has gone, the very last of the old guard of California's pioneer writers—who gave the name of Joaquin to Cincinnatus Heiner (not Heine) Miller. In 1870, when he first came down to California from Oregon and had published his first little book of poems, entitled "Joaquin et al.," he told Miss Coolbrith of his determination to go to London and win fame, or quit.

"How in the world," she asked him, "do you ever expect to climb Parnassus with such a name as you have? Miller is bad enough, but Cincinnatus Heiner is impossible."

"But what can I do?" Miller protested. "It's my name, isn't it?"

"Yes, but why don't you take some name that will identify you with California?" Miss Coolbrith rejoined. "Take the name of your first book, call yourself Joaquin."

"By George, I'll do it," said Miller. And from that day he signed himself Joaquin Miller.

Statesman a Teacher.

The active statesman is often an incomparable teacher when he is himself least conscious that he is teaching at all, when he has no thought of being didactic, but has simply a heart full of the high purpose of leading his fellow countrymen to do those things which he conceives to be right.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

The Sermon

The Trinity—Many in One.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin.

Trinitarianism and Unitarianism are supposed to stand in uncompromising antithesis to each other. It is thought that if one is right then the other must be absolutely wrong, and consequently there can be no common ground between them. The Unitarian church is regarded by some as having no other mission than to destroy Trinitarianism, and consequently if it does anything else than fire hot shot at the Trinity it is untrue to its mission and purpose.

I have been a Unitarian minister for nearly fifteen years, and I cannot now recall ever having pronounced the word "trinity" or "trinitarian" in the pulpit prior to this morning. I presume I have, but I have no recollection of so doing. I am not conscious of ever having tried to avoid the subject; it seems to have never occupied a place of importance in my estimate of values. I presume I should have gone on for another fifteen years without mentioning it, if I had not undertaken a systematic survey of the entire field of religion. In an historical survey of religion one encounters the trinity at almost every turn, for few subjects have held the centre of the stage in the Christian world for so many centuries as has the trinity in some form or another. After much deliberation I decided that it ought to furnish food for at least one Sunday sermon in a three years' course.

To indicate that I have no animus on this subject because of the fact of my being a Unitarian, I want at the outset to admit that the Trinitarian doctrine of the Godhead was a perfectly natural and normal and inevitable development. I wish further to admit that it was a broader, better and more elastic conception of God than the Unitarian conception that it replaced in the fourth century of the Christian era. As three is greater than one, so the trinity admitted of more points of contact with human life and more manifestations of the spirit than was possible to the bald and inelastic Unitarian conception of that time. Humanity did well to choose

as it did, and it is doubtless better for the world that this became the dominant form of Christianity rather than the other.

Most of the world religions have sooner or later developed a more or less clearly defined trinitarian system of belief. Polytheistic religions, that is the religions that have believed in many gods, have usually concentrated upon three of their divinities and have not only lodged nearly all power in these three, but the three have usually merged more or less into some sort of unity, the three being in a degree interdependent. Monotheistic religions,—that is those that have believed in one God, have gradually transformed that single divinity into three distinct personalities, functioning in the world in different ways, though in some mysterious way still one.

In the old Hindu religion Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva constitute a trinity of divine personalities and yet united in some way into a divine unity. Just what was their relation and just how they constituted one in three and three in one has been the subject of endless controversy among the speculative and speculating Hindus, just as the Christian trinity has in the Western world.

Persian Zoroasterism developed along lines almost parallel to Brahmanism in these particulars. In the old Greek and Roman world three divinities in some way united were clearly superior to the many other divinities. As Greek philosophy reached its height, it organized the world into a three-fold form or process.

If we take the great Jewish-Christian stream as one and trace it down through the centuries we find the most striking illustration of all these changes; we see not only evolution but involution; from all the various forms, not once but many times, we see it swinging back and forth. When the Hebrews first emerge from prehistoric darkness, they are polytheistic, they are believers in, and worshippers of, many gods. From this they gradually evolve into henotheism, that is believers in many gods but worshippers of one god, holding this one to be superior to all others; from this con-

dition through the strenuous and tireless efforts of the prophets and the priests they became monotheists or worshippers of one god and recognizing only one deity. Such was their condition in the time of Jesus and in the beginning of Christianity. But this did not endure. Under the influence of Greek and Roman thought and life it evolved into the tritheism or the trinitarianism of the fourth and fifth centuries, in which God in three persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, makes its appearance.

It did not stop here. Under the influence of the pagan barbaric hordes that came down from the North and embraced Christianity, Christianity, though not nominally but in reality became polytheistic; the various saints and others were regarded by the rank and file as gods and were worshipped as such. With further refinement came Protestantism; and under Protestantism the worship of the saints was discarded and tritheism or trinitarianism was again re-established,—not exactly the trinitarianism of a thousand years before, but similar in form. Certainly Protestant Trinitarianism is having its troubles. The trinity is fading out of existence everywhere. It is hard to find an outspoken defender of the trinity anywhere,—though one exception has come to my notice just recently. If you will look in last Monday's *Tribune*, at the declaration of principles of the new Bible Institute that is being established here in Los Angeles, to which it is said every teacher must subscribe at least once a year,—there is a strong, clear-cut statement of trinitarianism in all its sharpness and vigor, and here is a bugle blast of no uncertain sound calling people to its defense. It is very refreshing to find someone who is willing to stand by the old guns without equivocation or compromise, who will come to the defense of the old without explaining it all away while defending it.

But in spite of these exceptions interest in the trinity as a vital fact or a vital belief has almost disappeared. To what end is it coming? I would not dare attempt to say. Professor

Paine in his evolution of Trinitarianism, which was written when he was Professor of Ecclesiastical History in good standing in a rockribbed orthodox theological seminary, says: "Trinitarianism is being Unitarianized." He puts that in italics and makes no exceptions. He says: "Trinitarianism is either polytheistic or pantheistic in its very nature and must be classed in one or the other of these positions however hard theologians may struggle against it." He further says: "It is one of the most singular facts of the present theological situation, that the theologians who are the staunchest supporters of the trinitarian faith as they believe, are themselves drifting directly to a unitarian form of heresy which the early church condemned and cast out." I do not wish to make any comments except to say that the kind of unitarianism he here refers to is not exactly the kind that is being preached in this church, but it is the kind that was preached in Unitarian churches fifty and seventy-five years ago.

The Jews apparently passed over from polytheism to monotheism without passing through the intermediate stages of tritheism or trinitarianism. There is no hint of a trinitarian belief or worship in the Old Testament. Most biblical critics are agreed that the same thing is true of the New Testament, though there are expressions into which the trinitarian idea has been put and these expressions have been used as authority for the establishment of the trinitarian dogma in the various creeds.

While we always think of monotheism, or the worship of one God as the highest and ultimate form of religion, we must bear in mind that there are different kinds of monotheism; and monotheism easier than almost any other form of religions hardens into something difficult to grasp, difficult to apply, inelastic and impossible in its appeal to the imaginations of all sorts and conditions of men. This is just what the monotheism of Judaism and early Christianity did.

Under the influence of the Greek subtlety of thought, God became a great

transcendent absentee being, far removed from the earth and from human contact. There was no easy mode of approach from man to God. Man was over-awed, but not nourished or uplifted by such an idea of God. It was necessary for God to be humanized in order to become accessible to man. This urgent need the Christ idea or the deification of Jesus filled. Here in Jesus was a divinity of flesh and blood like themselves; one who suffered as they did; one who struggled with the same passions and temptations as themselves; one who trod the same earth and at the same time had all the power and wisdom and glory that the transcendent God himself possesses. He sympathized and loved and had compassion as a man and yet as God. This might seem like a contradiction, but in that very contradiction God was brought down to earth; was humanized and made accessible to man. It was this humanizing of God in the person of Jesus of Nazareth and deifying of man that gave Christianity its great power. It appealed to the whole range of man's aspiration. It rose higher and at the same time reached down in more accessible form than any of the other religions.

As time advanced the Christ idea underwent a change. Greek thought began to dehumanize Christ as well. The transcendent Christ rather than the immanent Christ became the dominant thought. They began to think of Christ not so much as walking and suffering and sympathizing with men on the earth as seated in glory by the side of the father judging the world and man, rather than living with him and sympathizing with him. Again God was becoming inaccessible to man. In response to this need the idea of the Holy Spirit or the Holy Ghost was evolved. God was thought of not only as seated upon the throne in heaven far away from man and as having come down to earth in the person of Christ to save men, but was thought of as a pervading spirit that moved through the world in invisible form and yet endowed with the same power and wisdom as God the Father and God the Son or Christ. Thus was God again

brought down to earth and through the Holy Spirit was thought to be accessible at all times and places. It was at about this time that Christianity was becoming hardened into fixed form and the creeds were being established and consequently the trinity or God as three persons went into the creeds, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

Still, there was an element in human nature that was unsatisfied. This was the feminine element. The Godhead was all masculine and pronouncedly so. Timid, shrinking woman found no easy avenue of access to the heart of God. But they had heard of the mother of Christ, and instinctively and without any one's consent, the suffering burdened womanhood of the world began to pour its heart out to the mother of Christ. The worship of the Virgin came into being spontaneously in response to one of the deepest needs of life, and for many centuries more heartfelt prayers were directed to the Virgin Mother than to all the other members of the Godhead. We thus had in reality, though not nominally, instead of a trinity a quaternity of persons in the Godhead: God the Father, Creator; God the Mother, the Virgin; God the Son, Christ; and God the Holy Spirit, the mystic pervading divine element in life.

But the creeds had hardened in the trinitarian form. For this reason, and for the further reason, and this was probably the main one, because the church was masculine in all its government, while the worship of the Virgin was permitted, the Virgin was never elevated to a position of equality with the other persons of the Godhead. This is much to be regretted, for the recognition of the Motherhood of God in terms of equality with the Fatherhood of God incorporated into the very constitution of the church would have gone a long way toward the more speedy emancipation of woman from the dominance of man. The worship of the Virgin even in a subordinate position has given Catholicism a great advantage over Protestantism. One of the weaknesses of Protestantism has been

that it has forced women in her times of humiliation and shame to pray to a masculine deity.

This growth of the trinity or plural conception of God was an enrichment and improvement over the old transcendent absentee monotheism or unitarian conception of God that it replaced. It admitted of so many more manifestations of God among men. It made God so much more accessible to all. It forced to a choice between the old unitarianism and the old trinitarianism or pluralism that I should not have the slightest hesitation in choosing the latter. It is not only much more practical in its ministrations to life, but it contains more of truth as well.

But this pluralizing process did not stop here. Christianity was in the meantime converting all the many pagan peoples of Europe to Christianity. When we see how quickly and easily the millions of barbaric pagans became good Christians, we say nothing but a miracle could have produced such results. But it required no miracle. The reason they could change so easily and quickly was because they did not change much. The pagans could come over easily because they were permitted to carry most of their paganism over with them. Most of the pagan institutions, much of the pagan spirit, many of the pagan forms of worship, and many of the pagan gods themselves were taken over and incorporated into Christianity and became a part of it. So complete was this adoption, that in many instances the pagans after their conversion worshipped the very same images as saints in the church that they had before worshipped as saints, and used very much the same forms of worship.

Thus Christianity passed over from a monotheistic or unitarian Judaism through one intermediate stage of trinitarianism, to a real though not nominal state of polytheism, or at least of pluralism. The three persons of the trinity, the virgin, satan, the saints and the good and evil spirits form a middle age pantheon of deities as striking as the Greek and Roman pantheons of antiquity. Dante in his *Divine Comedia*

and Milton in his pictures of paradise give us pictures certainly scarcely less polytheistic than the pictures of Homer and Virgil.

I speak of this polytheizing or pluralizing of Christianity not as a disparagement of Christianity, but in its praise. It was to its glory that it was able to do this. It was the source of its power and its strength, for it did give to all these heterogeneous beliefs a new spirit. It gave them unity and a common organic life and on that has been built up our modern civilization. It is hard for us to be fair toward polytheism or pluralism. An elastic, vital polytheism is vastly superior to an inelastic, hard and fast monotheism, as monotheism is apt to become. Some form of polytheism or pluralism had been best suited to most of the peoples and most of the times of the past, and most of the religions have been pluralistic in reality, no matter what they were in theory.

Since the middle ages Christianity has in a sense reversed the process through which it passed up to that time. By that I do not mean that it has been going back; it has been going straight on, but it has passed through similar cycles in the reverse order while achieving higher visions all the time. Protestantism brought us back from polytheism to trinitarianism again, but a trinitarianism with a new spirit. Protestantism eliminated the worship of the virgin, the saints, the use of images, and much of the materialistic machinery of the middle ages. It kept the Christ and enlarged and enriched the Christ idea; it kept the Holy Spirit and enlarged its powers and possibilities; it also kept the devil and greatly increased his powers and enlarged his field of action. For a time Protestantism seemed to be in danger of giving the devil the best of everything, but has been rapidly curtailing his powers and cutting down his domain in recent times.

Belief in and interest in the trinity is certainly on the wane everywhere. It is falling into the background in all parts of the world. What is coming in its place? That is hardly for me to say: some form of unity certainly; I will not

say Unitarianism, for that would sound egotistical.

The belief quite widely prevails that the modern liberal religious movements of which there are many and of which the Unitarian is probably the most pronounced, means, if it is successful, the ushering in of that old, high and dry, inelastic monotheism or unitarianism of the past. If it did mean that it would certainly be a serious calamity indeed.

The idea quite widely prevails that this modern liberal movement means the taking away of the whole Christ idea and putting nothing in its place; the taking away of the idea of the Holy Spirit and putting nothing in its place. This would leave nothing but the great transcendent absentee God, as inaccessible and unapproachable as the stars in the heavens. Most people's ideas are that liberalism either removes God entirely or leaves only that inaccessible, changeless, transcendent deity of the old trinitarian Godhead.

If this were true it would mean the end of all religion, and with the end of religion the life stream would begin to dwindle, for aspiration and inspiration would be gone. As I see it, the modern liberal movement means exactly the reverse of that. Instead of taking away the Christ it so enlarges the whole Christ conception that few people recognize it. Instead of seeing God incarnate in one man at one particular time and place, we are beginning to see God incarnate in all men and women who aspire and reach upward toward a more perfect life. It is certainly infinitely more inspiring and encouraging and uplifting to think of all men reaching out toward perfection in response to some divine element working within them and carrying them on, than to think of there being just one perfect divine man and all made dependent upon some technical belief in his divinity.

Instead of taking away the belief in the Holy Spirit, we try to enlarge it almost infinitely. Instead of thinking of the Holy Spirit as working only occasionally, spasmodically, and through some occasional supernatural miracle, we try to think of the Holy Spirit as in-

herent in the world and working through all processes of life. It is the working of the Holy Spirit that keeps us up to our best when we are most normal, not something that seizes upon us occasionally in some miraculous manner when everything is most abnormal. The world is not growing atheistical, but the reverse. The God idea is becoming so enlarged and enriched that we are dazed and confused. Let us look for God not in the special and the abnormal, but in the normal and life-giving everywhere.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over the upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from that mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

Unless we learn to do our duty to those whom we employ, they will never learn to do their duty to us.—*Dickens.*

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower.—*John Ruskin.*

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.—*Tennyson.*

Contributed.

Pomp in Simplicity.

By Annette J. Chamberlain.

There lies before me on my desk a letter in wavering though perfectly legible hand, dated at Frog Gulch. The spelling, mostly phonetic, is so from the standpoint of a person whose ear accepts "v" for "w," "d" for "t." Capitals seem to have been shaken over the page with nothing other than the law of chance to govern their position; yet once grasping from its contents, the personality behind the letter, method of expression sinks into unimportance, so devoted, so true, this crude epistle rings.

It is the husband's word to me of the death of his wife Marie Bjorn, and the mention of her name takes me back to a visit in the Sierras nearly twenty years ago.

I am again on the porch of a cabin which, screened on three sides, suggests a huge bird cage hanging against the mountain. The mill beyond, reached by "made land," sends forth its continuous roar, cut now and then by signal bells: one, "hoist;" two, "lower;" three, "man." I can translate them almost unconsciously.

In a seam-like gulch, between the cabin and the opposite mountain-side ran a ear, building with each rattling deposit an advancing headland—the "dump."

Life in the porch never became monotonous. The shadows cast by embracing vines waved in a breeze pungent with pine and tar weed. From the kitchen quarter came the clatter of Sing's pans or a whirl of an ice cream freezer. My little hostess was idly busy with her household affairs. Like a kitten she was born to play and she held to her heritage.

With the morning came the fun of marketing at the door. Two diminutive donkeys loaded until almost nothing but legs and ears were visible arrived, guided by a lanky individual in shirt sleeves, and trousers tucked in top boots. During the unloading the little beasts crowded one another in an effort to peer into the porch, only to be prod-

ded back by the third member of the party. Such a feast for eyes as well as the inner man did the trio bring; seemingly the wealth from the four corners of the earth,—berries, melons, peaches, figs, pomegranates as the burden of one; corn, peas, beans, squash, peppers, weighed down the other.

"Judging from their loads," I said to my hostess, "that must be Pomona and this Ceres."

"No mam," spake he of the boots, with a drawl that even so was emphatic, "That thar's Jim and this 'uns Jinny."

It was one afternoon a short time after my arrival. My merry-hearted little hostess had brought a puppy for a romp in the porch. I sat amused and dawdling over a bit of embroidery. Suddenly the barking of the dogs on the hill above the house gave warning that someone had entered the upper gate of the mine enclosure. As the noise continued, my hostess, snatching up the puppy, waltzed to the further end and looked out. Standing there she motioned me to her and said in a low voice as I reached her side:

"These are the Ole Bjorns coming to call. They have a ranch about seven miles from here; pretty spot. If you could only stay, we would drive over some day; I'd like to have you see it."

While she was speaking I watched the prospective callers with more interest than most people would have aroused. I saw coming down the hill an ordinary looking man in knitted pea jacket, who supported on his arm most tenderly, a little hunch-back woman, clad in a dark cotton gown, fashionless, with a view to hiding her small distorted body. Neither was very young. Possibly either alone would have failed to seize upon the imagination, but here, with a mountain side for a background, and unconscious of a living observer, was a man who guided his wife's footsteps with the solicitude of a lover, the chivalry of a Sir Walter Raleigh. Since "all the world loves a lover," that must include the married lover.

My hostess met them cordially and I was introduced. Perhaps there was a shade more of reserve in their bear-

ing because of my presence, a stranger, but the manners of both were noticeable for a certain grace springing from inborn refinement rather than a knowledge of the world's standards.

We were seated in the porch, and at first the conversation was largely between my hostess and her callers.

"How are Olaf and Tony?" she asked; and then turning to me she explained, "Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn have two sons, such nice boys—I suppose they are in school?"

"Yes," said their mother, "ve vant dem to go all de time."

"How old are they?" I questioned their father.

"Elefen and turteen," was his answer, with a little inclination of the head. "Ve vish to haf so much schooling as ve can."

The talk branched off to gossip of the Bjorn neighborhood, all of which interested me, revealing as it did now and then bits of frontier life.

"How are Mrs. Gordon and her children while Mr. Gordon is away?" asked my hostess.

"Oh, her baby haf been very seek," said Mrs. Bjorn.

"Yes," continued her husband, "it was so very seek and so it would haf died but Mrs. Bell haf been going twice efery day to Mrs. Gordon's ranch to meelk her cow."

"What!" exclaimed my hostess, "she ride eight miles a day to milk the cow for a woman when they are not on speaking terms?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bjorn, "but zee say zee could not let dat leetle baby die for hungur."

"Surely not," I said, "but you people here in the mountains do a great deal for one another and think very little about it."

"Ve do ven der iss de need, that iss all," said Mrs. Bjorn simply.

My embroidery lay on the table, and picking it up Mrs. Bjorn said, "I did do a great deal like dat, but now I only vant to read and read, I vant *so mooch* to lehrn English."

I asked her how long she had been away from Denmark, and the question

led to our speaking of the Danish royal family.

"Oh," she exclaimed, and her manner to me warmed instantly. "You know dat de Princess vas named Dagmar? Nobody I talk to hass efer known about de Danish King and hees family," she added regretfully.

"Oh, yes, I know," and then I explained to her how some of my friends had been in the American legation at Copenhagen and repeated to her some little anecdotes, that, through them, had come to me (of the Danish royal household). She listened eagerly, first calling her husband to realize of whom I spoke, and exclaimed as she clasped her hands in an enthusiastic little gesture over her heart, "Oh, day iss such beautiful peoples," and I thought I could see within her childlike mind. Rank and beauty of character were one.

Again we came back to our own locality when my hostess inquired, "And the Baron, you have not told me of him. Have you heard anything from the Long Peak lately?" Then to me she added, "The Baron is Mr. Weimar, during winters a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Bjorn's. He is interested in the Long Peak Mine, but the season is so short at that altitude, they cannot work the year round. "We don't know," she waved her hand to include her guests, "that he is a real Baron; some one gave him the title and it seemed so appropriate we have adopted it."

"He vent up to dur mine," spake Mr. Bjorn, "in April; like as he always does, but ve are hearing de Long Peak does not pay; it iss too bad de Baron iss in dat mine."

"I wish you might see him," said my hostess to me, "so handsome, in his military boots and gauntlets, on a splendid black horse, a novel sight for these mountain roads."

"He iss yust such a soldier gentleman," softly said Mrs. Bjorn.

When our guests came to take their departure, my hostess and I accompanied them up the hill to the gate where they had left their vehicle. We found awaiting them a freight wagon with very high seat, such as is commonly used for hauling, in the moun-

tains, and to it were hitched a dejected looking white horse and a crafty dark mule, ill matched also as to height.

I marveled in my own mind, first at Mrs. Bjorn traveling in such a conveyance, and, secondly, as to how she attained that necessary elevation. From her bearing I judged it was not a matter for concern. With her husband gently assisting her, she climbed quite as a matter of course, onto the wheel, from the wheel to the box, from box to seat spring and took her place. He gathered up the reins. While still standing removed his hat, and looking down upon my little hostess, pride beaming from his face, said:

"Mrs. Holland, do you remember one efening, it must be now sefen years ago already, when you vere on Billy and I vas valking home from de Springs for Sunday?"

"I don't know as I do," she said. "Why?"

"Oh, I can so vell remember," he continued. "You asked me about my vork and spoke about de long valk, and you said, 'But one of dose days Mr. Bjorn you vill be driving your own pair, and so I am,' and with goodbye's, in which no suspicion of any humor lurked, they drove into the evening shadows."

"Well I declare," I said, as we turned back down the hill, "you certainly have a novel couple there. I wish I were going to see more of them; how devoted he is, and was there ever anything quite so satisfying in these days of display as their pride in that equipage? Heigho! fancy rattling up hill and down dale at such an elevation as that seat; I wonder she can stay on."

"I'm glad they came," said my little hostess, "though I hadn't thought of them as making a part of our 'show' up here."

"Hardly that, my dear," I answered, and for a moment the landscape became somewhat misty. She continued as we descended the hill:

"We knew them while John still managed the Eldorado. I had forgotten about meeting him in the road, but now, I seem to recall it. When they first came into the mountains they took up government land and lived under a tree,

too poor to build anything. He found work at the Springs and finally had the lumber bought for a house when he lost his job and was obliged to sell it again to feed his family. However, they are thrifty and are a long way removed from the days when a tree made their only roof. They have plenty of water and have made it such a pretty place, I wish I could take you over there."

"I wish I had the time," I answered, and just then the whistle at the mill put a stop to further conversation.

That evening the time was taken up by the manager and his wife from a neighboring mine who came for a game of cards. On the morrow I made an early start, so the subject of the Bjorns was not again renewed, though, on my homeward way, and later, I found myself frequently thinking of them.

During the months that followed I now and then had a letter from the mine which kept me more or less in touch with the life. One came in the January following, which was in part as follows:

"You will be interested to know the Bjorns were here this afternoon and that the freight wagon from henceforth is relegated to its own department. When I went up to the gate with them—as you and I did last summer—there was a handsome surry and the steeds a real pair. They hadn't told me of it, but waited for the true dramatic effect and sprang it upon me. It is upholstered in dark green cloth and was Mr. Bjorn's Christmas present to his wife—and she—proud? No name for it. As she was about to step in she said to me, 'It is just like riding in fedders,' and in contrast, wouldn't you think it would be? Come up, come up."

I accepted that invitation the following summer, though I must confess it was not wholly with assurance that I again faced towards the Sierras. Misgivings, now and then mingled with anticipation lest what had been so rose-colored, so picturesque, would on second viewing come into the garish light of day and be lost in the commonplace. Needless fears, for once again on the porch, lulled by the dull roar from the mill, my interest quickened now and again by some strange type, miner,

rancher, or vaquero, I could have fancied I had never been away.

Not long after my return it was planned for the next day we should drive over to the Bjorn ranch for a call and then on to the Eldorado for a picnic lunch. The buckboard and "Calamity Jane," the biggest and blackest of mules, stood at the door soon after breakfast. Jonas, excused from the blacksmith shop for the day, was our driver, lumbering Jonas, with his honest face, and punctilious gallantry, from which there was no escape. His assistance into the buckboard meant black and blue spots the day following. Seemingly he was unable to disassociate a woman's arm from his familiar bellows handle.

We climbed the hill past a thicket of young pines entrancingly fragrant and came out on the "grade." Turning our backs on leagues of yellow hills that cushioned all between us and the hazy blue valley in the distance, we faced, in a vista between cañon walls, the spires of the high Sierras. No sign of human life anywhere; only the tan brown hills oak dotted, quivered in the heat. Round and round the bends stretched the girdling road. Steadily "Calamity" trotted on, and keeping a tempo with her brisk gait my little hostess chattered merrily of life in this novel world. Jonas rarely spoke. It always seemed as if to make all connections between ear and tongue was a good deal of an effort for Jonas.

I sat silent, amused by what I heard, charmed by the beauty about me, lost as to a sense of time or distance. Possibly we had covered five or six miles. Thus far the nearby landscape had worn a foot-hill aspect, but here Nature in one of her whimsical moods, decreed a foretaste of the loftier heights, their beauty without their awesomeness, and set down Indian Ridge. On the highest point of this ridge, above a brawling river, the Indians in days ago lighted their beacon fires, and now, though the red man, crushed into silence, no longer signals a distant brave, Indian Ridge still proudly bears his name. Like a gem in a golden setting it stands, blue, serene, pulsing, living; possessing for

the lingering beholder the very attributes of his own heart within a loveliness that draws him back, yearning, homesick, through the years.

The ridge stretches away to the east, forming the wall to a small valley which we now entered.

Here begins the great Craig ranch and here we wended our way beside green alfalfa fields animate with yellow butterflies. Finally we emerged on the "flats" among pines, oak and manzanita. "Calamity" knew where she was going. Jonas looked straight ahead and the "little Madam" chattered on.

"It's too bad," she said, "you couldn't have met Mr. Weimar last summer. I think you will remember having heard him spoken of—"the Baron," as we called him—he died about a month ago while I was in Los Angeles. 'Strange,' she continued, and this time she spoke musingly, "we didn't really know much of anything about him; anyone could see he was a man of birth, and we think he had been in the Russian army, but even that is surmise. My, though! he could ride equal to any vaquero, couldn't he, Jonas?"

"He could," said Jonas, and his tone reminded one of a Methodist "Amen."

A sudden turn about a clump of manzanita revealed unexpectedly a lane bordered by trees. A short distance up the lane was a gate, and there, unaware that we were coming, stood Mrs. Bjorn ready to swing the gate open and bid us welcome. She was not as tall as the gate, standing against it, and was clad much as she had been the first time I saw her, but more enhancing her quaintness, a large hat tied down against the sides of her head and moccasin-shaped shoes with up-turned toes. A stranger little creature could hardly have been imagined. A being of one's childish fancy she seemed; a little gnome who had strayed from her abode under some hill, though one glance into her face, sweet and pathetic as it was, dispelled any thought other than that most human. Mr. Bjorn appeared from somewhere, greeted us most cordially, and led the way towards the house.

"Oh, let's stay out here," I exclaimed. "What a little Eden you have

made." And with a pleased glance, he chose the coolest spot in the garden, where benches and tables stood invitingly under a tree. In a moment two boys came forward, wholesome, rosy-cheeked lads they were, with a desire to be friendly showing through their shyness.

I noticed they, as well as their father, wore spurs, and said, "It seems as though nearly everyone hereabout is turning into a vaquero. How is that, boys?" And they beamed while their father answered:

"Yes, we are all going to help Mr. Craig drive some cattle up to de high meadows."

At a word from their mother the boys disappeared, shortly to return with sparkling water from a spring and a basket of fruits. While our host and hostess were serving us, Tony again left us, and coming back a moment later, advanced to me, both hands extended, carrying a cocoanut which he deposited in my lap.

"For me?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, smiling and half sheepish.

"Oh! I know," I said, "all this garden isn't enough. Tony wants me to think he grows cocoanuts too."

He laughed but made no explanation, and his mother said, "Tony remembers de story you haf told me last year, of de Danish Crown Prince playing in de court yard wid de schildren," and regretfully I was forced to keep the boy's gift, which in that locality must have been a treasure.

Shortly after all three excused themselves, as they were due at the Craig ranch, and a moment later we heard the jingle of spurs as they galloped down the lane.

A spell seemed to be upon me as I looked, a spell cast by this garden of enchantment. Vines ran riot over the homelike little cottage, paths led hither and yon across the irregular ground, dividing bed from bed of blossoms. Trees in their home soil and those brought from afar cast their neighborly shadows and upheld their burdens of fruit. Here and there a boulder formed a background for a spot of gay color or

supported on huge shoulders some clinging plant; again some memory of one's childish fancies seemed to stir, to explain this new, yet oldest of one's worlds, for it seemed to have passed into the world of dreams.

Below the garden a willow-bordered stream murmured to itself; anon a butterfly tilted on its way; the air was filled with the drone of a thousand insects and sweet with the mingling of many odors, the woodsy freshness of willow, the tang of grape, and those more familiar perfumes of the blossoming garden,—and beyond—the breathing purple deeps of Indian Ridge wove such mysteries as even the long-drawn sunbarbs might not penetrate.

Mrs. Bjorn and my hostess had not met since the death of Mr. Weimar. Naturally his sickness and the events of his latter days were uppermost in the mind of his near neighbor.

As she began to speak of him, Mrs. Bjorn rose and stood before us, simple, direct, unconscious; her voice, soft and smooth, took on an added charm from the vowels of her own tongue. Hard and soft "gs" interchanged, becoming a sort of "right and left" of sound; "j" became "y," "w" was "v," the whole effect enhancing the soothing spell of the garden.

I cannot attempt to give her language but it was the following in substance, to which I listened:

The "Baron" had returned to their neighborhood for the preceding winter as usual, much to their satisfaction, for daily he rode by on his handsome horse, sometimes stopped to chat, and added a welcome variety to their rather isolated lives, yet never in their meeting did he speak of his former life or give them any definite word of his youth.

He lived in a little cabin in the cañon above them, attended to his own domestic affairs, read a good deal in different languages, and, seemingly, took whatever change the days demanded as he galloped about on horseback. But a time had come almost two months previously, when they noticed the Baron's absence, and Mr. Bjorn going in a neighborly way to look him up, had found him very ill, and had hastened

back for his wife that she might add her ministrations to his own. They did all that they could, summoned a doctor, and hardly left him night or day. Nothing, however, seemed to avail; the old man grew steadily thinner and weaker until his gracious thanks became inaudible. With the silence in regard to himself still unbroken, the "Baron" breathed his last.

In the new unsettled country now and then there appear those who would bury a past, but when has man heard of aught similar to the "Baron's" funeral? Marie Bjorn, with an inherited recognition of rank which in her simple mind stood for worth, felt they must render now the homage which in the past had been withheld. There was no vulgar curiosity desiring to lift the veil from the days gone by; the "Baron's" wishes were still held as sacred, but with a sentiment delicate as it was loyal to the traditions of an older civilization, the "Baron," though dead, must come into his own. He was to have a military funeral. No thought of incongruity in the situation entered her mind, no hesitation was there because of their limitations. In the matter of service it was akin to the widow's mite, "what she could."

Word was sent out to the nearer ranches and claims. Some neighbors came to assist, but it was easy to perceive Marie throughout was the moving spirit.

At the time appointed there was a gathering of more than a score of people. A strange company were they; the household from the great ranch, including the Chinese cook, Big Kintuck from the treadmill of his arasta, and on the outskirts the Indian Queen, last of her tribe, accompanied by another squaw leading a child by the hand. Probably not one among them quite grasped why this service was made to differ from those usual in their mountains.

The "Baron" was patrician indeed, as he lay in the shadow of the pines beside his cabin. The stars and stripes, perchance friendlier than his own flag, covered his rough casket, on which rested his cap and rifle.

Ole read prayers from the Lutheran prayer book and such passages from the Bible as Marie chose. It is impossible to say just what romance she wove for their neighbor's past, but in the sonorous tread of Old Testament language she crushed the imaginary foes of the "Baron," admitting neither behind nor before the gates of death, of defeat for their friend.

"The Archers have sorely grieved him and shot at him and hated him. But his bow abode in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. Even by the God of thy father who shall help thee and by the Almighty who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breast and of the womb. The blessings of thy father have prevailed unto the uttermost bounds of the everlasting hills, they shall be on the head of Joseph and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren." Through Marie it was the "eternal feminine" which spoke.

As the bearers at head and foot raised the casket, Marie's son fell in behind, leading the "Baron's" beautiful charger, riderless, with the military boots swinging from the saddle. All the company followed single file along the narrow trail to the chosen spot where, in a pine-encircled opening they buried their unknown hero.

Now, in the passing of the years, Tony and Olaf have their own nearby ranches. Little Marie rests not far from the Baron, within that sun-lit open. Ole keeps the garden in her memory, and Indian Ridge, mindful of that sweet offering at his feet, with heart-throb cloaked in heaven-born blue, stands guardian of the living and the dead.

My way in opening dawn I took
Between the hills beside a brook,
The peaks one sun was climbing o'er,
The dewdrops showed ten millions more.
The mountain valley is a vase
Which God has brimmed with rarest grace,
And kneeling in the taintless air,
I drink celestial blessings there.

—William Rounseville Alger.

Selected

Charlesbank Homes.

Edwin Ginn, the wealthy publisher, is best known for his great enthusiasm in the cause of peace and his million-dollar endowment of the World Peace Foundation, but he illustrates the principle too little recognized in the psychology of ethics, that high earnestness and noble enthusiasm in one direction mellow, broadens, strengthens life in every direction. So we are not surprised, but not on that account less delighted, to read in the Boston *Herald* of the "Charlesbank Homes" founded by Mr. Ginn. It is described as a great building, situated on the shores of the Charles, with a beautiful outlook, containing more than one hundred apartments of two, three and four rooms, with plenty of light and air in each. The building is absolutely fire-proof and with the most thorough sanitary arrangements known to architects. These apartments are for working people and families of small means at low rentals. It is worthy of note further that being a millionaire only gives another added grace and power to a philanthropist. The implication is that there are to be profits in the rentals of this building, but Mr. Ginn does not propose to put the profits in his own pocket, but they are to be applied in the erection of similar apartments and the further extension of the blessing of good homes to working people. This item from the Boston paper affords us another opportunity to insist in the columns of *Unity* that the next great step in the municipal development, as well as in the elevation of the working class, is just this architectural reform. The old "rookeries" that violate all the ordinances of the city and of God must be burned down by municipal authority, rendering only such compensation to the owner of such vicious property as a high-minded commission will decree under the law of eminent domain, and then let the vigilant oversight of city and public sentiment see to it that no buildings will be permitted to take their place except such as conform to the ordinances of the city as well as the ordinances of God, as interpreted by the highest sanitary and social science.

And if private capital is too sordid and distrustful, then municipalities must enter into this neglected opportunity and high necessities.—*Unity*.

What Shall We Say?

By David Starr Jordan.

THE CANAL AND ITS ENEMIES.

What answer shall we give to Admiral Mahan's demand for a greater navy because the Panama Canal weakens our line of defense?

This tireless militarist, in *The Times* tells us that the Panama Canal, once built and provided with costly fortifications, so far from strengthening our position in the militant world (at the best precarious), adds still further to our weakness. Of our whole coast "it is through its isolation the most exposed. It is intrinsically the weak link of the chain." "The fortifications and associated troops are to insure this hold on the canal while the navy may be absent on its mission of action in either ocean, but neither works nor troops will secure ultimate security if the navy be inferior to the enemy's."

The Admiral does not state who is the enemy whose imaginary attacks we are spending so much good money to repel. He dreams of war, but only of war against nobody in particular, only against the enemy. We may infer, however, that it is Japan who is on the watch for this, our weakest spot. For he reminds us that "the population of our Pacific States is less than twenty to the square mile, while that of Japan is over three hundred." He further clinches his thought with reference to an utterance made some years ago by that fine old Japanese gentleman, Count Itagaki, who is spending his last years trying to remove the element of heredity from titles of nobility, and thus far without success to get rid of his own title of Count. Count Itagaki believes that all the people of the world are entitled to access to any part of it, and that the doors of America should not be closed to Japanese who may wish to take their part in the building of the West. Perhaps he is right. It is a question of

social philosophy, and this noble-spirited old man has a broad outlook. But to say this is far, very far, infinitely far, from an armed attack by Japanese ships and soldiers on the Isthmus of Panama. It implies no feats of arms or deeds of violence. Some excellent men in the United States have thought that Canada should accept our ideas of reciprocity. To say this is very far from committing the United States to an invasion of Canada to put through reciprocity by force of arms.

The purposes of Japan are very simple. She wishes to hold her own at home, to feed her people, to build up her industries, to pay her debts, and meanwhile to make good her enterprises in Korea and Manchuria. She has passed through the terrible calamities of the war with Russia, and her tremendous burden of debt cannot be lifted for half a century. She would not fight us if she could. She could not if she would, and there is nothing in the world to fight about. It would be easier for us to seize Yokohama than for her to seize Panama. There will be no seizing done on either side.

When information as to Japan's history, purposes and resources is so readily accessible, it is not easy to be patient with those belated militarists who threaten us with Japanese invasion, whether in California, Australia, New Zealand or Panama.

The Christ.

Behold Him now where He comes!
Not the Christ of our subtle creeds,
But the light of our hearts, of our
homes,
Of our hopes, our prayers, our needs;
The brother of want and blame,
The lover of women and men,
With a love that puts to shame
All passions of mortal ken;
Yet of all of woman born
His is the scorn of scorn;
Before whose face doth fly
Lies, and the love of a lie;
Who from the temple of God,
And the sacred place of laws,
Drives forth, with uplifted rod,
The herds of ravening maws.
'Tis He, as none other can,
Makes free the spirit of man.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

How to Combat Cost of Living.

Dissipation of time and money by the laboring people and the middle classes, in my judgment, causes more suffering, through high cost of living, than all the food trusts in existence. The corrupt elements of combinations are responsible to a degree, but the direct cause is with the consumer, the masses that create and indulge the very conditions enabling business interests to combine for greater profits. Starvation wages are one direct cause, but worst of all are the insufferable passions of vanity, lust for luxuries, desire to make a living without work, excessive buying on credit, incessant spending of time and money in frivolous and riotous living. These are the combinations of evil more vicious for inducing high cost of living than all the trusts would be if combined into one.

The trusts know the weakness of the people, but the people do not know the weakness of the trusts. The trusts understand the art of inducing the masses to part with their money, but the masses have yet to learn the art of saving and investing their earnings to good use. The people have the power to break or at least to regulate the combinations in thirty days, those controlling the necessities of life especially. They also have the power to reduce the cost of living to a reasonable figure in less time than it will take to break the trusts, but they will not exert those powers for the obvious reason that it would involve, first of all, correction of faults at their own door to a greater extent than they are willing to admit or disposed to remedy.

How long would a trust or combination exist or be effective if people simply refused to buy any article restricted in supply or raised in price above a reasonable figure? How long would merchants be selling contract goods if their patrons flatly refused to buy any article wholesaled under a contract to sell at a certain price?

It is one thing to preach and another to practice what we preach. The writer worked for wages for years, beginning at \$5 per week, later on receiving \$100 per month. The higher my salary the

less I saved, though never indulging in excessive dissipation. One day I chanced to meet a good woman—a girl who had worked in an office for years for \$5 to \$10 per week. She pointed the way. Marriage resulted. As a beginning, she invested her savings in part payment of a home and my salary of \$75 per month was our living. We resolved at the start of our married life to live right and within our means. To live well; to enjoy some pleasures and luxuries, but to provide for a rainy day. We bought nothing on credit except by way of investments in real estate. We pay cash now or go without. No solicitor is asked to call for orders and no merchant is put to the trouble and expense of delivering goods not too heavy or large for my wife or me to carry home. We give our mite to the church and charity as in duty bound. We live well and are happy. Our rating to-day, in spite of the high cost of living, is in the five figures.

I do not mean to be egotistical, but have a just pride and every good reason for gratitude. The trusts and low wages are nothing in comparison to the vices of the people for increasing the cost of living. There is peace and plenty for the frugal man and woman. There is misery and ruin for the vain and dissipated.

HAPPY MAN AND WIFE.
—*Portland Oregonian.*

When War Will Disappear.

Mankind does not linger over impossibilities. The coat-of-mail vanished from European history all at once, when men realized that it had no further effectiveness. The war equipment of to-day will disappear scarcely less promptly when men see clearly the changes which have made it futile and absurd. In the fine and true words of Admiral Winslow: "No matter is so trivial that nations will not go to war over it, if they want to go to war. No difference is so weighty that it cannot be quietly settled if nations do not wish war."—*David Starr Jordan.*

The Parish Meeting.

The passing of the old-fashioned parish meeting, at which a few persons, often no more than the officers themselves, were present, is a sign of new vigor. The annual meeting is becoming a social function, and in many cases there is as large a number present as form the congregation. Reports of all the departments of the church fill the time to the exclusion of diffuse discussion, and the general interest is stimulated by the full information conveyed. The expectation of this annual exhibit braces up all workers to make a good showing and dignifies every effort. People know as never before what is being done, and those who otherwise work with slender recognition receive due appreciation. If a dinner is the central feature of the occasion, this is but an opportunity for wider fellowship and closer contact. After such a meeting the glow of good feeling is a valid evidence of the spirit a church should possess, and it inspires more of that spirit. The attendance of the minister, inadvisable under the old regime, becomes essential and welcome, and his report and comment furnish him opportunity for the use of which the pulpit is neither appropriate nor effective. If he should stay away, it is only when he should not be the minister. Affairs best discussed without him can be attended to in committee. Not infrequently his address at this time sets the pace for the coming year. The risk of doing otherwise is a risk it is his business to do away with.—*Christian Register*.

Sunshine and Shadow.

Sunshine people and shadow people; these are the only two classes on the earth recognized by all sane optimists. It does not matter in the least where you find them, or under what circumstances, they keep true to their classification. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but, wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them. These people never bear their own burden,

but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. But the sunshine people skip back and forth if necessary to keep on the other side. They must live up to their temperament; they look for the good and the true; they put behind them their own shadow by facing the sun; they see beyond the wound and the sorrow to the health and the happiness. The glory of the heavens glorifies their earth and the good that touches them is reflected into other faces darkened by sin and suffering. Sunshine people are the strong people; they carry their own burdens and the burdens of others; they transform darkness into light and death into life.

A Shakespearean History of Woman Suffrage.

(Compiled with the aid of the Donnelly Cipher.)

Woman suffrage began as a sort of "Midsummer Nights Dream." It grew "Measure by Measure" into a veritable "Tempest." "Two Gentlemen of Verona," who were passing a "Twelfth Night" at the home of their friends the "Merry Wives of Windsor," discussed it; one of them declared it to be "Much Ado About Nothing," while the other pronounced it "Loves Labor Lost," or at best a "Winter's Tale." It was agreed, however, that it might possibly result in the "Taming of the Shrew," in which case it would prove to be a blessing.

So "All's Well That Ends Well," and you women of the twentieth century have it just "As You Like It."

Mr. Gladstone used to tell how an English lady, a friend of his, chartering a cab for the day in Dublin, said to the driver, "You won't mind if I take you for the day?" "Is it *me* mind, me lady?" was his gallant reply. "Sure, I wouldn't mind if ye tuk me for life!" "No one but an Irishman could have said that without giving offence," was Mr. Gladstone's invariable comment on the story.

From the Churches

ALAMEDA.—Rev. N. A. Baker is winning the warm regard of his flock. Faithfulness to every ministerial duty and sincere interest in his calling and his opportunities are shown in a marked degree. He is devoted to the young people and is the superintendent of the Sunday-school as well as minister to the adults.

On Wednesday evening there is a gymnasium class for boys of grammar-school age, and on Thursday the young men of the high-school age or over take their turn.

On Sunday evening at 7:30 there are given selected moving pictures—a form of service that may be made interesting, instructive and uplifting.

Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer is announced to preach on the morning of March 16th.

EUREKA.—A. H. Sargent, minister. A Lend a Hand Club was formed January 18th, by the minister's wife, with ten little girls as charter members.

A missionary campaign in surrounding towns was begun by holding meetings and distributing tracts in Arcata, a thriving town eight miles from Eureka.

The Eureka Branch Alliance has renewed its literary exercises and study of Unitarian principles, in connection with its regular meetings.

The church as a whole joins the minister heartily in his course of missionary preaching and practice.

LOS ANGELES.—“It matters not how long we live, but how,” nor does it matter if the story of activity in a church be long or short, if only it “report progress,” and that can most surely be the word from here.

For social activities there have been a reception to the new members at the church and a valentine party for the young people at the home of a hospitable friend, besides the regular meetings of the Alliance, when Unitarian current events were presented at one, and some facts about Manila and the Philippines were given by a lady who had recently come from there. The

speaker agreed with all who understand the situation, that the Filipinos are not ready for self-government, and will not be for several generations—if ever. The people are similar to the Mexicans.

Social Service topics have been entirely local in character, dealing with the needs of the harbor, the suggested municipal railway, the various proposed bond issues, and the like.

Sermon topics grow in interest. “The Meaning of Forgiveness,” “The Trinity, or the Multifold Manifestations of God,” “Incarnation or Life More Abundantly,” have all been presented with broad, clear vision. The February number of Leander Whipple's magazine, *Man*, contains Mr. Hodgkin's sermon on “The Bible's Place in Modern Life,” which friends in other places may be glad to see.

Next month the series of articles on “Women of Our Faith” will be resumed with a sketch of Lucy Stone.

POMONA.—The Outlook Club, the local name for the Y. P. R. U. in Pomona, conducts a well-attended Sunday evening lecture course. The speakers include both members of the local congregation and visitors from other towns. The recent speakers were Dr. J. G. Biller, a new and much esteemed member of the church, who spoke twice on “Various Methods of Healing”; Rev. Eliza Tupper Wilkes of Los Angeles, on “Woman's Economic Dependence and Its Relation to the Social Evil,” and Rev. G. S. Paudit, a Hindoo educator now living in Los Angeles, whose three addresses on “Oriental Religion, Ethics, and Philosophy, drew large crowds of interested hearers. Mr. Paudit is an independent thinker with a marvelous capacity for putting abstruse questions in popular form, his almost Bergsonian faculty for illustration, his faultless English, spontaneous and delicate humor placing him in a class apart from the usual Hindoo “Master” who is wont to dazzle Western eyes with flowing, highly colored robes—and language! His address before the senior class of Pomona College on “Hindu Education” called forth their heartiest cheers. It is a pity such a man is not utilized by

some of our universities. He would be appreciated in Unitarian seminaries at least. We are to have him with us again.

An enjoyable church supper was held recently, with good attendance despite the stormy weather. Mr. McReynolds' morning sermons of late have been an attempt to state the religion of the liberal churches as one of spiritual power and illumination, as essentially dynamic and regenerative; evangelic rather than critical or intellectual as our orthodox friends do sometimes wrongly say of us. The positive, intimate, practical seem to be what people seek who come to church with a religious motive.

SANTA ROSA.—At the last annual meeting the attendance was the largest ever had at a similar meeting in this church and the spirit was most hopeful. The reports of the past year's work showed surprising results very quietly accomplished. Especially was the achievement of our Alliance noteworthy—about \$280 raised by about six women, all save one past what is usually regarded as the limit of efficiency. Sure, they have worked; outside of that we raised \$145 and installed a modern gas-steam heating apparatus, which is efficient in making us comfortable in the coldest weather. Following the banquet came the election of officers—all of them being new, instead of old. The trustees organized on the spot by electing Mr. J. H. Bridinger, president, and Mr. E. N. Ware, secretary-treasurer. A vote, also carried unanimously, for reopening the morning service—which is held in the parlors and attended by an average of twenty-two, without weakening the evening service. In brief, we've had quite a Unitarian revival, and our future is full of promise.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The annual meeting of the church, held on February 7th, showed a generally sound and prosperous condition of affairs. The receipts of the year were up to the average record. Some extraordinary expenditures were easily met, so that the treasurer's report showed no indebtedness of any character.

The letter of resignation of Rev. Bradford Leavitt left no alternative to its acceptance, and a committee was appointed to express to him the regret felt at its necessity. The same committee was asked to co-operate with the trustees in filling the pulpit.

Reports were read from the various church organizations, all showing a year of activity, and good balances in the treasury with which to enter upon the new year.

Resolutions of appreciation and gratitude to Mrs. Sophronia Hooper for the organ presented as a memorial to her husband, and to Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs for the canopy to the baptismal font in memory of her father, Mr. Jacob G. Jackson, were adopted.

The business having been disposed of, Mr. Horace Davis, whose connection with the church antedates that of any associate, spoke appreciatingly of the services rendered by Mr. Leavitt, of the difficulties he had surmounted, of the loss that the church sustained at the great fire, through the removal of so many parishioners to the other side of the bay, and of the great loss by death since Mr. Leavitt's coming, of the older members of the society, who had been its main support in former years. He considered it remarkable that notwithstanding all this the church had been kept up to the strength in which he found it.

He spoke with courage and cheer of the future. There must be no faltering and no fear. We must hold together and go steadily forward, sustaining the traditions of the past and handing on the trust confided to us.

The annual meeting of the Channing Auxiliary was pleasant and encouraging. In addition to the business transacted, and a reception to outgoing and incoming officers, there was a fine programme of music, led by Mrs. Birmingham, Miss Leavitt, Mrs. McGaw, Miss Nash, and Mr. Robert McLure.

The February meetings of the Society for Christian Work have been well attended. Our new president is gathering the reins in her hands, forming her committees, getting acquainted with the members, and preparing to drive on.

The meeting of February 10th was very instructive as well as interesting. Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson in the most charming and chatty way told us of "Woman's Work in the Panama Exposition," of all they have done in preparing the ground for the seed to be planted that shall bloom forth in beauty in 1915. There will be no separate "Woman's Building," for the first time in the history of any exposition woman's work will be judged with man's work. She urged us to correct the impression that nothing was being done—all is activity from now on.

On February 24th one of our own gifted members, Miss Alice Rhine, gave us a fine programme. "A Talk on American Song Writers," illustrated by her pupils, who sang charmingly and looked like a bunch of spring flowers.

An intelligent, whole-hearted faith in Jesus is possible only through a distinct perception of his being and action as consistent, or as presumed to be consistent, with acknowledged truth. I prefer, conformable to all nature and the soundest principles of thought, to assume that so cardinal a virtue in history as Christianity by its position and influence shows itself to be, must be a crowning natural product, a product realized not against or aside from, but in the established order of things; that . . . we might say that so far from his being out of the course of nature, nature culminated in Christ, and that, of all that exists, he is the one being pre-eminently natural. — W. H. Furness.

From "The Way."

By wisdom that cometh at night and by stealth
 The soul of a man is made free;
 It is not in the giving of learning or wealth—
 The divine gift, liberty:
 But these things shall bind on him chain on chain
 Of inward slavery;
 He shall lay earthly things on an earthen altar,
 And go out from all gods, nor turn back, nor falter,
 And he shall follow me.

—George E. Woodberry, in *Atlantic*.

Sparks

Little Dorothy had never before visited her grandfather, who lived in the country. The chickens occupied her undivided attention for half her first day at the farm. Finally she sought her grandfather and shily asked: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"—*New York World*.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing if our legislators were limited to one term?" "It would depend on where the term was to be served."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Father, did mother accept you the first time you proposed to her?" "Yes, my dear; but since then any proposal that I have ever made she has scornfully rejected."—*Detroit Free Press*.

When Dumas, who was a master of wit as well as of the art of writing the romance of adventure, was asked by a lady how he grew old so gracefully, he made the inimitable answer, "Madame. I give all my time to it!"

Dr. Holmes was asked during the last year of his life for an interview by a popular magazine. With prompt wit he declared that he refused to be lured or Maclured into anything of the kind.—*Springfield Republican*.

One evening Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players' Club of New York, when the former made the suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at a time when Mr. Clemens was away traveling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is someplace in Europe, so we had better put on a five-cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter which they addressed to

Mark Twain,

God Knows Where.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly, "He did."—*From Little Stories About Mark Twain*.

LIST OF BOOKS

A few copies of the following books, published by the American Unitarian Association, are on sale at the Unitarian Headquarters:

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Rev. Frank Abram Powell

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Let the faithful bear steadily in mind that the Pacific Coast Conference will be held in Oakland May 6th, 7th, and 8th, and let it be steadfastly determined that it shall be a live and helpful session, at which loyal representatives from all our churches shall respond to roll call. That they may do so unblushingly, let the financial managers of every church see to it that the annual conference assessment is paid, bearing in mind that the Unitarian Headquarters cannot be maintained without its allowance. Incidentally the PACIFIC UNITARIAN has an appetite that must be satisfied if it is to continue to draw the breath of life. It may not be good enough to claim the right to live. It certainly is not so good that it is ready to die. If you love it, at least look at the paid-up date on your address label, and send in revealed arrearage, so that the mortification of debt may be avoided in the annual report and that the conference may conclude that continuance is worth while.

In almost every matter of human interest there seems to be a happy medium. There are poles of thought with laws that regulate inclination or declination so that we have climate, and seasons, social and political. Cold and heat are necessary, but we are more comfortable and generally more healthy when extremes are avoided and the weather is temperate. We instinctively avoid extremes, and tend to equilibrium somewhere in the temperate zone. We are held there by the judicious,—men capa-

ble of being just; men who both appreciate and criticize, and are not swayed by passion or by prejudice. To be fair-minded is a great gift or a most praiseworthy acquisition.

There are people who seem to be naturally fair,—possessed of minds that automatically weigh any matter that is presented. Their scales never get out of order or need adjustment. We say of them that they have good judgment. They represent common sense, and they are the court of final jurisdiction. They are not in a special sense the leaders of mankind. They finally decide what course the onward march shall follow. They direct rather than spur on. They guide the social force that is generated by the enthusiasts. They are the balance-wheel of the human watch, the governor of the human engine, and they are to be used in their special office, with full appreciation.

There is no room, or need, for any discussion as to the relative importance of men of enthusiasm and men of judgment. Both are essential and honors are even. The important thing is to acknowledge both and use both. It is also true that there are times when the offices of each are specially needed. Society at times becomes too well satisfied with itself and needs the stir of discontent. It is not an easy or a pleasant task to find fault, to rail against accepted wrong, to lead a crusade for reform. The abolitionists of seventy-five years ago were uncomfortable citizens, little respected. They were considered extremists and unreasonable. They were the prophets of their day and they were accordingly stoned, but they were seers of the truth and as fearless and bold as they were keen of vision. They set in motion trains of thought that finally freed us of the disgrace of human slavery. What had been accepted, and

tolerated from custom, now seems so monstrous as to cause us to wonder how it could have been possible. The national attitude has been completely changed, and it causes us to wonder if there are other forms of injustice and wrong which we now accept, and seem helpless before, that may be left behind through crusades now in embryo.

It certainly is a period of ferment, and also of action. Great changes are being quietly made, and causes are being studied as never before. There seems to be common consent that things that can be bettered must be bettered, and that failure shall not result from lack of trying. There seems to be a disposition to trust legislation beyond its possible capacity and to confuse economics and morals in attributing results to causes. To fix a minimum wage by a State law seems of doubtful advantage. It may accomplish some things, but cannot be expected to go very far in changing character or determining habits. If employers can be prevented by law from taking undue advantage of an over-supply of labor, so that the young girls they employ can supply their needs and have a small margin for their wants, it will make decent life easier, but it will not go far toward holding in the straight and narrow path those who by training or disposition are inclined to stray.

Wages are a small factor and increase of them is a poor reliance for protection. Any one who really knows the strength of character that holds many a poorly paid girl to an upright life cannot fail to resent the implication that a self-respecting life is simply a matter of pay, depending upon the amount of wages.

There is justification for strict legislation in the matter of the age at which child labor shall be permitted, and there

is grave responsibility in the commonwealth that the child shall have whatever powers he has been given, trained to the best possible advantage. He should be given a chance to use his mind and his hands, to know clearly the difference between right and wrong, and to be healthy and happy. If he has these he will require little protection through legislative regulation.

There seems to be an increasing return to the methods of the Puritans in inducing the ungodly to be decent. Control from without is direct, and speedy, and satisfactory to those who have little patience and never want to wait for anything to grow. Stocks are out of fashion but they have their prototypes, and the man who hates vice seems to be made much more comfortable if he doesn't see it. There is danger in too much repression, and anything that induces deception and lying, and the purchase of the minions of the law may be more vicious than the original offense.

What society most needs is fortified individual will, and conscience that rests on conviction that consciously or unconsciously is religious. If men and women held as the end of life, not enjoyment through possession or indulgence, but living honestly, earnestly, happily and helpfully, there would be little wrongdoing or cause for shame or suffering.

The crying need is for life training that shall be related to God, in the sense of an acknowledgment that the duty of man is to do right in a strong, manly way. To avoid evil; to bear with fortitude what must be borne; to be generous and kind; to be clean-minded, open-handed, warm-hearted to the utmost of ability. A man or a woman so fortified for life is governed from within and is untroubled by laws or conventions. He has nothing to fear and all the beautiful

world to enjoy. He is in accord with the purpose for which he was created, since he is true to the best that there is in human nature.

There are those who feel that our methods of education are seriously at fault in that they ignore any form of religious training. Where there is such wide difference of conception as to what religion is, or at least to what is essential in religion, it is practically impossible to agree on what shall be taught in a land where there is such diversity of opinion if not of conviction.

A few days ago there came to hand a publication of an international organization in an English colony which sets forth the practice of many communities all over the world in the matter of Bible reading in the public schools. From it it appears that while many of the older American commonwealths, like Massachusetts, continue to read daily without comment some portion of the Bible, it is in most schools wholly ignored. There is no effort or pretence to in any way inculcate any sense of responsibility or duty, for religious life. Obviously dogmatic religion or any theological bias would be out of place, but it would seem that the most essential element of life is completely eliminated. It is proposed by the organization that there be held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 a congress at which the matter of religious education be discussed by representatives from all over the world, with a view of reaching conclusions that may result in uniformity of action in this great purpose.

Very rarely has a public document drawn forth such general commendation as President Wilson's inaugural address. Its directness, its simplicity, its spirit are admirable. It rests on the fundamental virtues and voices the highest

aspirations in so sweetly reasonable a manner that it needs must forever remain a great utterance, taking its place with the words of Washington and Lincoln.

It is a difficult task that is presented to the restored Democracy and there seems to be a general disposition to show consideration and give fair opportunity in the conduct of affairs. The completeness of control gives responsibility not to be evaded, and perhaps the best direct result will be trial, under favorable circumstances, of measures and methods held as theories but not heretofore put to the test of actual practice.

Whatever variation there may be in convictions as to the most needed public reforms, it is evident that in general there is a strong disposition to emphasize human rights as against property rights. The practical problem is to accomplish the purpose of ameliorating unjust conditions without inciting class animosities. To be just should be a common purpose and the promotion and establishing of justice should be reached through firm insistence on right, without passion. All that would seem necessary is to get at facts, and then to act wisely on deductions reasonably drawn from them.

One encouraging feature is the large number of persons who conspicuously represent possessions who are not controlled by self-interest, but who take up the cause of the poor and make sacrifices for what they feel to be the common good. Men in public life who follow what they feel to be the right, regardless of personal interest or party advantage, are missionaries of a better political life. Such a man as William Kent is a fine influence and the harbinger of a representative government of a higher type.

Kent rendered California and the Panama-Pacific Exposition a great service when he fought the bill appropriating money for a government exhibit, with its incidental liberal allowance for "splintering the legs of lame ducks." An honest man with a good stiff backbone can do a surprising amount of good in Congress, and the shock he gives his political friends is not his least service.

The growth of the University of California and its steady advancement in character and standing are legitimate sources of pride to a Californian. To be tenth in point of size, in the world, and second only to Columbia in America, is encouraging; but its spirit seems to be unlowered by its wide popularity and surprising size. It has a high record in scholarship, and in the relation existing between the faculty and the student body is said to have attained an exceptional standing. It reports a large number of gifts and endowments during the past year, and the new buildings being steadily added will soon make it as notable for architectural excellence as for beauty of location. Among the scholarships recently established is one of \$5,000 as a memorial of Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, presented by some one whose name is withheld.

There have been years when a rainy Easter Sunday would have been quite unwelcome, but this year in San Francisco it was welcomed almost with joy. Rains stopped so early that the country was complaining, and the probability of a second dry winter was very unpleasant to contemplate. Low reservoirs, with rapidly increasing consumption, form an alarming combination, and, by comparison, a few sprinkled hats and limp finery are not worth considering and did not seem to be considered this year.

Some things are very persistent. It was nearly fifteen hundred years before Christ that the Hebrew spring festival, the Passover, was established. How long before that our Germanic ancestors took a day off in honor of the Goddess of Spring celebrating Ostara, we cannot tell. One wonders if California climate had prevailed in Europe if the coming of spring would have so impressed the imagination of primitive man.

When one begins to wonder, the question is presented whether it is more amazing or amusing that many people consistently go to church once a year, selecting Easter Sunday for the solitary observance. It is at any rate a comfort to see a church full. It shows possible material and it fills one with wonder that when they hear such good music and hear so fine a sermon that they can stay away for the following fifty-one Sundays.

C. A. M.

It is one of the excellent signs of the times that men and women are devoting much earnest attention to the social evil, one of the capital crimes of our civilization. Reports are coming to us now from all over the country giving the results of the investigation of vice and the facts ascertained will tend to give sanity to the overweening reformer and direction to the forces that should make for the uplifting of our fellow beings. In all these reports too much attention is paid, it is true, to the unfortunate woman and too little to the profligate man, but the astounding facts presented and the inefficiency of our Christian civilization in dealing with the evil is so overwhelming as to stagger one. Nevertheless it is very evident to the social reformer that something can be done. It is inspiring to look through the bulky volume of reports of the papers

and discussions presented at the second International Congress for Moral Education at the Hague last year and to note the splendid work that is already being done for moral education and the suggestions looking toward the perfecting of the man moral. Gradually these notions will percolate through the social body and we shall be able to do something worth while.

We have experimented enough to know that legislation will not help very much with this evil. There are laws enough on the records of this country, both State and municipal, to cure the evil ten times over if law could do it. This has been true from the stringent measures of Puritan England and the edict of Paris in 1865, "condemning men concerned in the traffic to the galleys for life; women and girls to be whipped, shaved, and banished for life, without formal trial," to the present time. Neither can we suppose that the absence of law and the *laissez faire* method will accomplish anything. There are important things that can be done and should be done by law, but law simply directs the moral attitude of a people; it does not create it.

The greatest need of our municipalities as touching vice is the proper machinery to handle it and check it. There should be a morals court, a morals police and detective force, giving consistent and continuous attention to this department of human life. In close touch with a court of this nature should be a committee of the moral leaders of the community, for the reason that we are dealing with problems which transcend criminal jurisdiction. Both men and women addicted to these evils need help and direction. It would amply pay any community to maintain such an institution. The measures that are taken through stress of particular reform are spasmodic. Aris-

ing from the ethical protests of the community, they are liable to be ill-considered and in time they become a dead letter. They do not fit human conditions. We need persistent efforts that are in operation during each day of the year and continuing through all the vicissitudes of municipal government.

But we must look to the home, the school and the church to do this task in the last analysis. We are only awakening to the necessity of the conscious moral direction of the child. There must be definite sex education. The child must not be allowed to pass through the wonderful period of puberty and adolescence without a thorough understanding of these sacred relations of life. Sunday-schools in particular must adjust their curricula to a scheme of moral education. This is far more important than for the child to know of the Jebusites and the Amelakites. There should be graded lessons in the ethical life. The child must be made to feel the dignity and value of the life ethical. He must be taught that there is a power of which we are a part (begging Matthew Arnold's pardon) making for righteousness. Let him be made to feel that his life is divine and that the hygienic life is the best and happiest in the long run. This is our only hope; this is the only way to cure the evil, and it can be gradually cured. The signs of the time are now favorable for taking up this subject in earnest. It is full time to dispense with the modesty so-called of never mentioning this subject for fear of insulting the delicacies of our refined taste, while children from our Christian homes are keeping up the institutions of social evil, with all their horror and dire consequences.

W. S. M.

The man who does his best has neither right nor cause to worry.

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By William Day Simonds.

And so the uncrowned king is dead. The Napoleon of finance sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Yesterday a monarch wielding a power greater than any other in the modern world. To-day a lifeless corpse awaiting burial; inert, a helpless bit of clay that must be quickly hidden from the sight of men. Surely Death is the universal leveler, the original and unswerving Democrat.

We profess to believe in equality, and spend our lives producing and perpetuating inequality. Death makes never a "profession of faith," but touches us and the cheap pretense of superiority falls forever from our palsied hand.

"God pity us all that eftsoon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust."

J. P. Morgan was undoubtedly master of the industrial world of our time; for he controlled the men who in their turn controlled the money currents of the nation, and as money is the life-blood of business, the banker-king was Lord of all. Upon his single will hung the fate of gigantic enterprises, and the fortunes of many known as magnates and millionaires. Not since the reign of the first Napoleon has any born of woman held such absolute control over his fellows. In the use of power so unlimited he was both just and unjust, merciful and merciless, a friend dealing like a fairy prince, or an enemy striking serpent-like the unsuspecting prey. A stern warrior in the tragic, industrial battle, giving no quarter, and asking none, he stood, six days in the week, a typical buccaneer of the Wall Street school of modern financiers. Cold, cynical, able, holding lesser men in ill-disguised contempt, using statesmen and presidents as pawns in the game of gold, this man seemed removed, by whole hemispheres, from all sympathy with the spirit and ideals of the Master of Nazareth. That is six days in the week.

But on the *seventh*, Mr. J. P. Morgan was a devout orthodox Christian. A hypocrite? By no means. In all human probability he was an humble and sincere believer in the creed he professed. With childlike docility this unbelieving man

believed the unbelievable dogmas of his church. He accepted from the lips of his beloved bishops teachings an intelligent child would scorn, on evidence that in the market place would hardly have won from his clear brain the tribute of a sneer.

He was absolutely another man on the Sabbath, and at the altars of the church. How do we explain so mysterious a fact? Can a man be in deed and in truth one kind of a human being during the week, and altogether different on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath. Verily, I say unto you, the thing is possible. But only because centuries of false teaching have so warped our poor human nature that we naturally look,—not for that which is true,—but for that which is pleasing in religion. It has become a habit with us to think of religion as something wholly apart from the main current of life,—a little dimly-lighted world in which we expect to “act our parts” like players in the theater, never once speaking our real thoughts, or revealing our real selves. Our worship is dramatic action before the Lord, pleasing without doubt to the little artistic god we have enthroned in the heavens.

And so it comes to pass that we go to church and theater in the same mood and practically for the same purpose: that is to escape from the real world wherein we work and play, sin and suffer, and fight with one another for pelf and power. Religion to-day is not life but a means of escaping life, and is therefore an infinite, artistic relief to our hard masters of finance. The Morgans and the Rockefellers are greatly “refreshed” by the services of the church, and, I think, on the whole benefitted. Though this last is a large question, not to be considered in these “paragraphs.”

In his closing address to the Unitarians of Washington, Mr. Taft said that he had often wondered why all men were not Unitarians. It is nothing to wonder at. Unitarians have made the colossal mistake of interpreting religion as “truth and life.” We have supposed, and we might have known in advance the extreme folly of such a supposition,

that men really desire truth, verity, fact in religion as in other departments of human life. They do not. Never will unless we can make genuine liberals out of them. The liberal is a man who does seek for truth in religion, that made him a liberal in the beginning, and keeps him one though he walk his way in loneliness of spirit. To the liberal religion is life, and life is never easy, or beautifully artistic, or sweetly soothing to tired nerves. Life is a battle with myriad enemies and every man who really lives is a soldier. The greatest need in the religious world to-day is a conscience for truth, a hungering and thirsting after reality, a genuine demand for a religion that a man can really live and look his neighbor in the face. The church is conducting a retreat, a kind of sanitarium for industrial invalids, a refuge for the “battle-scarred veterans” of our competitive system, a kind of “cure” for the defeated and the remorseful. Valuable, perhaps, but not Christian in the best sense.

The true church, liberal or otherwise, is a recruiting station for soldiers of righteousness. A center where earnest and truth-loving men highly resolve to get lies, sham, hypocrisy, cruelty, deception, meanness, sickness, and poverty out of human life at the earliest possible moment. Such a church popular? Not yet. But wait. “All things come to him who waits,” and hustles.

The Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry aims at thorough and scientific scholarship; emphasizes the application of religious ideals to municipal and social as well as individual life; gives complete preparation for the modern ministry and social service. It works in co-operation with the University of California and other divinity schools and affords an unusually wide choice of courses. Open to both sexes. The year begins August 19, 1913. Write for the Register and complete information to the President.

EARL MORSE WILBUR, D. D.,
Pacific Unitarian School,
Berkeley, California.

Notes.

Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, of Brooklyn, New York, will supply the pulpit of the San Francisco church for the first three Sundays of May. Mr. Dutton is successor to the Rev. John W. Chadwick.

Eureka is the last addition to the Men's Clubs in the California churches. On March 13th Dr. John N. Chain addressed the first meeting, speaking on bacteriology and especially of the tuberculosis experiments being prosecuted by Dr. Friedmann.

Dr. Earl Morse Wilbur, field secretary for the American Unitarian Association, responds frequently to calls to supply pulpits in his bishopric. On March 16th he afforded a rest to Rev. C. A. Turner of Santa Cruz.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Reed are planning an attractive eight months' trip abroad. They expect to sail from New York on May 8th for Copenhagen, thence to Russia, Norway and Sweden, spending July and August in London, September in Paris, October and November in Germany and Austria, returning by way of the Mediterranean in December, reaching home the first of the year.

Rev. Horace H. Hand, in his sermon at Woodland on March 16th, said: "The laws of cause and effect in the moral world are not to be overthrown by legal enactments, even though they be piled high as the heavens. The primal cause of immorality is lack of character. A weak character, confronted by the gripping conditions incident to the struggle for existence in this twentieth century, succumbs to 'The Easiest Way.' Only by systematic character building for the present and future generations can the ideal be attained. The provision in the proposed law now before the Legislature by which the owners of houses, who exact enormous rents from the profits of the traffic, can be dealt with, I heartily favor. Other secondary causes of prostitution, such as low wage schedules, will be remedied, but if lack of character remains the evil will still continue to exist."

Dr. William B. May, a pioneer prominent in California business life, and until the loss of hearing incapacitated him, a devoted member of the San Francisco church, died at his home in this city on March 15th at the age of eighty-seven years. A native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, he was active professionally and in business,—a man of good ability, he was versatile and successful. He was for some time a member of the firm of Snow & May, art dealers. After a term in the State Legislature, he became an attorney with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. He was genial and kindly in manner, domestic in his habits, fond of his family and his friends, and upright in his life. The affliction of deafness he bore with cheerfulness and bravely faced the inevitable end.

Dr. William F. Bade, of Berkeley, under the auspices of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, delivered a highly entertaining and instructive lecture on "Birds" in the Unitarian church at San Jose on March 18th. Beautiful colored views were shown of Hetch-Hetchy and Yosemite valleys, Tuolumne Meadows, the Kern River country, and Mount Whitney. The haunts, habits and peculiarities of many varieties of birds were expatiated upon and entertaining stories were told of their closely observed eccentricities.

Rev. C. J. Elkins spoke interestingly before the Starr King Club of Santa Rosa on March 14th, upon the conditions in Mexico, where he has been a resident for some years. He believes that intervention would mean guerilla warfare for years, but that the United States should adopt a more firm policy and insist that fighting must cease within six months. That within that time a legitimate, fair election must be had, and if assistance during that election period is needed, this country will furnish it. Once the election is held the government put in power must be respected, and at the first sign of a revolution intervention would follow. Once impress Mexico with the fact that America means business and that she will intervene unless conditions are quieted and straightened out, and the trouble will cease.

The First Church in Medford, Mass., celebrated its two hundredth anniversary on February 9th to 11th, with an historical sermon, a reception and addresses by the Mayor, Judge Wait, and President Eliot of the American Unitarian Association.

Professor William H. Carruth, vice-president of the University of Kansas, head of the German department of that institution, has been appointed head of the Stanford English department by the trustees. He will take his chair at the beginning of the next academic year in September. Professor Carruth graduated from the University of Kansas in 1880. Since that time he has received several degrees from Harvard and Kansas universities. He has instructed in his alma mater since 1887.

Rev. William Day Simonds in his sermon on March 16th, referring to a recent disclosure of violated confidence on the part of a prominent bank official said: "It is truly a serious sign when men go so sadly and so madly wrong. And it behooves each one of us to look well to ourselves. Let us judge not that we be not judged. But aside from creed and sect, applying the principle in its broadest sense to humanity as an entirety, let us one and all remember that the crop shall be garnered of whatsoever may be sown. Pity we may have—aye, indeed, must have—for those who fall. And simultaneously let us remember that it in times like these, when the conditions are more strenuous than they have probably ever before been in the history of a peaceful nation, that the penalty follows the crime and that escape from it is futile and impossible."

Our Chicago contemporary, *Unity*, enters upon its thirty-sixth year with the month of March. With the exception of the first year its editor has been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who modestly says that he has never made claim to other than amateur relations to the editorial profession. He finely sums up the aim and purpose of the paper in the following words, to which we unreservedly subscribe: "Independent from the first, *Unity* has stood, and will stand as strength and wisdom are given it, for an

undogmatic fellowship in religion. For the conviction that God 'left not himself without witness,' and that 'in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him.' *Unity* holds that the seers, sages and prophets of all ages, of many climes, leaders of men, with many names and no name, join in a chorus of faith in the universalities of morals, common confession of the weakness and ignorance of man, and a common reverence for the majesty of the universe. *Unity* stands for the humanities born out of a sense of the finiteness and fallibility of the human heart, and a reverence that goes with the consciousness of 'Him in whom we live and move and have our being.'"

A new Unitarian society was organized January 21st at Seattle, Wash., under the name of the University Unitarian Society of Seattle. It has been apparent for some months that there was room for another Unitarian church, nearer to the University of Washington, which is located some five miles from the center of the city, and nearly four miles from the present Unitarian church.

Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D.D., who has been filling the pulpit at Redlands for several months, will leave California on April 1st, to go East. He will preach at Lawrence, Ken., for the first two Sundays in April, and will then proceed to New England.

On New Year's night the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, New York, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright. A large number of Dr. Wright's parishioners and friends assembled to hear the addresses made in his honor and to join in making him a handsome present in honor of the occasion. Dr. Wright has had a singularly successful ministry. He began in New York in a hired hall with a society of twenty-nine persons and pledges of one thousand dollars toward the cause. To-day the society owns a handsome house of worship free of debt, has five hundred members, a flourishing Sunday-school, and a number of highly efficient working organizations.

While preparations for the fourth American Peace Congress, to be held in St. Louis, have only just begun, the plans for the fifth American Peace Congress, to be held in 1915, are already on the way. November 29, 1912, a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the peace forces in behalf of the great Peace Congress to be held in San Francisco in 1915. Since that time a number of other meetings have been held. A constitution and by-laws for a "Federated Peace Committee for 1915" have been adopted. It is proposed through this committee to form a federated body, composed of representatives from all those organizations which are interested in inviting and arranging for the reception of the peace propagandists at the great Panama celebration to be held in San Francisco two years hence.

Events

The Coming Conference—Meeting in Oakland in May.

Dear Brother: The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches will meet with the First Unitarian Church in Oakland May 6, 7, 8, 1913.

The undersigned, Committee on Program, desiring to arrange an order of exercises interesting and profitable throughout, earnestly request suggestions from all ministers belonging to the Conference in answer to the general question, How can the Conference be made most helpful to our ministers and churches?

Kindly give this matter immediate attention and send early reply, as we intend to have complete program ready at least three weeks ahead of Conference date. Select your delegates in time. Plan to be present. Let us make this a memorable meeting of our Unitarian family on this Coast.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM DAY SIMONDS,
Oakland,

ARTHUR MAXON SMITH,
Berkeley.

Easter Service of the Berkeley Church.

Notwithstanding the early date of March 23d at which the Church calendar placed the yearly celebration of the Easter festival, the First Unitarian Church of Berkeley was not wanting in her floral vestments, both within and without. White and purple wistaria blossoms hung pendant across the windows upon the outside, while the white stary clematis trailing over the pergola showed enough of its pure, fragil flowers to give promise of its usual white mantel to cover the roof a fortnight later. Within a masterly hand had placed fruit blossoms in lavish abundance by pulpit, organ and chancel.

The Sunday-school children, teachers and superintendent assembled in the chapel for a short service and address from Dr. Smith on the meaning of Easter for them. While they and the congregation were singing the first hymn of the morning service, the choir, usually a soloist, became for the day a quartet, with Mrs. Orrin Rip McMurray soprano, Mrs. Warren D. Allen contralto, Mr. Carpio tenor and Mr. Wyckoff baritone. The first anthem, "The Strife Is O'er," was fine, but finer still was Chadwick's anthem, "Shout! Ye High Heaven." The message in the sermon of the day was of immortality and of the life beyond. Dr. Smith told his hearers impressively his faith and the reasons for his belief. The following is but a portion of the message, but it holds his closing thought. It is a pity all cannot be given. The following is copied from *Morning Bulletin*:

"There is a distinction to be made between the forms of life, various and changing and innumerable, and the vital principle of life. The forms arise in the historical unfolding of life, they claim the attention and concern of finite minds—for these are also vitally contained within certain forms: then, after a cycle of growth and activity, these forms crumble and decay, returning to the simple elements which originally composed them and by the organized activity of which they have been maintained as living forms. This stage of the disso-

lution of any living form has seemed to a life-loving humanity a hard and mysterious fate, against which the forces of religion, laden with highly wrought imagination and prophetic hope, have struggled, now triumphant in faith and hope, now baffled and cast down by realization of the stern fact that we are, after all, ignorant of the forms of life beyond, if there be any. Our fingers have clutched feverishly at the great book, that we might open and read the decrees of the eternal fates, but its leaden covers have kept close sealed the secret of human destiny and the mystery of the merging again of the human spirit with the divine that brought it hither. Have we not overlooked some important things? Have we not confused the outward form of life with the inner spiritual reality, with the life, the spirit itself? True, we know ourselves and others, and build up the dear relationships of life through the media of the senses and outward forms. But once these relationships are established, how quickly and easily we transfer affection and admiration from the outward form to the spiritual reality within. And yet this inner reality is never tangle or visible, and is made real and continuous and significant for everyone very largely on a basis of faith. It would seem that the really great end of the struggle and joys of human experience is just to develop that vision of the unseen in others, to make strong and reliable our faith in the goodness and worth of the characters of others. If we have succeeded in doing this, life is indeed very dear to us, and the value and significance of outward forms is easily displaced by greater and dearer things, for these forms have served their purpose in making real to our faith and belief the finer things. But this is to affirm that there is a reality of the spirit that transcends all forms; that there is within us the divine, which is evidence not only of our eternal worth, but of the life from whence our spirit of life sprang and to which it returns again, to be what and where, and in what manner of activity, shall best please the Wisdom and Love and infinite Goodness that brought us here for a little time to learn love and faith."

The service closed with the congregational singing of the "Easter Festival" hymn, written by Mr. F. L. Hosmer, sung to the vibrant and excellently triumphant music which we all know as "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!" The hymn is as follows:

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer:
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'Tis the springtide of the year!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer!
He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to Him in faith
Triumph over fear and death;
Speaks the angel by the door,
'They are risen' evermore
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving!
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead;
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

[For the PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

Easter Daisies.

Little daisies in the grasses
Turn to us a beauteous face,
And to everyone that passes
Show their beauty and their grace.

Little lasses in the grasses,
Playing there in childish glee,
And those sounds from merry voices
Bringing joy to you and me.

Little lasses 'neath the grasses,
Though so pale and cold ye be,
Yet in memory you are lovely,
Sweet and lovely still to me.

Then we must turn our eyes to heaven
And we must hope and we must pray,
For the daisies in the grasses
Breathe of resurrection day.

—G. B.

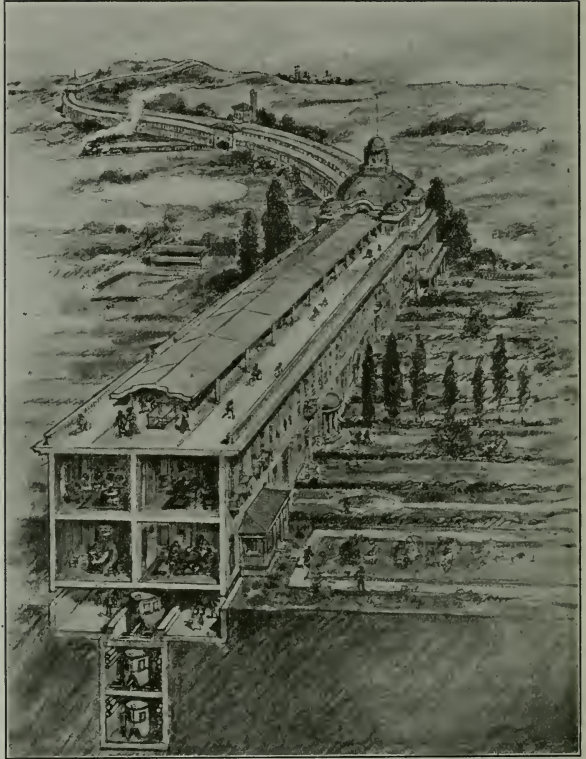
Roadtown.

San Francisco as the 1915 focus of the World's interest already begins to attract, and it is quite the natural thing that an inventor like Edgar Chambless should wend his way early to secure if possible the opportunity to present to all mankind his novel conception of housing humanity.

Chambless is something more than an inventor. He is a social revolutionist, for he is an untrammelled thinker and dreamer who truns his logic loose and lets it roll relentlessly over all established practices and cherished traditions. He is an economist and a student of social forces. He is an enthusiast and believes his idea is to modify social life, solving most of its perplexing problems.

Three years ago he presented the general idea of his invention in a book called "Roadtown," with an introduction by Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York, who commends Mr. Chambless as deserving the confidence of men, and representing the spirit of perfect devotion to an ideal.

Roadtown came to be invented from an intensive study of the subject of transportation, particularly with relation to land value. The author says, "One plan after another was abandoned until the idea occurred to me to lay the modern skyscraper on its side and run the elevators and the pipes and the wires horizontally instead of vertically. . . . I would take the apartment houses and all its conveniences and comforts out among



the farms by aid of wires, pipes, and of rapid and noiseless transportation. I would extend the blotch of human habitations called cities out in radiating lines. I would surround the city worker with the trees and grass and woods and meadows and the farmer with all the advantages of city life."

Chambless finds civilization disjointed. Production, transportation, and consumption separately developed work at cross purposes. Roadtown is a single unified plan for co-ordination. There is magic in the economy that will follow the line distribution of population. The Roadtown will start at the end of the subways or other rapid transportation systems of present systems and radiate into the country toward other cities. It will be built of cement, two stories in

height, with mono-rail trains in the basement. No streets will be necessary, but the roof partially covered will be available for recreation and pleasure. Everything needful will be piped or wired, at small expense. All that civilization has yet devised or is likely to invent will be available to Roadtown dwellers. House-keeping by the use of machinery, and co-operation methods will be delightfully simple. Chapter VII is eloquently brief. Title, "The Servant Problem in Roadtown;" text, "There will be no servant problem in Roadtown, as there will be no need of servants."

Roadtown gardening and agriculture will be promoted by the great facilities in transportation. The extent of holdings will depend on depth occupied. With a twenty-one-foot home, a mile on each side will give about five acres per family. With co-operative use of tools, and the elimination of the middleman, there will follow increase of return and reduction of living expense.

Industrially the author has great hopes. He provides for a workroom in every home, and looks for a new type of co-operative factory where monotonous labor will largely end. He provides for the department store, and the delivery of supplies on telephone call. Education receives careful consideration. The utilization of mothers for school teachers is one suggested advance. Amusements and entertainment will be available either over the wires, or by the greatly improved and economical transportation facilities.

The underlying idea is that as heretofore civilization has followed the trail, the road, the street, the railroad, the gas pipe, the telephone—to the city, now, if Roadtown is what it seems to be, civilization will follow rails, pipes, and wires—the lined city—"back to the country."

The enthusiastic author sees in his prophetic eye "The noiseless, dustless, smokeless, streetless, trustless, graftless city." This is perhaps too much to expect from any one invention, but they are well worth working for, and the man who proposes in any way to rid us of them is entitled to a fair hearing.

Whatever one may conclude as to the feasibility of the plan, and however one

may shrink from the uncompromising rigidity of a line, there is much of suggestion in this daring attack on habits and methods that all the world has always followed.

It is not unlikely that some modification of the idea may prove of great advantage, economically and socially in the housing of the future.

Mr. Chambless has a concrete proposition to make at this time. He feels that San Francisco and the Exposition affords the opportunity for a demonstration. Assuming the Twin Peaks tunnel, he suggests an imposing, permanent terminal building on the Twin Peaks having elevator connection with the tunnel below; that it may be extended, gradually, down the peninsula, in the general direction of Stanford University, as a permanent model city, to serve during 1915 as a detached part of the Exposition—an actually working exhibit of the highest attainment in the co-operative contribution of land, abode and transportation to the well-being of man.

[For the PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

Lo Here—Lo There.

The candid sunlight flooding tree and clod;
The radiant, crimson flower that bravely blows
In hedge or field; the blue-eyed child who
knows

A wealth of love,—lo, here the joy of God!
The leaden clouds that drench the reeking sod;
The bruised and broken stem of every rose,
The sick and saddened soul who lonely goes
His darksome way,—lo, there the pain of God!

For since his tabernacle is with men,
How close his life is fused and blent with
ours!

Nor lives he far remote in lucent towers
Of mystic glory. Yea, the rather, when
He sees our joy, his joy made perfect is,
With our own tears, he ever mingles his!

—Richard Warner Borst.

The only true independence is in humility; for the humble man exacts nothing, and cannot be mortified—expects nothing and cannot be disappointed.—
Washington Allston.

By desiring what is perfectly good
... we are part of the power against
evil, widening the skirts of light and
making struggle with darkness narrower.
—*George Eliot.*

Contributed.

Women of Our Faith—Lucy Stone

By Emma R. Ross.

A small girl, a very small girl, so small that her wildest dissipation had been a five o'clock Sunday-school concert, was taken by her enthusiastic father and her equally enthusiastic aunt one evening to a woman suffrage meeting in Worcester. The speakers were Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, Julia Ward Howe. The speaking was way over the head of the chubby, round-eyed child, but the impression made by the speakers and the tense enthusiasm of the audience never left her. That child was myself. Even then I wondered at the three women, so earnest yet so different in their earnestness. All were simply dressed in black. Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Stone wore gossamer white lace caps with tabs. Mrs. Howe, I decided, would tell nice fairy stories,—my childish recognition of an idealist. Mrs. Livermore could "tell people how to do things and wake things up," an instinctive realization that she had the orator's gifts of magnetism and eloquence. But of Lucy Stone I at once said, "What a nice mother!" Always later when I saw her I had that same sense of her motherliness, and her whole work was done in the mother-spirit, whose love moved the mother-heart to goodness and gave to it lofty ideals.

The youngest but one of a family of nine, Lucy Stone early learned to think for herself, and this incident will show:

One day, when a "wee bit lassie," she startled her mother by saying: "Is there no way to put an end to me?" She had been reading the Bible and had found this passage: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." A world with one sex in subjection to the other, and that by divine command, was not a place in which she cared to remain. Later she learned Greek and Hebrew to find if the text was properly translated. In these early years the girl was thinking of matters seemingly beyond her age. Why was her sweet mother obliged to yield, like the children, to the stern will of the father? Why, after all the years of united hard labor was the money all his?

Why did the mother who lived a devoted Christian life, never take part in the church services as the father did? Why were there no opportunities for girls to earn a living like their brothers? Why did men go to college, while women were offered only the simplest rudiments of an education?

Her father, from his rocky acres in Brookfield, Massachusetts, helped his sons to a college education, but sternly refused to help daughter Lucy, saying she must be crazy. Women did not need an education. "Your mother only learned to read, write and cipher; if that was enough for her, it should be enough for you." But it was not enough, and the girl determined to fight the battle of poverty alone.

"No one thought particularly about this farmer's daughter picking berries and gathering chestnuts for sale; but into that berry-pail and chestnut-basket was dropped the future of womankind."

The life of this "gentle leader of a great reform" was compassed about with hardship and struggle. She taught school for a dollar a week, and, later, when she received sixteen dollars a month, some one said to her, "What a good salary that is for a woman." When she substituted for her brother when he was ill, the committee gave her only sixteen dollars a month, "enough for a woman," though they were paying the brother thirty dollars. She was twenty-five years old before she had money enough saved to make even a start for college.

Oberlin College was, at that time, the only institution which admitted negroes and women. To this Mecca she made her way. From Buffalo to Cleveland the journey was by boat over Lake Erie, and as she could not afford a stateroom, she slept on deck on a pile of grain-sacks among horses and freight. As Mrs. Livermore said, "Her experience would naturally make one bitter, hard sour, and unlovely; but it did not make her so. When asked if she did not feel hardly toward the memory of her father, who objected to her going to college, she said, "Oh, no: it was only the narrowness of the times." Before he died, he said to Lucy, "You were right, and I was wrong."

When anyone said in her hearing that she "wished she had never been born," Lucy Stone always replied, "You must not say that. It is a great thing to be born. To be born is to have a hold on immortality. To be born is never to die. For that, one can afford to endure some physical pain and earthly afflictions."

At Oberlin came also many rebuffs and hardships. The wearing of her heavy bonnet through the long Sunday services brought on severe headaches, and Lucy calmly removed the covering. She was reproved for disobeying St. Paul's injunction for a woman to keep her head covered while in church. (That crabbed old bachelor also decreed that women should keep silent in the churches.) Lucy quickly replied, "Then on the Day of Judgment, how shall I account to God for my wasted Sunday afternoons?" No one could answer and she was allowed to sit far back under the gallery without her bonnet. Refused permission to take part in the exercises of the college debating society, Lucy Stone and a few others met in the home of an old colored woman for their debates. Even as far back as 1840, when she was a student at Wilbraham Academy, she wrote her brother, "It was decided by a large majority in our literary society the other day that ladies ought to mingle in politics, go to Congress, etc., etc. What do you think of that?" So we can imagine some of the questions discussed in this humble annex to the college debating society.

Oberlin had ever been the friend of the slave. Lucy asked to teach in the school opened for the negroes. But humble as these poor people were they did not wish a woman to teach them! So inferior was the intellect of woman considered. Miss Stone in her usual sweet and winsome way, persuaded them to learn to read while waiting for a proper teacher, and they became much attached to her. Once she was away and the Ladies' Boarding Hall took fire. A long line of colored men appeared, breathlessly asking, "Where is Miss Stone's trunk?" that they might save it for her.

Her first public speech was made for the colored people. Next day she was called before the Ladies' Board for her

conduct, which they considered unwomanly and unscriptural.

It is amazing that she could have kept well and had such high standing in class with all she did to earn her way. But she says she had not a day of ill health, though she taught in the preparatory school, did housework at three cents an hour, and cooked her own scanty meals at a cost of fifty cents a week. She had but one new dress in the four years, and that was a calico. Ah! that calico dress! Far worthier to be preserved in some great museum than any cloth-of-gold robe of any of England's queens. How much the women of to-day owe to this undaunted soul of the high vision! There is not to-day a college bachelor maid, a woman sculptor or artist, a woman stenographer, bookkeeper, or clerk behind the counter who might not well give thanks for the freedom to *do*, which is her heritage from the wearer of that calico gown. How can any woman of to-day keep from helping, when so much has been won for her by those who ate their bread in tears?

At the time of her graduation, Lucy Stone refused to write an essay, since it would have to be read by a professor, it being unseemly and immodest for a young woman to make herself so conspicuous. Forty years after, when public opinion had changed, and largely through her instrumentality, she was invited to be one of the speakers at the great Oberlin semi-centennial, and thousands gathered to listen.

Immediately on leaving college the little lady took up lecturing, speaking for both anti-slavery and woman suffrage, though the latter claimed her heart. She said to Samuel J. May, the agent of the Anti-slavery Society, "I was a woman before I was an abolitionist, and I *must* speak for the women." Later, she said to Mrs. Livermore, "When I began to work for woman suffrage, it was so difficult that, if I had been put at the foot of the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, with a jack-knife in hand and had been told, 'hew your way up,' it would have been pastime, compared to my task."

To me she has always seemed the greatest of the great leaders of the woman movement. Her life had brought

her closer to the actual hard conditions. She started—others followed. She brought Susan B. Anthony and the others I have mentioned into the cause, so I have understood. Always she has won her way by the sweet reasonableness of her logic and the winsomeness of the woman. As some one says, "She had the clearest logic and tenderest persuasion ever employed by mortal, and a voice so beautiful that once to hear it was to remember it always." Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, is the only woman I ever heard with a voice at all comparable to it. People came expecting to see a huge-figured, brazen-faced Amazon, and were confronted by a wee woman who "looked and spoke like an angel, albeit an angel charged with a very important and imperative message, which was to be delivered at all hazards."

Doubtless the notice given by a Malden minister of Lucy Stone's meeting is familiar to many of you, but I copy it here. He said: "I am asked to give notice that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock in the town hall at five o'clock to-morrow night. Those who like such music will of course attend." The intrepid little woman was not deterred by insults such as this, but went calmly on, tacking up her cheap little notices, and passing the hat, for "there was no one else to do it."

(Continued in next issue.)

Soul's Easter.

How blest am I that often in my dreams

Come lofty thoughts to waking hours unknown!—

Airs as of mountain-tops are round me blown,
And soul upflames with more than sunrise-beams;

Imagination circles; insight gleams

Unwontedly, with love and purpose sown,

And spirit's blossoms—in Elysium grown—
Allure my heart along unfailling streams.

O waking hours with pains and passions filled;

Poor human strivings for the things that pass!—

Rise, soul, above them, to serener heights;

Pursue the fairer deeds ye oft have willed,

Oft failed of! Soon Night's visions fade,
alas!

But Day's high conquests offer long del-
lights.

—James Harcourt West.

In Memory of Mrs. Mae S. McKinney.

(Tribute of her friend, Mrs. Mary E. B. Robinson; read before the Woman's Alliance of Santa Ana.)

I want to speak of what cannot but be uppermost in the minds of most of those here to-day, the memory of our lost friend and fellow-worker, Mrs. McKinney. In the history of this church comets have from time to time arisen in our sky, have shone with brilliancy for a short time, received a good deal of attention, and passed out of sight. She was one of the few planets, shining with steady light through a long period of years. Her parents had been members of the orthodox church, but having had an aunt who was a Universalist, a superior woman of beautiful character, early in life she became connected with the Universalist Church in her home town in Michigan. When she came to this city, sixteen years ago, she attached herself to our little, struggling church. In a community in which the religious thought and belief is as restricted and circumscribed as it is here, it requires no little courage to be a Unitarian, and a life of unblemished rectitude cannot avert, but serves rather to increase that something akin to suspicion, that exquisiteness of aloofness that falls to our lot. But Mrs. McKinney never denied the faith. She loved this church and its interests were ever in her thoughts. To her mind the Unitarian Church stood for what was most reasonable and honest in belief and noblest and most upright in living, and she regarded it as altogether worthy of her utmost loyalty and affection.

Although never in rugged health, she was nearly always present at our church services and at the meetings of this society. No church or cause of any sort can be maintained by people going or giving only when they please or when they feel like it. There must be some who do these things from conviction, from sense of duty, in order that those who go only when they feel like it may not find the doors closed and the building sold for debt, what time they choose to go. How many times in the meetings

of this society has she said the word which should have been said, made the motion which should have been made! Her clear intellect and good executive ability have helped in many emergencies. She was always ready and willing to do what she was most needed to do. In the early days when the church was too poor to pay a janitor she took her turn with a few others in the weekly cleaning of the building. When I began attending this church she was one of the first to welcome me, and how many others can say the same! Knowing her as a neighbor, as well as at church, I found her always polite, always kind, always careful of the feelings of others, always eager for a chance to help some one. She was a woman of lofty principles and the most uncompromising moral standards, always interested in the progress of the world and the advancement of every good cause. Of the large company gathered at her funeral there was hardly one whose life she had not touched at some point, and I thought, Was there one there of whom any one present would be less likely to recall any unkindness, any insincerity? Her friends were drawn from all the walks of life, and I have never known any one who valued people more entirely for their intrinsic worth.

It has been hard for me to accustom myself to the facility with which we as a church let our dead slip out, and I think it is one thing which helps to give us our reputation for coldness. It was not so in the church in which I was raised. There were anniversaries or commemoration days in which the names and services of those who had passed on were acknowledged. This rapid consignment of the dead to oblivion forces on us the question, more and more unbearable as we get on in years, Is this life the end? Let us trust that, as in the economy of the universe nothing material is utterly destroyed, so what is of infinitely more value than the material, continues to live on, with new opportunities for love and service, for struggle and for growth. And if it is possible for those who have left us to follow with their sympathies the inter-

ests which they had while in this world, we may feel sure that the spirit of our lost friend will be with us in this place, solicitous for our welfare and glad at our progress. "More homelike seems the vast unknown since these have entered there."

The Resurrection of Jesus—Did Jesus Come Forth From the Tomb With His Natural Body?

Rev. Geo. William Henning.

There are four points of view from which one may regard the account of the resurrection: 1. From that of the gospel narratives; 2. As it was rehearsed to St. Paul; 3. As it was revealed to St. Paul; 4. In the light of modern science.

Let us read the gospel narratives carefully. We note that the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre by an angel and the earthquake are related by Matthew only; the appearance to Mary Magdalene by Mark and Luke the angel who had rolled away the stone appears to Mary at the sepulchre, and the meeting with Jesus as they return, Matthew only; the appearance of Jesus to Mary at the sepulchre, as she turned away, by John alone; the women returning and meeting Jesus, taking him by the feet and worshipping him, Matthew alone; the appearance to two men of Emmaus, Mark and Luke; to the ten disciples in the room in Jerusalem, Luke and John, and to the eleven afterward, Mark; to seven by the sea of Tiberius, John; to eleven in a mountain of Galilee, Matthew; to 500 at once, Mark; the ascension, Mark and Luke.

Let us compare these narratives, promising that they are not reported to us by eye-witnesses; that they are reports of what was more or less current as reports of what the disciples remembered at from thirty to seventy years after the incidents occurred; that not more than two relate any one particular.

The appearance of an angel who had rolled away the stone is related by Matthew alone; the appearance of Jesus to Mary at the door of the sepulchre by Mark and John; to the women returning from the sepulchre, by Matthew; to two men on the way to Emmaus, by Mark

and Luke; to the ten disciples in the room in Jerusalem, by Luke and John; to eleven at same place a week later, by Mark alone; to seven by the sea of Tiberius, by John, who says: "This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples after that he was arisen from the dead"; Matthew says he was present with eleven in a mountain of Galilee. Mark reports that he was seen of 500 brethren at once, but does not say where or when, and may be dismissed without the slightest credence. Of the ascension Matthew and John make no mention. Luke says that while the eleven were in the room in Jerusalem where they received the report of the men of Emmaus, the second meeting, a week after his resurrection, when he is reported to have showed himself to Thomas, Jesus led them forth to a mountain side near Bethany and was received up into Heaven.

We must note some important divergencies between the several narratives. John mentions only one woman at the sepulchre; Matthew mentions two; Mark has three; Luke has four by name. Luke says, "Very early in the morning;" John says, "While it was yet dark," and Mark says, "At the rising of the sun." Luke says, "The women (four or more), entered the tomb and saw two men standing;" Mark says three women saw (one) "young man sitting;" Matthew says, "The (two) women met an angel outside who tells them the Lord is risen;" John says that Mary Magdalene saw the stone rolled away and ran back to the city, meeting Peter and John, who came and saw nothing but the linen clothes and the napkin. Matthew mentions that his two women saw an angel who had rolled the stone away, and put into his mouth the words that others put into the mouth of Jesus. Mark says the "women tell no one" what they had seen; Luke says the women went to where the disciples were gathered and told them all—and so on.

I must say that I have endeavored in all sincerity to harmonize these narratives and have failed. I have examined every available "harmony" and find they all likewise fail.

Standing before the empty tomb, the question naturally arises, How did it

become empty, with a Roman guard standing around it, and what became of the body? Did the disciples steal it away as the Jews charged? without Peter and John? But it is expressly stated by John (xx:9) "that they knew not that he was to rise again from the dead." Did his enemies steal it away, bribing the soldiers to lie? They had the motive. They knew the expectation that he was to rise again the third day, and anticipated that his disciples might steal the body and claim that he had risen. In which case they would have the body with which to confront them in disproof. But this matters not much—the body is gone.

The next question which arises is: What did the disciples see? They are all agreed, we concede, that they saw Jesus, though some also saw what they call angels. What kind of a body stood before Mary and said, "Touch me not for I am not yet ascended, but go and tell my disciples that I ascend to my father and your father, to my God and your God." What kind of a body said, "All hail!" and allowed her to hold him by the feet? What kind of a body went with the two men of Emmaus and vanished out of their sight? What kind of a body appeared to the ten in the little room where they were hiding—the doors being shut—in the evening of the same day, and again a week later in the same place and under the same circumstances, only that Thomas was present? What kind of a body could live ten days with the wounds that had caused its death still gaping, and invite a man to thrust in his hand? Surgeons will agree that the spear wound was fatal, and the water and blood which flowed from his side were evidences of a ruptured heart in death. What kind of a body was received up into Heaven? Conceded that the women and disciples saw something, the question remains, "What did they see? This brings us to the borderland where is much obscurity and mystery. The researches of the Psychic Society have thrown some light on it; psychology throws some; physical science contributes its share. So that setting aside all vagaries and superstitions, all unlearned speculation and all unverified reports, we may say with caution that

we have sufficient data to support a rational hypothesis.

Let us assert that no evidence exists outside these narratives that a dead body was ever resuscitated, and that what is presented here does not bear critical analysis. Let us also assert that such a phenomenon requires more than ordinarily good evidence, because it contradicts all that we think we know; it involves a reversal of all known natural laws. This phenomenon would require, to give it standing, the testimony of more than two competent, critical, dispassionate, consistent eye-witnesses, and the possibility of reproduction.

Let us say, further, what has been so amply proven by concurrent testimony of such competent witnesses and by reproduction under similar conditions such phenomena described as manifestations or visualizations of what is called the "astral body." This phenomenon comes within the compass of natural law, or if you please, "spiritual" law in the natural world, though it be yet imperfectly understood. The facts can no longer be questioned. Such a phenomenon does not contradict the testimony of the disciples that *they saw* Jesus.

We will say also that, if the psychic experts are correct, the conditions and circumstances under which the disciples saw, were precisely favorable to seeing such a manifestation. The expectation, the underlying common belief in spirits, the *rapport*, the nervous excitation, all were present. When Mary first saw, she saw two angels; when she turned she saw Jesus, but did not recognize him, mistaking him for the gardener. When the two men of Emmaus walked with him they did not recognize him, but they were conversing about him and marveling. When the ten and the eleven were in the room they presented all the conditions of a first-class seance—they would surely see something, and the reports of those who first saw would prepare them to see still more clearly; then each would naturally vie with the others to report more vividly and impressively the marvelous vision.

How much of the vision was really objective, as related, a manifestation of the astral body, and how much was purely subjective, it is difficult to say. To

some it was doubtless a vision; to others perhaps a figment of pure imagination, but to all a psychic phenomenon that compelled conviction. It may well be that some reported, or were reported that they had seen who never saw at all, but they couldn't allow themselves to be outdone or outranked among the disciples.

The one thing of value in the vision is that it furnishes support to the theory of life after death. If Jesus had come forth with his natural body the fact would have furnished no support for this belief and hope. It could not then have been proven that the spirit lives after the body is dead.

It was the mission of Jesus to bring "life and immortality to light," and this was how he did it—furnishing irrefragable evidence that "if a man die, he shall live again," though not in the flesh; and that "he that believeth in him shall not die."

How was the story related to Paul? What was current in his time several years after he began his ministry. He tells us in 1 Cor. xv:3-8, "For I delivered to you first of all that which I had received, how that Christ died for our sins . . . and that he was buried and rose from the dead . . . and that he was seen of Cephas (Peter), then of the twelve; after that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; . . . and that he was seen of James, then of all the apostles."

These were the stories which Paul heard and doubtless believed at the time. He then adds, "Last of all he was seen of me also as of one born out of due time." On this fact as reported and witnessed he builds his argument that "the dead rise." But Paul does not claim to have seen him in the flesh. His vision was undoubtedly a spirit; and while he may, prior to his experience, believed that these apostles had seen him in the flesh, his misapprehension has been corrected by the experience. He has seen Christ just as the others had seen him, and their reports now mean that they had seen him precisely as St. Paul had seen him after his ascension.

How was he revealed to Paul? He tells us in the narrative of his conversion, and refers to it frequently in his letters. It was a psychic vision. He has

no longer any other conception of the Christ of his vision than that of a spiritual body, and a spirit that could dwell in the mortal bodies of all believers. In Phillipians. iii:21, he calls it "Christ's glorious body." He uses frequently such phrases as, "Christ in you, the hope of glory," "Christ liveth in you," "Christ quickening your mortal body," "risen with Christ," "Christ the first fruits of them that slept"—implying that the after-life of Christ and of all those who live after death are precisely the same—and saying in his elaborate explanation of the resurrection, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," just as Christ's was—otherwise we have no proof of the resurrection of the dead. (1 Cor. xv.) He lays the whole structure of his theology on this, that the life of Christ and the resurrection of Christ is in the experience of the believer who is in the flesh; that Christ within is the life-giving power in the mortal body. We are saved by his life and not by his death. Having been moved by the story of his cross, and being risen with him from the death of the sinful life, his spirit dwells within us and enables us to walk in newness of life. This fact within human experience is the fundamental and overpowering "mystery of godliness" upon which the great apostle dwells with such rapture.

The other fact that Jesus manifested himself so frequently and so convincingly after his perfectly well authenticated death, is the ground of our assurance that because he lives we shall live also—in self-conscious personal identity, a life continuous with the present, eternal in the heavens.

Selected

Missionary Work of the Pacific Coast Conference.

(Synopsis of sermon delivered by A. H. Sargent in the Unitarian church of Eureka, Sunday evening, March 2, 1913.)

Text—"Let him that heareth say, Come." (Revelation 22:17.)

This text is the figure of a band of travelers in a desert seeking water. They spread out as in a long skirmish line as far apart as they can see the ground and hear each other clearly. Then they march forward, covering a path a mile

wide or many miles wide, according to the number in the party, and examining this belt of desert for water as fast as they go. When one man in this long line finds a spring he shouts the good news to his nearest companion and says, "Come." He that hears it shouts "Come" to the one next farther away, till all who are thirsty hear and repeat the call and come to the life-giving spring.

When any intelligent person embraces a particular form of religion he or she says by that act that the religion so embraced is rich and precious and the best that was within reach. The natural thing to do next is to tell other people about it and invite them to share it. I admire a person of any religion for being eager to win other people to the same faith. The person who is zealous for his or her religion, though it be the poorest and lowest, is the only one who will be a worthy follower of the highest and best religion. If Saul of Tarsus had not put his whole heart into persecuting the Christians when he believed that was right, he would not have been the greatest apostle of the religion of Jesus, when he was converted to Christianity.

The Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian churches is doing missionary work at present only through its individual members who undertake it of their own accord. A shining example of such work is that of Rev. James A. Baldrige and his wife, of Puyallup, Washington, who work for nothing and support themselves, keeping up regular religious services where all the return they get in money is enough to pay the rent of the hall.

In the year 1910 the Pacific Coast Conference undertook the support of an evangelist of the Unitarian gospel in the worst district of low dives in San Francisco. That evangelist had himself been saved to a good life by a man who taught salvation by accepting the atonement of Jesus. He went to college and lost his belief in the deity of Jesus and the doctrine of blood atonement. Yet he loved Jesus and his brother men as much as before. He stood on the streets and told men that they were lost by drifting with the stream, and that when they would respect the divine life in themselves and turn to high purposes they would be saved. Thus he saved many young men

and sent them back to their homes and friends clean and sober. It was not the Unitarian theology that did this great work here any more than it was orthodox theology that saved the evangelist himself. In both cases and in all such cases the power is human brotherly love reaching out in kindness to those in need.

That mission ended with the failure of the health of the evangelist. He is now coming to Scotia as minister of the Presbyterian church there. He belongs to the liberal branch of the Presbyterian church.

This example of what the Pacific Coast Conference has done in city missionary work indicates what it may do in foreign missionary work when any man from this church or any other shall lead the way. Such a person going to the most needy tribes, savage or civilized, in other lands with our gospel and the blessings of education and medical science, such as missionaries of other churches carry with them, will win the support of this conference as did the Rev. Frederick R. Wedge.

The Unitarians of this country have at present no foreign missionary society. The leader of our movement towards foreign missions, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, says: "Possibly we may eventually find ourselves, as several other denominations have done, compelled, in order to insure efficiency, to form such a separate general society, but at least not now." The reason he gives for not forming a separate missionary society at present is that the American Unitarian Association has started in that direction with "fine words and attractive plans," and should have a fair chance to fulfill its promises in deeds. If this occurs it will be a great achievement, for large bodies move slowly and change their character with difficulty. If it does not come to pass, the Pacific Coast Conference may become the first Unitarian Missionary Society. It is fitted for this task by its small size, freedom from traditions of past policies, inward harmony and progressive spirit.

Salvation.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin on March 16th spoke on "Salvation." He said:

"As the dividing line between divinity and humanity fades out, and the great gulf that was once thought to be fixed between heaven and earth closes up, the idea of salvation as the transportation of souls from one realm to another can no longer hold. As the old view of the world which formed the framework of the old conception of salvation is replaced by a larger view, born of our present-day knowledge, a more rational view of salvation than the old one is inevitable. We now know that the world was not created in a spectacular way in six days, but has been untold ages in being created and the creative process is going on as rapidly now as at any previous time. The thought of miracle and special creation so prominent in the old scheme of salvation must give place to the thought of growth and development in the new. We now know that there never was a 'fall of man'; that man has been constantly rising from the beginning and is nearer perfection to-day than ever before. The doctrine of the 'fall of man' must be replaced by the fact of the ascent of man. We now know that there is no such thing as total depravity; no man can sink so low that there will not be something in him that will bid him rise, and we believe that in the fullness of time it will compel him to rise. This is the divine spark which exists as the living principle of every human soul. The doctrine of the depravity of man must give way to the belief in the essential divinity of man. But with the passing of the old external dramatic doctrine of salvation the vital principle that gave it birth is not passing. It is as dynamic and insistent as ever. We are in as much need of salvation to-day as at any previous time, and the hells we are to be saved from and the heavens we are to gain are much nearer and more vital than any before which our fathers stood aghast. The question of salvation is not alone a theological one; it presents itself in a multitude of forms. The sins which press most heavily upon the conscience of humanity to-day, are social and industrial in character. Everywhere is going up from the heart of humanity the pleading inquiry, 'What must we do to be saved from these industrial and social ills.'"

President Taft's Farewell to All Souls' Church.

(*New York Times* of March 2d.)

Boy scouts escorted the President from the White House to All Souls' Church. With him was Major Thomas L. Rhoads, U. S. A., his military aid, who wore full-dress uniform. There was a big crowd at the church, for hundreds of strangers had augmented the regular congregation. Outside was a gathering of several hundred people, mostly inauguration visitors. They cheered President Taft when he entered, and a large crowd gave him an enthusiastic send-off when he went away in the White House motor car.

The Rev. U. G. Pierce, the pastor of All Souls', made reference in his sermon to Mr. Taft's coming departure and spoke gratefully of the President's regular attendance at divine service there. Then Senator Fletcher of Florida, a Democrat, who is a member of the congregation, said complimentary things about the President. After an autographed etching of Mr. Taft had been presented to the church in behalf of the Unitarian Club the President was called to the pulpit, where he delivered this sermon:

"My Fellow-Unitarians: In the course of a life of varied experiences I have never found myself in a position quite so embarrassing as this. I have been used to occupying the other side of the pulpit. When our good minister came to me and asked me if I would say a word of farewell the last time that I expected to come to this church as President, I said that I should be glad to say goodbye, but I had no idea of such an elaborate farewell as this. And, therefore, I am not prepared to say anything but farewell.

"I am glad to be in this presence, because it is a Unitarian presence. My father was a Unitarian, my mother was a Unitarian, my grandmother was a Unitarian, and it has always been a wonder to me why all the world is not Unitarian. I think all the world is verging in that direction. We preach the doctrine of sweet fellowship, of love of God, of love of Jesus Christ, and of tolerance, for every faith depends upon the great prin-

ciple of liberal Christianity; and that makes for progress toward morality and higher religion. The one trouble we suffer from—if it be a trouble—is that there are so many Unitarians in other churches who do not sit in the pews of our church.

"But that means that ultimately they are coming to us. It is not necessary that we should stand shoulder to shoulder and speak out for broad, liberal Christianity and for the tolerance of faith, for, if accompanied by works, and real, sincere love of God, wherever that faith may be manifested, whether in the church which is rigid in its doctrine, or one which is more liberal. I believe that we cannot show our position as Unitarians in society more emphatically than by welcoming the aid of all churches toward the progress of Christian civilization. And when we show our interest in these churches, we invite from them a co-operation with us, and we secure from them a tolerance that exists to-day that has not existed in the past—a tolerance that makes one proud to be a Unitarian in the thought that we have contributed so much to that general spread of brotherhood of man, for that is the real brotherhood, when we all stand before God and welcome all who worship Him.

"Now, my friends, I am going to leave you. I leave you at a time in the history of this church when you are about to take a most important step—to enlarge your usefulness and to add to the national standing of this particular church in the capital of our nation. You are to have a new and beautiful structure, and united with it a parish house bearing the name of Edward Everett Hale. I believe that it will call national attention to the church as an important influence in national life, and give it a broader relation to that life.

"One of the things that I have noticed about this church is the excellence of the Sunday-school. I suppose we are constantly in life running across the things that we ourselves would like to enjoy as a mark of the progress since we were children, but it seems to me that if I could have had the benefit of the thorough education in Biblical study, under

conditions that exist in the Sunday-school of this church, I would be a great deal better man, and I would know a good deal more. I leave with a sense of leaving a great and useful association in religion, which I hope will continue to grow and make for better men and better women in Washington, and will widen its influences so as to make for better and purer religion the country over.

"I thank you, my friends, for your kindness during the last four years. Dr. Pierce has been good enough to suggest some of the reasons why at times I had to be absent from services here for various reasons. I have at times attended other churches, but always with the hope that in so doing I could show that we are all one brotherhood, and that as we stood together we could accomplish more in the name of God."

From Emerson's Journal—May 13, 1822.

In twelve days I shall be nineteen years old, which I account a miserable thing. Has any other educated person lived so many years and lost so many days? I do not say acquired so little, for by an ease of thought and certain looseness of mind I have perhaps been the subject of as many ideas as many of mine age. But mine approaching maturity is addressed with a goading sense of emptiness and wasted capacity; with the conviction that vanity has been content to admire the little circle of natural accomplishments, and has traveled again and again the narrow round, instead of adding sedulously the gems of knowledge to their number. Too tired and too indolent to travel up the mountain-path which leads to good learning, to wisdom and to fame, I must be satisfied with beholding with an envious eye the laborious journey and final success of my fellows—remaining stationary myself until my inferiors and juniors have reached and outgone me. And how long is this to last? How long shall I hold the little activity which four or six years ago I flattered myself was enviable, but which has become contemptible now? It is a child's place, and if I hold it longer I may quite as well

resume the bauble and rattle—grow old with a baby's red jockey on my gray head and a picture book in my hand, instead of Plato and Newton.

Well, and I am he who nourished brilliant visions of future grandeur which may well appear presumptuous and foolish now. My infant imagination was idolatrous of glory, and thought itself no mean pretender to the honors of those who stood highest in the community and dared even to contend for fame with those who are hallowed by time and the approbation of ages. It was a little merit to conceive such animating hopes, and afforded some poor prospect of their fulfillment. This hope was fed and fanned by the occasional lofty communications which were vouchsafed to me with the muses' heaven, and which have at intervals made me the organ of remarkable sentiments and feelings, which were far above my ordinary train. And with this lingering earnest of better hope (I refer to this fine exhilaration which now and then quickens my clay) shall I resign every aspiration to belong to that family of giant minds which live on earth many ages and rule the world when their bones are slumbering, no matter whether under a pyramid or a primrose? No. I will yet a little while entertain the angel.

Look next from the history of my intellect to the history of my heart. A blank, my lord; I have not the kind affection of a pigeon. Ungenerous and selfish, cautious and cold, I yet wish to be romantic; have not sufficient feeling to speak a natural, hearty welcome to a friend or stranger, and yet send abroad wishes and fancies of a friendship with a man I never knew. There is not in the whole universe of God (my relations to Himself I do not understand) one being to whom I am attached with warm and entire devotion—not a being to whom I have joined fate for weal or woe—not one whose interests I have nearly and dearly at heart.—and this I say at the most susceptible age of man. Perhaps at the distance of a score of years—if I then inhabit this world, or, still more, if I do not—these will appear frightful confessions; they may or may not. It is a true picture of a barren and desolate soul.

[These utterances are not to be taken too seriously. The boy's ascetic life and close confinement at his necessary and self-imposed work have wrought their natural result. These are the first symptoms of the general vital depression which, in the next five years, nearly cost him his life. For his mother and brothers he always had a strong affection and loyalty.]

My body weighs 144 pounds. In a fortnight I intend, *Deo volente*, to make a journey on foot. A month hence I will answer the question whether the pleasure was only in the hope.

I love my wide worlds.

If a man could go into the country but once, as to some raree-show, or if it were indulged by God but to a single individual to behold the majesty of nature, I think the credit and magnificence of Art would suddenly fall to the ground. For take away the cheapness and ease of acquisition which lessen our estimation of its value, and who could suddenly find himself alone in the green fields, where the whole firmament meets the eye at once—and the pomp of woods and clouds and hills is poured upon the mind—without an unearthly animation?

It is now nineteen years since I left the Land of Not, and I may safely say that, in the countries in which I have passed my time since that period, it has been invariable true that there is more crime, misery and vexation in every one of them in the course of a single year than transpires in the peaceful Land of Not in the lapse of many centuries. Except for the existence of one single institution which has been established from time immemorial, there is no question that a vast tide of emigration would rapidly flow into that country. This institution is a rigorous alien act which ordains that no man who leaves the limit of the country shall ever be permitted to set foot within it again. But, to my knowledge, many who have left it have often afterwards looked back to its pleasant abodes and desired in vain to return.

Nations and Right.

I do not understand how a nation can become great except upon the very plan that the Almighty has laid down for us to build greatness on, and it seems to me that there is infidelity in the idea that we cannot afford to do right till somebody else joins with us. You cannot tell what good an example will do until you set it. You cannot tell, except by testing it, what influence will go out from an uplifted life; nor can you tell till you try it what influence will go out from a nation that sets an uplifted example.—*William J. Bryan.*

Schools as Civic Centers.

What President Woodrow Wilson says: "The public school-house is the great melting-pot of democracy. Why should not our whole life center in this place where we learn the fundamentals of our life? Why should not the school-houses be the year-in-and-year-out places of assembly, where things are said which nobody dares ignore? If we have not had our way in this country, it has been because we have not been able to get at the ear of those who were conducting our government, and if there is any man in Buffalo or anywhere else in the United States who objects to using the school-houses that way, you may feel sure that there is something that he does not want to have discussed."—Labor Day address, Brun's Park, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I see in a movement like this a recovery of the constructive and creative genius of the American people. Throughout the State of Wisconsin, where for the past two years the law has required the school boards to make free, gratuitous and convenient provision for the use of the school-houses as neighborhood headquarters, for political presentation and discussion, and where in scores of communities the citizenship has availed itself of his right, there has been no single case of abuse or disorder."—Address at first National Conference on Social Center Development.

What Ex-President Roosevelt says:

"One of the ways in which I would see that done [for voters to get more control over their machinery than at

present] is by having greater use made of the school-houses. For example, the polling-places ought all to be in the school-houses. It ought not to be necessary for the parties to hire buildings in which their candidates are to speak. We have school-houses in which they can speak. We can make each school-house a senate chamber of the people. Think how this would reduce the expenses of the campaigns."—Address at Hartford, Conn.

President Carroll G. Pearse of National Educational Association:

"The anticipated dangers of soiling the buildings and other inconveniences have proved largely imaginary and are more than offset by the educational value of having the supreme civic expression in the places devoted to education." (Speaking of use of schools as polling-places.)

Dr. Josiah Strong, President Social Center Association of America:

"In every city where the public school-house has begun to be used as a common political presentation place where the voters of each district may hear and consider the various arguments of all parties, has been demonstrated the complete feasibility of eliminating the private or party rental of meeting-places, and so, by removing one of the two defenses of the expenditure of private money in the influencing of public choice, cutting away half the shield behind which corrupt practices operate."—Letter to National Committees of all political parties.

Resolutions Worth Adopting.

I will study the language of gentleness and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.

I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without loading mine on them.

I will excuse others' faults and failures as often and fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.

I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service.

I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a good-will face unchilled by aloofness.

I will gloat over gains never, but amass only to enrich others and so gain a wealthy heart.

I will love boys and girls, so that old age will not find me stiff and soured.

I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every fair occasion and by outlook optimistically.

I will pray frequently, think good things, believe men and do a full day's work without fear or favor.—*Christian F. Reisner, M. D., Farm and Fireside.*

The Dead Palm.

By E. S. Goodhue.

Uncrowned at last,
Behaded by the ax of Time,
Its scarred and sinuous trunk still there,
Dead:
Headless in the air!

For centuries its green leaves stirred,
Shimmering and restless in the light;
The voicings of the ocean heard;
Caught shadows of the frigate-bird
In his empyreal flight.

From its proud vantage in the sun,
Saw daylight rise, and fall when day was
done;

Viewed battles fought
Where spears thier havoc wrought,
By wild, barbarian clans of men;
Chiefs riding o'er the field
Encased in feather cloak and shield,
Then
Strange rejoicings at some victory won!

And as the season came to yield
Threw out its bunch of browning nuts,
Where eager eyes from grass-made huts
That rose upon the lava field—
Looked up with longing to the time
When up the trunk the boys could climb;
Walk up that leaning stalk and clasp
A bowl of sweet milk at a grasp!

Ah, in these thoughtless, modern days,
When change is sought,
And kings are not;
When olden ways
Are all forgotten quite,
To me the sight
Of this dead tree
Is like a voice—
A wordless voice—
Out of eternity.

Do not be afraid of missing heaven
by seeking a better earth. — *Henry
Drummond.*

The Coming Democracy.

Sometimes we wonder why the men of olden days could not see the coming of the inevitable crises, which are so clearly discerned by the present-day historian as he looks backward. Hindsight is not always so commendable a virtue as foresight, but it has its compensations. If history repeats itself and if the historian is really a prophet, then let us learn from the seeming blindness of our fathers.

One need not be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to say that this is the era of the common man. The masses are rising to assert themselves as never before, because the coming democracy is being built—not upon a lawless revolution, but upon an evolution which seems natural and therefore must be permanent. No human power can prevent its coming.

This means great things for the people. It fills with hope those who have been bowed down with the burden of the past. It means also that every true lover of the race will rejoice, for the well-being of the common humanity must be the ultimate aim of every worker in the field of social service. And more and more is the great-hearted employer realizing that his business must be conducted on a social basis—not simply for the good of the few who are directly interested as stockholders. The power of the labor leader of the past will be considered small indeed compared with that which will be given the leader of the future. He will be statesman, prophet, preacher. He cannot be demagogue, grafter, charlatan. He must be such as to inspire confidence—not only from those who will look to him as an expert on the subjects most directly involved—as the true representative of the common people.

Power comes from knowledge, from ideas set in motion.

Our proper business is improvement.
—*Webster.*

Deign always to be taught what'er thy strength of body, force of thought.

If you have lost the desire to learn, you are on the down grade.

My hope is built on nothing else
Than Cosmic Law and Righteousness.

—*P. E. O.*

Lights and Shadows.

Every principal is a war note.

A man knows no more to any purpose than he practices.

The best use of money is to pay debts with it.

What you love not you cannot do.

Poets are the natural guardians of admiration in the hearts of the people.

How is a man wise? By the perception of a principle.

Principle is a passion for truth.

The habitual attitude of the wise man must be adoration.

Iron kept at the iron-monger's will rust.

A well-bred person shuns nothing, dodges no corners, evades no look or word, cuts short no introduction or farewell; but clearly and cheerfully upon the moment does and says what seemeth suitable and kind.

It is a sublime illustration of the Christian doctrine of humility the fact that God is the servant of the universe. If there were any being whom he did not serve, he would not be the God of that being.

Power is one great lesson which Nature teaches man. The secret that he cannot only reduce under his will—that is, conform to his character particular events, but classes of events, and so harmonize all the outward occurrences with the states of mind, that must he learn: worship must he learn.

Make your own Bible. Select and collect all the words and sentences that in all your reading have been to you like the blast of triumph out of Shakespeare, Seneca, Moses, John, and Paul.

Is life worth living? Unless one can plunge in the sublime seas—dive deep—and swim far so as to come back with self-respect, with new power, with an advanced experience that shall explain and overlook the old,—it may not be worth while.

Happiness is not a matter of events: it depends upon the tides of the mind.

We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave we suspect others.

From the Churches

EUGENE, ORE.—A full attendance of members and friends was at the annual meeting of the Unitarian Church Thursday evening, March 6th, in the grill room of the Hotel Osborn. C. A. Brown, chairman, presided. W. H. Dempster, acting secretary, reported meetings throughout the year, well and faithfully attended.

L. H. Potter, treasurer, gave an itemized account of receipts and expenditures, showing a small credit balance in the bank.

Mrs. Dorman presented the secretary's report for the Woman's Alliance, which showed a prosperous year along literary and philanthropic lines, as well as giving financial aid to the church.

Mrs. F. L. Barker spoke of the Sunday-school with its enrollment of fifty-five scholars. Mrs. A. A. Bancroft, superintendent, has been assisted in her adult class by Mrs. Dorman. The young people's class is in charge of Mrs. S. D. Allen; while the intermediate classes have Dr. M. H. Ober and Mrs. Barker as instructors. The infant class is in charge of Miss J. D. Gilkison.

The "Busy Bee" Club—a wide-awake, earnest band of children—was represented by Flora Campbell, who said, "The Busy Bees stand for helpfulness and are always ready to assist in good works. We study parliamentary law, and conduct our meetings accordingly." The Busy Bees are interested in finances and have a small credit balance.

Rev. R. W. Borst, who is considering a call to the Eugene church, was present and gave some of his past experiences and future hopes, as to the ideas for which the Unitarian church stands, along progressive and social service lines. In closing, Mr. Borst drew an imaginary picture of this church and the town, too, as he thinks both will appear in five years.

Music, vocal and instrumental, was furnished by Mrs. W. H. Dempster and Mrs. Dugald Campbell. Hubert and Leo Potter played on the cornet and clarinet. Coffee and sandwiches, cocoa and cake was served by the Woman's Alliance.

The annual meeting of the Unitarian Alliance was held February 11th at the

beautiful hillside home of the president, Mrs. Dugald Campbell. The secretary's report showed a steady interest by the members in matters pertaining to the best good of the church. The membership shows a slight increase over last year, with two honorary, one being the wife of our former minister and the other an invalid, whose best wishes we have, even if she cannot meet with us.

The treasurer's report showed a small balance on the right side of the sheet.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Dugald Campbell (re-elected); vice-president, Mrs. W. H. Dempster; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary A. Rockwell; assistant secretary, Miss J. Lueust; corresponding secretary, Miss J. D. Gilkison (re-elected); treasurer, Mrs. L. H. Potter (re-elected). The permanent committees stand: Post-office Mission, Mrs. L. Phetteplace; Programme, Mrs. A. A. Bancroft; Work, Mrs. C. A. Brown; Press, Mrs. A. Ella S. Stearns.

Following the business routine, all enjoyed the hospitality of the hostess and greatly appreciated a cup of tea, "all the way from Calcutta," which was sent Mrs. Campbell by a relative living in the East Indies.

Easter Sunday saw the little Unitarian Church beautifully decorated and well filled with not only the regular attendance, but strangers. The Sunday-school had very attractive and appropriate exercises. The church services and sermon were of marked interest. At the close of the services the congregation gave Rev. Richard W. Borst a call to the pastorate. Mr. Borst had been in Eugene for a month holding services and meeting the people. The congregation feel it is to be congratulated that Mr. Borst has accepted the call and has regularly entered upon his duties. He is a young man of ability, energy and enthusiasm. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and has had four years experience in Minnesota pastorates. Mr. Borst joins with his congregation in feeling the little church has a hopeful outlook and that it has a service to render the community. Mrs. Borst, who was in the same college with her husband, is at

present in California with her parents. She will arrive in Eugene in a few weeks.

A reception was given the evening of March 31st in Mr. Borst's honor by the Woman's Alliance and the congregation. The little church on Ferry and Eleventh streets offered a hearty welcome to the minister and the several strangers who were present. A short program and light refreshments added to the occasion of a very happy evening.

EUREKA.—The annual meeting was held in the social hall of the church Monday evening, March 3d. About sixty members and friends of the church were present. After enjoying a supper prepared by the ladies of the church, reports of the church officers were heard, trustees were elected, and the evening closed with a musical and literary programme. It was a most pleasant and inspiring season of good fellowship and profitable hearing and discussion of the past work of the church and plans for the future.

All departments of the church were shown to be doing good work. The Alliance, or "Unity Circle," has been the strongest helper of the church finances. The report of attendance at church services showed an increase, during the year just ended, of twenty per cent over the previous year.

Plans were discussed looking towards keeping the church open for religious services throughout the summer, and also for changing the regular service of worship from Sunday evening to Sunday morning and devoting the evening service largely to popular lectures and open discussion of civic and social questions.

On Easter there were special services. The Eureka Canton Odd Fellows were guests at the morning service. Ten new members were received publicly into the church. In the evening a most fitting and enjoyable Easter concert was given by the children under the direction of the organist, Mrs. Ward. A men's social was enjoyed by the men of the church and their friends on the evening of March 14th. Supper was served by the young men of the church, after which Dr. Chain, a local physician, gave a very interesting lecture on bacteria. The

Sunday-school is growing. A monthly children's party on a Saturday afternoon is proving a useful means of getting the members of the school acquainted with each other and bringing in new members. The attendance March 30th was forty-five, the largest attendance since the re-opening of the church last September. The second monthly service at Loleta was held March 21st, with an attendance of eight men and five women.

LOS ANGELES.—Sundays come, and Sundays go, but our faith marches on forever. The Sunday-school camped at the church the Saturday before Easter and made merry. Some sixty little Unitarians and their officers were in the company.

The Alliance moves on serenely with work and play happily intermingled. The business meetings grow more interesting as a wider range of activities is recognized through the presentation of Unitarian current events. This last month there have been "A Visit to Delhi," a "get-together" social in the church parlors, and a box luncheon party at Hermosa Beach. Mrs. Chandler Smith of Wollaston, Massachusetts, is here for a few days and is so enthusiastic and charming that any Alliance might be pardoned for kidnapping her.

Social service talks have been mostly concerned with the amendments to the city charter, and though the discussions were intelligent, earnest and forceful, excellent suggestions being made by speaker and audience, still there is nothing of general interest. At one session, however, Hon. W. E. Brown, State Senator, spoke of some proposed new legislation. A minimum wage bill is greatly needed. Industries cannot afford to pay less than a living wage. It is a menace to society. He would make the minimum wage nine dollars. This measure is welcomed by reputable manufacturers, but opposed by labor leaders, who fear lest the minimum be made the maximum wage. The speaker thought this fear groundless. In each industry a different wage may be fixed. The bill provides for a committee appointed by the Governor, one to represent labor, one capital, and three the people. This committee may be called to investigate and

report upon the conditions of any industry. A Mother's Pension bill proposes to pay the mother \$150 dollars a year for needy children up to the fourteenth year, this sum to be paid by the State and the county, after five years' residence in the State. Another bill urgently needed is one to take the judiciary out of politics. Judges should be appointed by the Governor, ratified by the Senate, subject to recall. In the discussion a probationary term of six years was suggested, and then a life tenure, subject to recall.

The sermons, "Fall of Man," "Regeneration, or Life in the Making," "Salvation, the Fulfillment of Life," and "Easter Aspirations" have held the hearers to a lofty plane of thought. On Easter Sunday the church was crowded. Simple, but graceful, decorations, splendid music by our most excellent choir, and a sermon that set the spirit soaring, all contributed to a beautiful service. Two children were christened and seven new members entered the church. The contribution for the American Unitarian Association was \$150.

PORTLAND, ORE. — Easter Sunday in Portland showed its objection to the early date set for its arrival by tearful mood and a general cold and forbidding attitude. This, however, did not affect the pervading spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward men." At the Church of Our Father five children were christened. The Sunday-school participated in the regular service, the bright happy faces and enthusiasm of the children adding a charm and inspiration to the occasion. Mr. Eliot was at his best and gave an earnest address, using for his text "Whatsoever Is Begotten of God Overcometh the World." The music was of a high order. Communion service followed the regular service, as is the custom on Easter Sunday.

At the Vesper Service Brooker T. Washington occupied the pulpit and addressed a large number of people; every inch of space was filled by eager listeners and many were turned away.

On Monday the Unitarian Club entertained Mr. Washington at luncheon with one hundred and twelve at the table.

In addresses made at the Synagogue, and Tabernacle, two of the large high-school assembly halls, the Y. M. C. A., and the Business Men's Club, Mr. Washington spoke to at least ten thousand Portland people, who realized, as never before, the well-balanced mind and the dignity and high purpose of the man, the magnitude and far-reaching influence of his work. True and loyal to his own race, untiring in his efforts to better its conditions, Booker Washington is a unique figure in the philanthropic and educational world of to-day.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Leavitt has occupied the pulpit each Sunday of the month excepting the 30th, when Dr. Morgan of the Divinity School stood in his place, speaking on "The Still, Small Voice." The Easter service, both in the Sunday-school and the church, was fine in spirit and attractive in form.

On Monday the 24th Mr. Leavitt enjoyed a rather unusual privilege in officiating at the wedding of his own daughter. The church presented a beautiful sight with its tasteful decoration and generous gathering of friends of the family. Following the stately procession of groomsmen and bridesmaids, Mr. Leavitt escorted the radiant bride down the aisle, with which from early girlhood she has been very familiar. Reaching the assemblage in front of the pulpit her father had filled for thirteen years, she took her place beside the fine young English surgeon who had met his fate so far from home, while Mr. Leavitt, surrendering his fatherly relation, stepped forward, faced the young couple and simply and reverently conducted the ceremony that made them one. The organ, which had most harmoniously but unobtrusively accompanied the service, burst forth in peals of rejoicing and out into the world marched the happy pair and their merry friends.

The observant noted a pleasant incident. Miss Helen's devoted class of Sunday-school scholars were seated in the gallery and as the party passed out she glanced up and smiled in response to the salute of waving hands from her admiring girls.

The reception in the church parlor was a delightful combination of the youthful

friends of the newly married and of the stand-bys of the church. It was briskly sociable and heartily enjoyed.

Later at the home the bridal party and as many of the friends as the limited room could accommodate enjoyed a bridal supper, bidding Godspeed to the young people and extending congratulations to the parents.

The March meetings of the Society for Christian Work were interesting ones. Plans are being made by our president for an elimination of our annual bazaar, the money to be raised through the year by "section work." We are all willing for a change, so for this year the new way will be tried under Mrs. Drummond's guidance.

On March 10th we enjoyed "An Afternoon with Kipling in Song, Story and Verse." Mrs. M. E. Cutten and Miss Anita Perata recited most dramatically several of his poems, and Miss Beatrice Bacigalupi's sympathetic contralto voice thrilled us with the "Recessional."

On March 24th Mrs. A. E. Buckingham gave us an informal talk on her travels through Spain. We are fortunate in having so many of our members travel and able to so graphically recount their experiences to us "stay-at-homes."

The Truth.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still.

Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.

He that sees clear is gentlest of his words
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfill.

Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth.
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.
Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule;
Wisest is he, who, never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better day by day;
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

—Archibald Lampman.

It is God and the discovery of Him in life and the certainty that He has plans for our lives and is doing something with them, that gives us a true, deep sense of movement and lets us always feel the power and delight of unknown coming things.—Phillips Brooks.

Sparks

The small boy was the first to answer the telephone. The person on the other end of the wire was a friend of his mother, and the following conversation ensued: "Is this Mrs. Blank's residence?" "No, ma'am; it's Mrs. Blank's little boy."—*Everybody's*.

Willie—Pa, when has a man horse sense? Pa—When he can say "Nay," my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A raw German, summoned for jury duty, desired to be relieved. "Schudge," he said, "I can nicht understand English goot." Looking over the crowded bar, his eye filled with humor, the judge replied: "Oh, you can serve! You won't have to understand good English. You won't hear any here."

Children in Darkness?

By Marian Murdoch.

How the sun in its rapture of giving

Pours lavishly ray upon ray,

There is light for the world in its largeness,—

Are there children in darkness to-day?

How the sunbeams dance over the earth-floor,

In frolic, to lure us to play,

They are wooing young life to its birthright,—

Are there children in darkness to-day?

I ask you, free master of toilers

In mine or in mart hid away,

Turn your soul to the sunlight and answer,—

Are there children in darkness to-day?

A good habit never grows without practice, and without practice it is lost. Von Bulow, an eminent pianist, is reported as saying, "If I stop practicing for one day I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notice it."

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—James Russell Lowell.

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS TRUTH AND HIGHER LIFE

Life's Purpose

For what purpose can any Christian say that he is here in life, with his divine intimation of what ought to be, and his sorrowing perception of what is, if not to put forth a perpetual endeavor against the downward gravitation of his own and others' nature? And if in the conquest of evil God can engage himself eternally, is it not a small thing for us to yield up to the struggle our three-score years and ten? Whatever difficulties may baffle us, whatever defeat await us, it is our business to live with resistance in our will, and die with protest on our lips, and make our whole existence, not only in desire and prayer, but in resolve, in speech, in act, a remonstrance against whatever hurts and destroys in all the earth.

Martineau

PACIFIC COAST UNITARIAN ACTIVITIES.

UUNITARIAN HEADQUARTERS, 376 Sutter Street, near Stockton, San Francisco, Cal., Mrs. Jessie B. Brady, Manager. Office hours, 10 to 12, 1 to 4 (excepting on Saturday afternoon).

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

Published monthly by the Pacific Coast Conference, Subscription \$1.00. Representing, or desirous of representing, all the churches of the Conference, and striving to further the interests of a reverent, reasonable, vital faith. It is denominational in no narrow sense, interprets Christianity as the hand-maid of humanity, and religion as acknowledgment of man's relation to God. It believes in clean thinking, and fearless following where the truth leads, but its highest interest is in life, and in worship expressed in terms of service. It welcomes contributions from those of high purpose and especially asks the co-operation of all interested in making our little group of Pacific Coast churches strong and active in uplift and helpfulness. Contributions should reach 68 Fremont Street by the 25th of the month. Advertising rates furnished on application.

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

God our Father; man our brother

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN greets the rep-
resentatives of the churches stretching
up and down the Coast, assembled in
annual conference, with cordial fraternal
hand clasp.

The custom of meeting at different
points in our imperial domain is a good
one, bringing possibilities of helpfulness
and profit that are realized and lead to
growth and progress. Considered retro-
spectively our gatherings are associated
with very pleasant memories of those
who have done their part and passed
from our fellowship—some to their eter-
nal rest, others to remote fields of use-
fulness and honor.

The memory of the editor runneth
back to the time when there were, in
California, no churches to confer.

The First Church in San Francisco
was the only Unitarian church west of
St. Louis and Horatio Stebbins stood
alone,—a picket posted far in advance
of the army. Time passed and here and
there were movements for liberal
churches. San Diego, Santa Cruz, San
Jose, held services and sometimes had
ministers.

In 1867 Rev. T. L. Eliot and his wife
passed through San Francisco on the
way to Portland, Oregon, and planted
finally the first church of the Northwest.
In 1876 the church of All Souls' was
dedicated and the occasion was improved
to hold an informal conference. There
were present Dr. Stebbins, Rev. T. L.
Eliot, Rev. E. L. Galvin, who was preach-
ing at Walla Walla; Rev. David Sutter,
who was fighting for a foothold at
Tacoma, and Rev. W. W. McKaig, who

had come out of Presbyterianism at Marysville.

The number of ministers was not large, but the amount of spiritual conception and pure religious idealism was large, and the conference was impressive.

The preliminary gathering was not considered as the initial meeting of a conference. Indeed, there was no organization, and precious little to organize, but the succeeding years were marked by activity, and by 1885 the impulse to get together and march in step was irresistible.

A "Liberal Christian Conference" was held in San Francisco. The "Liberal" churches not bearing the Unitarian name failed to materialize. It is easy to call "Spirits from the vasty deep," but "will they come?" In this case they did not, though there participated in this fine series of meetings quite a number of strong men, who, if they were Unitarians, did not know it.

The session began by two strong sermons on Sunday, November 1st, Rev. A. W. Jackson of Santa Barbara, preaching in the morning, and Rev. T. L. Eliot of Portland, in the evening.

There were morning, afternoon and evening sessions for three days, and they were well attended by deeply interested people. Each morning session was preceded by a devotional service. The ministers participating, aside from the sermonizers, were Rev. Horatio Stebbins, and Rev. David Cronyn of San Diego. Laymen were strongly represented by Mr. Wm. C. Bartlett, who spoke on "The Relation of the Public Press to Religion;" Mr. Edmund T. Dooley on "Treatment of Dependent and Delinquent Children;" Mr. William H. Mills on "The Application of Morals to Some Facts in Regard to the Relation of Labor

and Capital," and Prof. Geo. H. Howison on "Some of the Present Bearings of Philosophy Upon Religion." Rev. Elkan Cohn spoke on "The Present Position and Future Prospects of the Jewish Religion." Mr. Eliot treated the drink question, Mr. Jackson spoke on "The Religious Problems of To-day," and Dr. Stebbins considered "What is Liberal Christianity, and What is the True Type of the Liberal Christian Mind?"

Such was the interest felt that the proceedings were printed, making a portly volume, which formed a pretty complete resumé of the best thought of the day on matters of the highest human interest. This was really the first real conference of our churches. The second was held in May, 1887. Since then, with the exception of 1906, regular annual meetings have been held, generally following at some point on San Francisco Bay one year, the North and the South alternating on the intermediate years.

There have been memorable meetings at Seattle and Portland to the North and San Diego, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara at the South. All the Bay churches excepting Palo Alto have entertained the Conference. Last year we invaded the San Joaquin Valley and held a fine session at Fresno.

The meeting at Oakland is anticipated with the expectation of great helpfulness through the renewal of enthusiasm and courage from touching, not only elbows, but earnest minds and throbbing hearts.

Let there be nothing perfunctory. We meet for cause and not from habit.

Years ago on a trip to the interior the editor and Dr. Stebbins were dining at a pretty poor hotel. In the course of the meal came meat, presumably beef, and boiled potatoes. Dr. Stebbins took one, and peeling it with care cut

it open. It was hopelessly soggy and wholly uninviting. He turned from it with whimsical disgust and said, "Charles, I never eat a potato because it is a potato!" The lesson struck home.

It is not worth while to do anything for the mere sake of doing it. There must be value or meaning back of it or there is no cause. It must be real, and not an appearance. Form does not guarantee nutrition. There is no value in a conference unless there is real conference on matters of vital interest and deep human concern. Let us approach this meeting not because it is the set time for coming together, but from a desire to help and be helped; from a determination to give of our best and get from others their best, that all may be uplifted and strengthened for stronger service.

There is nothing that shows the truth as to the inner quality of a man more impressively than the final expression of his will. The man who in his life time distributes his surplus wisely in helpfulness and human beneficence is entitled to first rank, but within close hailing distance is he who generously and sympathetically leaves a good part of his fortune to those whom it will truly help, or to objects of general benefit.

Possessions unaccompanied by a sense of responsibility,—regarded as personal belongings wholly detached from the common good, and left to establish family prominence or the glory of the getter, do not fulfill their true purpose, and commonly curse rather than bless.

But the man who shares his good fortune with his fellows gets much more out of the part he keeps than he who hoards.

Last month Mr. Edward Coleman, of San Francisco, a good man, though wealthy, who had long been a cheerful

giver, was called to the life beyond, and his will was found to cover legacies to various charities and church activities totalling about half a million dollars. The Young Men's Christian Association, various hospitals, societies for the helpfulness of children, and other worthy organizations, were liberally remembered. Their increased power for good will extend indefinitely his human helpfulness, and make his memory very dear.

Those near him say that it was his purpose to give to general beneficence one-third of his estate, all that the California law allows, but the will was made several years ago, and the increase of property value since its date, would have made possible about double the amount. Two lessons are to be learned from this brief story. If any reader has failed to provide for some cause or causes of human welfare, let him be admonished to do it at once. If he has already done so, let him look to it that a codicil provides for the distribution of any surplus that may have accumulated since he registered his purpose.

To be charitable, however, one need not wait till life's end, for there is happily opportunity for those upon whom ability or good fortune has not smiled in terms of gold, to exercise the virtue in less conspicuous but not less helpful ways.

To be charitable in judgment, and therefore kindly, is too rare for comfort. How many find life's way hard and thorny from severity of judgment, or from the questioning of motive. How few really judge as they would be judged. It is often not a matter of a hard heart, but the result of bad habit, of careless depreciation of motive. It is particularly the besetting sin of the unsuccessful and the disappointed. It is easy to be generous when all goes well,

but it takes a finer spirit to give due credit to those who have achieved where we have failed.

It is evidence of soundness and sweetness when we seek to make allowance for others, and when we attribute to any act the best motives that we can find, instead of the lower ones that seem obvious to the thoughtless. Especially is this true when the one we judge is not very well liked. It is easy to be just to those we love, but not so easy to be charitable to those whom we fail to love.

Sometimes, perhaps, we do not love people because we do not know them, and sometimes we do not know them because we do not allow ourselves to love them.

Appreciation is not wholly controlled by will. There are many things that we are willing to admit that we ought to do, but we seem to lack the ability, and if we seek the reason we are apt to find that we have not used the means. We learn to appreciate when affection predisposes favorable construction of motives and generosity of judgment, and about the best contribution we can make to general comfort and happiness is to love to the limit. However restricted the limit may be, the exercise of all possible affection will be helpful, and kindness, as a result, is a great lubricant and tends to justice as well as joy.

In 1891 there was in Pilgrim Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church an active, interested group of young people, associated as "The Onward Club." They wanted to do something for the school, the church, and its auxiliary societies, and they concluded that a regular publication devoted to their interests and activities would be helpful. The name selected for their organ was *The Guidon*, which in military parlance denotes the

modest flag used to direct the movements of a marching column. The page was of the same size and appearance as *THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN* of to-day, but twelve pages instead of thirty-two, constituted the monthly issue.

The Guidon fluttered briskly for fifteen months, from August, 1891, and then was adopted by the Pacific Coast Conference as worthy of a wider field and made representative of all our churches. The name was determined by ballot and *THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN* won the contest. The selected publication committee consisted of Horace Davis, Horatio Stebbins, Chas. W. Wendte and Chas. A. Murdock, the editor.

The first number contained a sermon by Rev. Samuel McCord Crothers (then of St. Paul), preached in the Oakland church, on the "Christian Idea of Ownership."

Of the seventeen ministers then settled over Coast churches, seven are now ministering to Eastern churches, three have died, and three have left their ministry. The only survivor in the active ministry on the Pacific Coast is Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland.

THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, sooner or later, has appeared every month. Seven years ago it had a close call, when the elements assailed and destroyed its body, as represented by type and presses, but its spirit was undaunted and not to be disturbed by earthquake or fire. Through the generosity of George H. Ellis, of Boston, representing the *Christian Register*, it was issued in close imitation of its customary form, giving a full and valuable account of the great calamity that tested San Francisco and found it not wanting.

The following month Santa Barbara came to the rescue, turning out a creditable number. Thereafter it resumed the

even tenor of its way, resuming publication in the new San Francisco.

Its editor feels grateful that it has been allowed to live. Why and how it has been sustained is not easy to understand. It can hardly claim the right on merit, for it has fallen far short of realizing its ideals or fulfilling its possibilities. It has sacrificed something by standing rather stubbornly by the theory that it presents an opportunity that ought to be appreciated and improved by the ministers and interested laymen of the conference. It has seemed that all friends of the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast, moved by a sense of responsibility and interest, should need no special solicitation to contribute. Its columns are open, and its real value and usefulness depend upon the extent and devotion of co-operative use. There has been no general sense of responsibility manifested. With a few honorable and warmly appreciated exceptions, the editor has been left largely alone. While the conference is nominally the publisher it has taken little responsibility and exercised little if any control. No systematic effort has been made to secure contributions, and for this the editor is largely, if not wholly, to blame.

Whatever satisfaction there is in spontaneous, voluntary work, which represents real interest and the vitality of the word that gets said because it must be said, it is not to be wholly relied upon. It is uncertain and irregular both in quantity and quality, and needs supplementing by methodical preparation that will insure against drought and famine.

The experiment of accepting what comes and soliciting nothing has not been wholly a failure, but cannot be claimed as wholly successful. It has been pretty thoroughly tried and it is evident that it can be no longer relied upon.

The editor is admonished that if THE

PACIFIC UNITARIAN is to continue it must have a firmer reliance than the fag ends of time left over, or stolen, from a life of unwarranted, but unavoidable, activity. His disposition is to go on, accepting what help is offered, and letting it go at that, but his better judgment prompts him to descend from his perch and ask for organized relief in preparation for final surrender. THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN ought to live on, when he has gone, or when his waning power to serve has gone, and he respectfully and urgently asks the Conference at this session to take into its hands the publication of THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, and through the appointment of a committee who will be active in both the business and editorial control to provide for management that shall more adequately meet the opportunity and responsibility presented.

Notes.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Reed left Palo Alto on April 28th for their proposed eight months' absence in European travel. Rev. William S. Morgan of Berkeley will supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church during the absence of Mr. Reed.

On May 14th the twentieth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the church at Pomona will be appropriately observed. Rev. U. G. B. Pierce, who has so well sustained the church at Washington, began his ministry at Pomona at the same date.

The Stockton Unitarians, who have been holding services under the leadership of Mr. A. B. Heeb, perfected their church organization on April 6th, and with increased zeal will work to further the growth of a liberal church in this promising field.

The Fancy Work Section of the Society for Christian Work of the San Francisco church announces an Oriental Tea and Bazaar to be held in the church parlors May 23rd. Mr. Henry P. Bowie will give a talk on some phase of Japanese life at 2:30 P. M.

The annual meeting of the San Jose church was held early in April and was well attended and enjoyable. About one hundred sat down to a substantial dinner provided by the ladies of the church. There was much good speaking by both men and women—brief, bright and witty. The reports were generally satisfactory and the spirit disclosed was good.

Rev. Franklin Baker, formerly of Sacramento, is holding meetings at Long Beach, Southern California, speaking at Chapel Hall, and energetically looking forward to a society and a church home.

The Social Club of the Oakland church will stage a benefit performance of "Facing the Music" at Starr King Hall on May 2d, the proceeds to go to the Children's Hospital.

The Unitarians of Eureka are to inaugurate a People's Platform on Sunday evenings, with discussions on all subjects of civic, social and educational character, and lectures by the best speakers to be secured. Dr. Wilbur is expected to give a lecture on some evening during the month of May.

Sunday evening meetings are being held in the Fresno church at which good music is combined with discussion of matters of public interest by informed and interested laymen. On April 28th, Mr. C. K. Bonestell, a prominent attorney, spoke on "The Trend of Modern Legislation."

At Santa Rosa on the evening of April 21st, Mr. T. J. Butts, an attorney, spoke on "What's the Matter with Santa Rosa?" He found a lack of co-operative enterprise as the main drawback. He also urged each householder to start at once to beautify his own home, and that every vacant lot be planted to flowers or vegetables, bringing the city up to its highest possibilities. New school houses were also needed, and incidentally a new charter.

The biography of S. J. Barrows, one of the leading penologists of the United States, for fifteen years a resident of Boston but latterly secretary of the Prison Association of New York State, has been

written by his wife, Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, who aided him much during his journalistic and secretarial careers.

The saloon in California is on the run. Last November the voters of Central and Northern California closed by their ballots all the saloons in eighty-five towns. In two years the dry towns have increased from 200 to 675. In Central and Northern California ten county seats can boast of no saloons.

At the last meeting of the Regents of the University of California, there was announced a gift of \$100,000 by Carrie M. Jones to provide thirty scholarships of \$200 each for male students. The Horatio Stebbins scholarship for the benefit of women students was formally announced, the amount being \$4,000.

Dr. J. M. Kirkpatrick, new minister of the Unitarian Church at Redlands, has arrived from Lawrence, Kansas, to take up his work. Because of ill health he gave up a pastorate at Geneseo, Ill. He is impressed with the beauties of California and of Redlands, and says that he probably will open an Arts and Crafts School, in connection with his church work. He conducted such a school in Scotland.

The Religious Educational Association of California lately held a three days' session at Los Angeles, on April 3d, 4th and 5th, and perfected a permanent organization. Rev. E. S. Hodgkin took an active part. Bishop Johnson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was warmly applauded when he denounced the indifference of parents who allow their girls to go about the streets improperly clothed—"with sleeves clear to their elbows and waists half way down from their necks." He declared, "children belong to the parents, not to the State: to the parents, not to the church. The church is mollicoddling children and parents from the cradle to the grave."

Not long ago the Bishop of London publicly instructed the vicars of his diocese to refuse to perform the marriage service to applicants who were known to be Unitarians in their belief, even as a matter of courtesy, when there was no Unitarian church within the par-

ish limits, and in his late Lenten services the Bishop has issued a grave warning that a vigorous policy is now necessary to prevent the English church from being "paralyzed by the cold grip of Unitarianism." Even so the high priest of Judaism warned his followers against the gentle teaching of the Galilean peasant. The Bishop seems to be conscious of the inflowing truth, but fears it.—*The Christian Life* (London).

Rev. E. S. Hodgkin, of Los Angeles, on April 6th preached on "Mastery and Submission." "Two elements are ever battling for supremacy in our philosophy of life. There is that in our experience which makes us feel that we are masters and there is that which assures us that we are but slaves. When we are strong we feel that we can conquer fate; when we are weak we feel that fate has mastered us. One view maintains that our highest happiness is found in the mastery of things; the other maintains that true happiness comes only from resignation. Contradictory as they may seem, these two forces are necessary to life. Either alone would destroy us. They are to human life what the centrifugal and centripetal forces are in the solar system. There is a very real sense in which we are mere motes drifting on the flood of things. We are in the continuous grip of necessity and to refuse to accept it is to refuse life itself. Yet there is in the midst of these things a liberty that is almost unlimited. We can accept things in such a way that by our very acceptance of them we rise in mastery over them; or we may accept them in such a way that by our acceptance we are mastered by them."

The Seattle *Times* of April 21st prints a liberal report of a fine sermon by Rev. J. D. O. Powers, the third of a series on modern religion. He referred to the discovery, in 1887, of the remarkable clay tablets, 300 in number, containing correspondence of Babylonian, Assyrian and Mesopotamian kings with the Pharaohs, and also letters from Jerusalem preceding the occupation of the promised land by the Israelites. The translation shows a high state of civilization 2500 years before Christ, and reveals the

origin of the Jewish system of jurisprudence, the origin of the Sabbath, the elaborate system of sacrifice, and about all we find in the Old Testament. It confirms our modern conclusion that moral law was not miraculously revealed to Moses, but is implanted in the nature of man. In all bibles—Egyptian, Brahman, Buddhist, Persian, Chinese, Jewish, Christian—the commandments are in practically the same form and order. They are alike in their great central ethical and spiritual teachings.

Evolution always attains its end, and one by one man has been learning the commandments which are fundamental to all the realms he is master of. Supremely these have been summed up in the Jewish race and most sublimely of all by that master-mind of all the ages, Jesus Christ.

Rev. William Day Simonds in a recent sermon, speaking of John Pierpont Morgan, said: "Mr. Morgan was not necessarily a hypocrite, nor do I think for a minute that he was one because he was a regular attendant at a church. We are too prone to judge hastily—to stamp him as one because of his dominant attitude as a captain of industry on the other six days of the week. He was merely doing what many other men do, seeking relief from the terrible newness of things in the mysticism of the religion of past ages. It was soothing to the tired business brain, and it ill becomes other men to judge him as being insincere, when in all likelihood he was just as earnest in his worship as we are ourselves. In his way and according to his light he accomplished many good things, and it is the charitable duty of us who remain to judge him not harshly, but with understanding and generosity."

Rev. Dr. McCrothers preached in the Santa Barbara church on April 20th. Santa Barbara is intimately related to two of the most important events in the life of the gifted preacher of Cambridge. In 1878 he was pastor of the Presbyterian church there, and by some means found that he was really a Unitarian. In 1882, after he had entered the Unitarian ministry, he married Miss Louise Bronson of Santa Barbara. A

city that gave a man a congenial faith and a devoted wife ought to rank high as a point of interest.

Rev. O. P. Shrout, of San Jose, on April 20th, preached on optimistic sermon on the adjuration, "Know Thyself." His general conclusion was, "Keep your faces to the future, your faith in the ultimate good; turn the wasted past out of your thoughts, keep faith with yourself and your life should be one long sweet summer day of light and joy."

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgins, of Los Angeles, lately exchanged with Rev. Alan R. Tillinghast, Universalist, of Pasadena, speaking on "Salvation." He began by saying that he had heard of the lost interest in theology, but had proved that not to be true. He said that for seven months he had preached on the great themes of theology with a constantly increasing interest and attendance. He reviewed various theories of salvation, giving his own view, that salvation is spiritual attainment through Christ-like loyalty to the Holy Spirit. It is not a matter of bookkeeping, but of being reverent and righteous. It is the God consciousness coming to sovereignty in conduct and character.

On April 20th Rev. William Day Simonds improved the occasion of the conclave of Knights Templars by an address on "The Knights and Ladies of Modern Chivalry." "We hear too often that the days of chivalry are over, and so we believe. We are too prone to think of knighthood as being inseparable from the burnished shield and helmet, the uplifted lance, the richly caparisoned horses and the jousting and tournament grounds of the mediæval ages. We are wrong. Cold prosaic business methods of to-day are just as productive of opportunities for the display of knighthood as were the tenth and twelfth centuries. There is a difference, true, between the chivalry of old and of to-day. Then the cry went forth, 'Let us rescue the Holy Sepulcher.' Now the cry goes forth, 'Let us rescue the holy humanity from disease, folly and crime.' Then the knight fought for his ladye fayre,' and only for her. The peasant girl was his legitimate prey. To-day we take count of womanhood—not merely of the

lady of high degree, but of the woman. And the modern knight sets his standard so much higher than his ancient forbear that when comparisons are reached I say in all sincerity, 'Give me the new, sooner than the old.'"

Rev. Thomas Clayton, while not deprecating the value of the Sunday-school, stoutly maintains that the church is necessary to cultivate reverence. In a recent sermon he said: "We have drifted into a notion that if the children are hustled off to Sunday-school on Sunday morning, that is all they need of religious influence. We would not in any way detract from the value of the Sunday-school; but it is a mistaken notion that it can fill the place of the religious service in the church. The average teacher cannot take the place of the minister, nor is there the necessary 'air of reverence' in the Sunday-school. It is not, and cannot be the 'children's church.' For 10,000 years humanity has found it profitable to assemble for religious worship, both for young and old, and we do not believe this generation has arrived at such a high moral altitude, as to no longer need these offices of religion. If we desert them, as many are now doing, we shall reap a harvest of evil, the same as men have done in other ages."

Charles F. Raymond in the *Cheerful Life Series* says: "When success shines upon you, be prepared to be hated, and when you leave the rut, be prepared to have enemies, for the more energetic you are, the more you try to reform abuses, the more you will be abused; for this glad old world likes to wag along to glory without any disturbers. Be strong, and every knock is a boost."

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. The more inconsistent his views are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves.—*Bishop Butler.*

A Conference Symposium.

[Desiring to further the interest of the Conference, the editor solicited from the twelve ministers nearest at hand, who would naturally be the hosts of the meeting, contributions on "What Can Unitarian Churches Do?" for the promotion, or the fostering of, various desirable things in general uplift. One preferred a different subject and sent an acceptable contribution,—five responses follow. This shows that the proportion supplied with oil preserves the ratio established by the virgins of old. Readers are privileged to supply answers to the following questions to which response is lacking: "For Cleaner Living," "For Better Education," "For Civic Righteousness," "In Fostering Religious Feeling," "Popularizing the Church," "Lifting College Life," "Promoting Honesty."—EDITOR.]

What Can Unitarian Churches Do for Clearer Thinking?

By Earl M. Wilbur.

This question assumes that there is need of clearer thinking on religious subjects than is now common; that much of current religious thought, at least among laymen, is vague, inconsistent, and uncertain. That this is the case, most would readily admit. The hesitating way in which many discuss religion, or their reluctance to discuss it at all; their willingness on the one hand to accept the assertions of dogmatists who will undertake to guide them into all truth, and the pathetic eagerness on the other hand with which they will follow up various pretentious fads which promise great results, but which from the outset fly in the face of sound philosophy and psychology, good logic, and even plain common sense—all these evidences witness the need of clearer thinking.

It was not always so. In other days every duly instructed religious person possessed a carefully constructed system of religious thought, expressed in his creed, and diligently impressed by catechizing, and he had always at hand a clear answer as to the faith that was in him. But those days are past for many, and passing for the rest. Authority in religion is steadily less appealed to, and men are more and more called upon to think for themselves. What can our churches do to aid them in thinking clearly, correctly and conclusively?

I shall mention three lines in which I

think such aid can be given, and in which we ought earnestly to try to give it. The first is through a clear and simple philosophy of religion, which, in terms of thought that the man in the street can appreciate and appropriate, shall give the reasonable grounds for fundamental religious convictions. The second is through doctrines which shall give systematic expression to the main facts of religious experience, stated in full harmony with the new world of modern thought. The third way concerns the Bible, the classic literary expression of our religion, which needs to be radically re-interpreted to men of to-day.

To speak of these in reverse order. While the prime value of the Bible lies in devotional and ethical elements which are permanent and universal, yet these are constantly associated with elements which modern thought has outgrown. We can neither take it all without damage, nor leave it all without loss. Nor can the average reader tell where or how or why to draw the line between transient and permanent. Our churches, chiefly through clear and intelligent teaching in the Sunday-schools, can promote clear thinking in these matters. The teachers must be of superior quality. They must take their task seriously, and they must be thoroughly instructed by the minister or other competent person in the most thorough-going modern biblical scholarship. Then our children, from youth up, will see and think clearly about the Bible, and will find it again the most interesting as well as the most helpful book in the world. The minister, too, can help amazingly in this work of clearing thought by making sure that in his public use of the Bible he does not mislead—does not quote the Pentateuch as Moses', nor the Psalms as David's, nor the teachings of the Fourth Gospel, or even all those of the first three, as though they were the teachings of Jesus. By occasional incidental remarks and explanations he can remove many obstacles to clear thinking, and many hindrances to appreciation of the Bible's religious teaching.

In the second place, the modern man needs a system of religious doctrine as much as he ever did, to give order, mean-

ing, and consistency to the facts of his religious experience. The consciousness of God, the conditions of communion with him, the sense of sinfulness, the experience of repentance, regeneration, and forgiveness, the due appreciation of Jesus and the Bible—these and more are normal phenomena of our religious lives; yet they often become morbid, or are undervalued, or are allowed to atrophy, for want of clear understanding of their nature and relations. Our churches, or rather our ministers, can help their people greatly by dealing with these themes, and re-interpreting them in the light of the Psychology of Religion, and of general religious experience. Not by doctrinal sermons of the old sort (now deservedly in disrepute), in which doctrines were dogmas, abstract and remote from life; but by a sympathetic treatment of vital and important experiences of the human soul, which if rightly and clearly understood, can be used to our great good, but if not, may be abused to our great harm, or neglected to our great loss.

In the third place, our churches (again through the preaching and teaching of their ministers) can give sadly needed help by leading people to think clearly in forming a plain and reasonable philosophy of the religious beliefs which now they hold loosely and vaguely, or by mere tradition. Many a man is agnostic, or thinks he is, for sheer lack of any one to help him in clear thinking and in carrying out his thoughts to their logical conclusion. And there is no keener joy than to lead such a man, without doing the least violence to his mental integrity, to realize that he is truly religious after all, and is entitled to all the inspirations of religious faith. And there are others, far more in number, who are religious by vague sentiment or by tradition, on whom religion has but a loose hold, and who in time of trial or under the encroachments of other interests are liable to let it slip, because it has no grip upon their minds. They want the sure anchor of a firm intellectual conviction. Practical sermons, however helpful, will not give it; undigested lumps of philosophy in sermon form and at sermon hour will not give it. But preaching

whose assumptions will always bear investigation, and which is based on a sound philosophy or religion, preaching which in itself always exemplifies clear thinking, should be a steady education in the direction of a clear thinking that will withstand any shallow attacks or insidious competition.

These are some of the ways open to our churches to promote clear and straightforward thinking in an age of changing thought, when much seems befuddled, and when shuffling evasions are often made. Any church might employ these means and seek these ends. But our church, with its freedom from tradition, and with its fearless forward look, can do so most easily of all.

What Can Unitarian Churches Do for Social Service?

By William Day Simonds.

Very much more than they are likely to attempt. We are still too near Dante and Milton and the Mediæval theologians, Catholic and Protestant, to face our duty in the social crisis clearly and courageously. About the best we attain is to halt between two antagonistic conceptions of Christianity. If with fresh inspiration we advance to-day, a swift retreat to-morrow attests that after all we are children of the house of bondage. We ought to be better and wiser than the Fathers. Perhaps we are by a hair's breadth—but no more.

Two questions reveal the whole pitiable situation. Is it the main business of Christianity to save a few persons out of this perishing life, and fit them by teaching and worship to carry on an everlasting prayer-meeting in the skies, or is it the special mission of Christianity to purge society of its evil and cruelty, of its pain and poverty, and to usher in the reign of peace and good will among men here on this earth?

Put this alternative with anything like man-to-man frankness and our Unitarian churches will choose, officially, so to speak, the modern interpretation of religion. We say without conscious insincerity that the purpose of Christianity, and of all religion, is to cure the ills of life both individual and social, here and

now, and only incidentally to prepare the soul for another state of existence. That is what we say in the occasional radical sermon which delights mightily the Socialist in our ranks, and rather alarms the brother who has come down to us from a former generation. But what of the hymns, the scripture reading, the prayer, and that elaborate liturgy which so many of our Unitarian ministers cherish with grandmotherly affection. Why, it is not only filled but saturated with the spirit of other-worldliness. Too, often the so-called "worship" in our churches breathes, not the spirit of stalwart Judaism or the Christianity of Christ, but the spirit of Oriental pessimism. Resignation, not reform; peace and happiness in a mystical heaven, not for men in civil society; "Shall-we-meet-beyond-the-river" aspiration in plenty, but no real zeal in making livable the "beautiful land" God has given us on this side the river.

Just now some adorable reconciler of opposing ideas is about to suggest that we ought to combine these two conceptions of Christianity. Reform the world while we prepare men for Heaven. Don't retreat into the fog, good brother. A man can ride two horses if he is well trained, and they are well trained, provided both are moving in the same direction; otherwise disaster attends upon impossibility. It is the main business of the church to Christianize society, or it is not. It is the chief function of religion to draw men apart from this fragmentary life, this worm-of-the-dust existence, or it is not. Choose, but do not damn both conceptions with imbecile effort to combine contradictory ideas of life and duty.

This is the subtle and all-pervading weakness of religion in our day. We have not yet divorced ourselves from the past. We have not frankly and intelligently accepted the present, nor with any vital vision sensed the future. We really belong to no age, and I am tempted to add to no race or country.

The Catholic Church has made the great decision. From the standpoint of Catholicism the only wise decision.

So long as it may be possible, and facing a bewildered and shattered Protestantism it may be a long time pos-

sible, the Roman church will keep alive the spirit and practice of the Middle Ages. As it then held the keys of Heaven, so now. As it then followed man from birth to burial, so now—with holy baptism, confirmation, the eucharist, penance and absolution, the extreme unction, and a resting place in consecrated ground. It is all there, not a note missing. It is strong, and it lasts, because it is coherent, logical,—inevitable to the unenlightened masses who accept the venerable upon authority.

Our opportunity and our duty is plain. We also make our choice, as inevitable as it is inspiring. In place of superstition we offer science. For unquestioning faith we substitute the reason that examines and on evidence accepts or rejects. For sacraments and masses we teach the faith that works through love, and wisely for the betterment of mankind: We are not anxious about Heaven, nor yet about Hell, but we would like to do a little real work in the world before our sun sets. We do not dream that we can cure the poverty of the people by doling out charity to the beggar. We are beginning to feel that there must be some cure for the blighting want that has dogged the steps of civilization so long. Ours is a social dream. Ours is a social religion. We will proclaim it constantly, consistently. What can we do? First of all get right in spirit. Details are unimportant.

What Can Unitarian Churches Do for Making Men of Boys?

By Nehemiah A. Baker.

Every Unitarian takes a positive pride in the reputation of his church. Often, after he has listened with great patience and some pain to a frank declaration of religious difference, he is tempted to ask the critic if he has found aught to say against the character of any true Unitarian. And again and again it has been a soul's refreshment to hear even the critic say, "Why, I never knew any *bad* Unitarians. How could there be with their emphasis upon salvation by character?"

Unitarian boys and girls ought to count themselves worthy of a place be-

side the best men and women in the world. What boy or girl would walk in new paths of life and hear of the good name and reputation bequeathed to them by a loved father and mother without resolving in honor that by the grace of God they will make themselves worthy of the name they bear?

Every person who takes upon himself the name Unitarian inherits a reputation of character of which he need not be ashamed. Though this will not save him from the necessity of his own moral endeavor, it is a good thing to have or choose a name that makes a declaration. Every association with the good that is or has been is a means for immediate betterment.

A great door opens in boyhood and an invitation comes for every youth to set his hand to achieve some end. The world is filled with all kinds of markets and there are bids on every hand, but the discriminating youth will not be beguiled, he will be suspicious of smooth speech and insinuating ways and his manhood will call for a challenge from a cause in which he may enlist every loyalty of heart and soul.

The Unitarian church invites moral enlistment. It would have the deed and word of its living members as well as the dead say to every boy looking out into the world, "By the life you live you make a heaven or hell of this earth and it is within your power to will the direction you will take. You may enter into all the joys of life, for there are many, and God will not withhold any good thing from them that love him, but your own God-given wisdom shall proclaim the metes and bounds of every pleasure. The voice within your own conscience is as sacred and holy as any written revelation, and when it says, 'So far shalt thou go and no farther,' its dictates shall be law."

Every boy is anxious to become a man and all the world, except perhaps his mother, seems anxious to make him so, but it may be that after all she is closest to the divine insight, for we can imagine that God looks on and sees us all only becoming, perhaps a little more manly to-day than yesterday, but always children in His sight, always needing the

associations that will respect our questionings, honor our doubts, commend our aspirations, encourage our expression and win our confidence in the good which is and is to be. And these are the traditions which are sacred in the Unitarian church and men and women young and old in following them enter into a larger life of spirit and become nobler, abler, better men and women here and now.

April 29, 1913.

What Can Unitarian Churches Do in Reaching the Masses?

By George W. Henning.

The Unitarian churches are handicapped by the indisposition of their ministers to descend to the mass level of life, ignorance and prejudice. We pride ourselves, with not a little boastfulness, on our culture, our liberalness, and independence. We bring out into a sordid and sodden world criticism rather than sympathy, negations rather than affirmations, theory rather than experience, and the masses either do not understand us, ignore us, or hate us. It is contact without cohesion. We are further hindered by an ignorant, unreasonable, unreasoning prejudice founded in a tradition that we are not Christians at all, which is persistently fanned by the ministers of orthodox churches, so that it is difficult for us to get a hearing. We bring no signs such as great revivals and great professions to people who are looking for signs. We have not developed the spirit of evangelism; we have no startling phenomena, nor pains and penalties wherewith to arrest the attention and awake the fears of the ignorant. We trust too calmly to the inherent power of the unemphasized truth to make its way. But I am not to criticize. My message is constructive—"How to reach the masses?"

First by *going to* the masses. Though we make ourselves, our churches, and our services ever so attractive, the masses will not come to us. Eloquent preaching, superb music, stained glass, picture shows, may, and do, attract certain classes, but not the masses. They are as wary of these devices to decoy

them into church as experienced mice are of a trap. We may even preach socialism, clear-strained—the socialists will not go to church to hear it. We ministers may as well face the facts without blinking: we must descend, as our Master did in taking upon him the form of a servant, walking the dusty roads, and eating with publicans and sinners—to the level of those whom we would lift up. We must reach down to reach the masses, into the ignorance, prejudice, poverty, distress in which they are enthralled, and right in their midst begin to make the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk and the oppressed get free. Without any pretense of superiority, without any consciousness of self-degradation, without any self-seeking, we must make them understand by ministering, that we come not to be ministered unto. Brethren in the ministry, we must lay off our dignities, bare our hands, and on the field, amidst the wounded, dying and dead of the social and economic battle minister. Freely we have received, freely let us give. I do not recall a minister who is successfully calling the masses into his following; but I know several Jenkin Lloyd Joneses and J. Stitt Wilsons who are reaching the masses in the market places and hovels and slums where they live. It is practicable for any one of us to reach the poorest and worst in their homes in our own parishes; to carry to them food, raiment, sympathy and a few sandwiches of the bread that cometh down from heaven. If we have the will, love will find the way. Leave the church with its formalities and inactivities behind. It is the church in the background, projecting its shadow in front of you, that the masses shy at.

Not less important and primary than going and reaching—we must have a message in response to the demand of the masses. They neither know nor care about the subtleties and occultnesses of our religion. They are sick and want health; they are hungry and want food; they are oppressed hirelings and wage slaves and want deliverance. Our Master taught us how to get at their higher natures through the lower avenues. He preached that a better, juster economic condition—a “kingdom of self-respect”

was at hand, in which they should have plenty to eat, better homes, better education, more personal liberty, a fuller and richer life, and “the common people heard him gladly.” The “soap-box” orator has a more divine message than the well-groomed pulpit preacher. He gets the crowds, the preacher doesn’t. I know it is difficult for us with our theological school furnishment of theology and conceit to keep it out of sight and “be all things to all men,” but, after all, the highest art is to conceal—not art, but artificiality. I have wrestled with the problems that confront my brethren, and after the fashion of the Methodists, will tell a little experience.

I was about as finicky as a preacher could be in my early days, and magnified my office by strutting. In 1883 I had the misfortune to lose my eyesight, and could no more read beautifully finished essays. In 1884 I was in Kansas City. Standing one day at a street corner, overlooking the saloon and slum district, I was stirred by the discovery that no church spire cast its shadow that way, no missionary work was done in that neighborhood—no one seemed to care that souls were being pushed over that ragged edge into perdition. A mysterious presence prompted me that I might do something. Blind and poor as I was, I argued back, but finally concluded to *do what I could*. The way opened before me most marvelously—too long and strange a story to tell—until I had secured a hall 50 x 80 feet, had it cleaned up, had signs painted, bills printed, chairs, stove, organ provided, and began preaching and singing. The crowds of outcasts, the very lowest, came in to hear and filled the place. I received and delivered my message without special preparation and I continued thus—blind and sick and poor as I was—until over 1,900 men, coatless, hatless, shoeless, shirtless, hungry, besotted, as they came, received help and recovered self-respect; several hundred went with Christ enthroned in their hearts into the churches up-town. There were lawyers, doctors, merchants, students—fallen men all—recovered from the slums. It was no kid-gloved, white-necktied, long coat-tailed business, but down-right

self-degradation and a lift that nothing short of divine power could have done. I was only the poor instrument.

I am trying to reach the masses now again. I have for the present abandoned my pulpit for Sunday evenings and invited my fellow citizens, each after his own notion, to tell what's the matter with our town. These addresses are pointed, plain, practical talks on those things that concern the common people—such as how to get pure water, cheap gas and electricity, good sanitation, public baths and gymnasiums, fewer saloons, and no red-lights, better school-houses, playgrounds, etc. My church is filled and I take advantage of the opportunity to press the truth that such work is the work of our church and its ministers. The common people are hearing gladly. I don't know what the result will be, and don't worry about it. My mission is *to go and teach and preach*.

What Can Unitarian Churches Do to Strengthen High Ideals?

By Thomas Clayton.

The request for an article on this subject, has made one look around and ask if Society as at present constituted is dominated by "High Ideals." The result of one's examination is not flattering to society.

The ideals that men in business and professional life are cherishing are not "high." The spirit of "Get what you can," and not "Take only what is fair," is in the ascendant. There is sore need of pressing home the "Golden Rule," which nearly everybody talks about, but so few take seriously into their life. The present social unrest has been created by those who control the products of industry, because their ideals have been selfish. In society itself, considered from the standpoint of the home, of the neighborhood, or the city, one cannot grow enthusiastic over the ideals that occupy the minds of men and women. "Have a good time," expresses nearly all the majority think about. To attain to great merit or efficiency, to live for good causes; i. e., to be possessed by high ideals, is confined to a very few in any locality. In short—we need to have

pushed upon us higher ideals of life and its meaning.

Unitarianism ought to do much in spreading and strengthening "High Ideals." No higher ideals have yet been suggested than those we stand committed to advocate. Let us consider them briefly.

First our conception of human nature; that men and women are by the very constitution of their being, and by birth-right, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Such an idea of the dignity of human nature leads to high ideals of the spirit and conduct we should manifest in life.

It is true that other churches come to the same idea in a more conventional way, and one that is more limited in its application; but our view of man necessarily leads to such an application of the principles of justice, kindness, and merey, as well as benevolence, among men, as but few are yet disposed to even think of practising in their daily life.

Our ideal of human society likewise is very high. To live in entire accord with this great doctrine of Divine Sonship, would mean the existence of such a social condition as few idealists have ever dreamed of. Unitarian ideals, necessarily call for a loftiness of character, and an unselfish devotion of one's life to the general good, that we may well feel unworthy to claim such principles as the dominating ideals of our life. What can we do to strengthen the hold of such ideals on our public mind? Preach them? Yes! Teach them in our Sunday schools and young people's societies, too! By every means in our power keep them prominently before our own minds, especially when we are drawn into the current of the common and sordid life of the world. Always and ever the same, the best way to advocate high ideals, is to live them out in everyday life. "So shine good deeds in a naughty world." Unitarians have set themselves a great task; for to live in full harmony with our principles, we should be the noblest people in the world. Still harder, because if we should so live, the common vulgar element in society, sadly numerous, would take every kind of mean advantage over us; just as they have always done with the world's noblest men and

women. But then—this brings us to the highest ideal of all, for man to aim at, viz., to live the noblest and most devoted life without expectation or hope of appreciation, by even those we love and serve the most. To be good, and to do all the good we can, without any regard to what people will say or do to us, is to manifest the high spirit and lofty soul of the "Man of Nazareth;" and win a place on the world's roll of honor. This is the ideal ministry; the ideal life, which the Unitarian of the twentieth century, with his noble principles, can do as much, if not more, than any other to inspire in the souls of the money loving, self seeking people of our day.

Contributed.

Panama Tolls and Ethics.

By Professor William S. Morgan.

In 1901 we entered into a "Treaty to facilitate the construction of a ship canal" with Great Britain. The introductory note and first clause of Article III of this Hay-Pauncefote treaty reads: "The United States adopts, as the basis of the neutralization of such ship canal, the following rules, substantially as embodied in the convention of Constantinople, signed the 28th October, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez Canal, that is to say:

"I. The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

These statements are as clear and unmistakable as the king's English can make them, both as to principle and illustration. The vessels of all nations are to be treated on terms of entire equality; there shall be no discrimination. This shall be done precisely as in the case of the Suez Canal. There passed through the Suez Canal in 1911, 4969 vessels with a tonnage of 16,581,000. British vessels numbered 62 per cent of this trade and

64 per cent of the tonnage. The British traders protested against the high rates charged by the canal company. A joint meeting of the representatives of the company and British traders was held in London in 1883 and as a result the rate was reduced the following year to 10 francs per official net ton. It was further agreed that in January, 1885, the rate should be reduced to 9½ francs a ton and further reductions would be made according to a sliding scale as the dividends of the company increased; and after the dividend had reached 25 per cent the surplus would be used to reduce the rate until it was lowered to 5 francs a ton. For ships in ballast there is a special rate and passengers go through at ten francs a head.

Our treaty does not adopt these particulars and that goes without saying, for they are peculiar to the owning company and the special conditions which obtain in the operation of this canal. The point to be emphasized is that there is no discrimination in the rate; it is the same for all. The Suez Canal Company is a private stock company. It is in the canal business, on an equal footing with any corporation transacting other kinds of business. The canal was built by this company, the tolls charged are for the paying of the dividends, as is very proper. The concession was granted by the Egyptian government and will end in 1968, at which time the property of the canal will revert to the Egyptian government unless an extension of the concession be granted. But we cannot over-emphasize the fact that Egypt has no discriminations made in its favor, neither has Great Britain, under whose suzerainty is Egypt, and in spite of the fact that she furnishes almost two-thirds of the trade of the canal. The canal is open to the vessels of the whole world on a basis of perfect equality.

This therefore is our standard of reference. That is the basis of the neutralization of the Panama Canal. In our case the United States built the canal and not a private corporation, which, of course, does not make a whit of difference to the issue at controversy over discrimination in tolls. We built the canal and it is perfectly right that we should collect a fair and equitable toll on all

vessels that pass through the canal; this has not been questioned. It was not questioned in the case of the Suez Canal. It is the violation of the principle of equality on the part of the United States that has been questioned and very justly so. The Panama Canal Act which was approved August 24, 1912, states: "No tolls shall be levied upon vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States." (Section 5.) This section is a contradiction of our standard of reference and a violation of our treaty. The convention of Constantinople has not an iota about *coastwise trade* or any other kind of trade that is to pass through the Suez under the protection of special privilege. The coastwise trade of Egypt is not so protected. To say that we are not discriminating against other nations by affording the privilege of free passage to the *coastwise trade* of the United States is wide of the mark, especially when we consider that from the viewpoint of history, possessions on this continent and *coastwise trade* as well as treaty obligations Great Britain is at a par with us in every particular, except that in consideration of valuable protection to us we preferred undertaking the expense of building the canal. But this is a purely business proposition and our returns will be as good upon our investment if not better than those from the Suez Canal. From the viewpoint of ethical dealing we are not justified in claiming discrimination for our *coastwise trade*.

A word now about the ethics of treaty obligation. A treaty between two sovereign states is as sacred and binding as any contract formed under any circumstances. Neither party can release its obligation without the consent of the other. There are extraordinary circumstances recognized by international law, such as war affecting some of the premises of the treaty through which it may be nullified. But the rule is, and this is the first law of nations, that treaties are inviolable. Vattel says: "The faith of treaties—that firm and sincere resolution, that invariable constancy in fulfilling our engagements, of which we make profession in a treaty—is therefore to be held sacred and inviolable between the nations of the earth, whose safety

and repose it secures; and if mankind be not wilfully deficient in their duty to themselves, infamy must ever be the portion of him who violates his faith." That principle of keeping faith has become a cardinal method of procedure in matters personal. The economic world is dependent upon it. How long think you could the credit of a house last that was unfaithful to its financial obligations? I take it, the good name of the United States is of more importance to us as a nation than even that of a well-known firm of bankers. Shall we tolerate in this great nation what we should spurn in an individual or a corporation? We entered into a solemn contract with Great Britain, first in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 and then in a treaty which superseded this, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901; let us keep our contract; let us preserve the sincerity and keep the good faith which were therein expressed. Change of governments, change of conditions, or any other change does not affect the binding value of a treaty. If there be any virtue in any kind of human contract, let our beloved United States, one of the high contracting parties, be faithful to the obligation for which it sought.

But it behooves us now to mention our ethical duty in view of the possibility of misconstruction by one of the high contracting parties. It must be admitted at once that human language is very defective when it comes to the precise definition of intentions. It is quite possible that a construction put upon a treaty to-day is not the one that would be valid in 1901 when the treaty was made, and certainly it is even more possible that our construction differs very materially from that which was put upon the particular words used in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. No one should be dogmatic in denying the rationality of this assertion. The sin which doth so readily beset us is to read the more developed into the less developed attitude. There was once a psychology that made little men and women of children. Who would be so foolish as to read the thoughts of a Christian philosopher of the twentieth century into the totemistic system of the Babylonians in the days of Khammurabi? There are new meanings

that rapidly crowd upon the growing experience of the world. Let us then by all means avoid this error of misconstruing the past by a more developed present. Twelve years have elapsed since 1901; sixty-three years of world experience have turned our heads since 1850. With such an admission, what shall we do next? What ethical act remains to us? Arbitration, of course. This has been our habit with Great Britain during the past century. We have asserted this method of treating our differences in numerous treaties. It would be a comparatively easy task for a board of experts selected from the Hague list to decide precisely what was meant by the language of the treaties in question. It behooves us all, especially in the name of our sacred religion, to bring the issue to such a conclusion. We do not want any unjust advantage over the rest of the world. Shall we not, therefore, bring pressures to bear upon our representatives and senators, especially upon the latter, requesting them either to repeal the Panama Canal Act or to submit the questions at dispute between us and Great Britain to arbitration? The settling of this rate question by either of these methods would once more put the United States in her proper category as a nation loving peace and righteousness.

Women of Our Faith— Lucy Stone.

By Emma R. Ross, Los Angeles.
(Concluded.)

For many years Lucy Stone traveled over a large part of our country speaking for woman suffrage and the colored people. Like her fellow laborers, Garrison, Phillips and the Grinké sisters, she endured many persecutions. Once in winter a pane of glass was removed from a window back of the speaker, a hose put through and the slight, girlish speaker was deluged with ice-cold water. She put on a shawl and finished her lecture. Occasionally pepper was burned. At another time a hymn book hurled at another speaker, struck Lucy Stone on the back of the neck.

At a meeting in New York, over which Lucretia Mott presided, the proceedings

were so riotous that Channing advised adjournment. The quiet Quaker lady answered: "When the hour fixed for adjournment comes, I will adjourn the meeting, not before."

"At last Lucy Stone was introduced. Her lovely face and 'the sweetest voice ever possessed by a public speaker,' at once quieted the mob. As soon as she ceased speaking the howling began again as the mob surged into the dressing-rooms. Lucy reproached them when they replied, 'Oh, come, you needn't say anything; we kept still for you.'"

There was an anti-slavery meeting on Cape Cod, in a grove, in which the mob was very rough with Stephen Foster, tearing his coat from collar to hem, and causing all the speakers to flee except Mr. Foster and Lucy Stone. She said: "You better go; they are coming." "But who will take care of you?" At that moment the leader of the mob, a burly fellow with a club, sprang upon the platform. With no sign of fear in her face or her calm sweet tones, the girlish lecturer said: "This gentleman will take care of me." Needless to say he *did*. He took her to a place of safety, mounted her on a stump, and stood beside her with his club while she spoke to the mob, showing them their conduct in its true light. The mob not only saw the error of its ways but gave evidence of repentance in a collection of twenty-five dollars to pay Mr. Foster for his damaged coat.

All these incidents show her splendid courage. "I have heard her say," says her daughter, "that in the mobs and other dangers of the anti-slavery times she was never conscious of a quickened heart-beat."

For more than twenty years Lucy Stone was chairman of the executive committee of the American Woman Suffrage Association, and senior editor of the *Woman's Journal*, for which she raised much of the money. She spoke before Legislatures and studied carefully laws already passed or which ought to be passed in regard to woman. Speaking before the Judiciary Committee of Rhode Island, she converted Judge Green, chairman of that committee. "Mrs. Stone, you put me to

shame by the discovery that all these wrongs exist under cover of Rhode Island law. It is perfectly true; you have not made a single mistake. And yet I, the chairman of this Judiciary Committee, have done nothing to remove them."

Though strong in the belief that she would never marry, yet at thirty-seven she became the wife of Henry B. Blackwell, and found the strength of one was doubled. Always they marched shoulder to shoulder for the wrong that needed resistance, for the good that they could do. That simple but perfect marriage had a tremendous effect. Before marriage Mr. Blackwell and Lucy Stone signed a "protest" against the then existing laws which gave the husband the control of the wife's property, person, and children. They said: "We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law."

After Mrs. Stone's death, the Springfield *Republican* said: "Out of that protest, jointly signed, has proceeded more courageous progress toward the rights of man and woman as individuals than from any other single incident." It will be noted that Lucy Stone retained her maiden name, as a symbol of individuality, having learned from eminent lawyers that there was no law requiring a wife to take her husband's name. It was only a matter of convenience and custom. The only child of this marriage was Alice, who to-day still carries forward the guidon which her mother's hand let fall, the brave child of brave parents.

For forty years this sweet soul wandered in the wilderness trying to bring a stiff-necked and rebellious people out of darkness into light; to bring an unpopular reform into recognition as a matter of right and justice. It is pleasant to read of her later years in the quiet of her Dorchester home, where she busied herself with her "little boarders," the birds; with her flowers, and was, as someone said, "the lovely grandmother of all good children."

Naturally a woman of such faith and

intellect as Lucy Stone soon thought herself into the clarity of Unitarianism. She was a member of the Church of the Disciples, founded by James Freeman Clarke, afterwards ministered to by Charles Gordon Ames, two of the saintliest souls of modern times. For that Sunday-school James Russell Lowell wrote: "What means this glory round our feet"; to that church came Lucy Stone and many of those whose names the world will not willingly let die. In that church Julia Ward Howe preached, now and then. But never was there a more notable occasion than when the casket of Lucy Stone lay before the altar," amid the lilies, not whiter than her own life." The great of that state, of many a state, were there to do her reverence. The papers far and wide told of her worth. Yesterday, to-morrow, and to-morrow "her works do follow her."

When she knew the time was near for her to pass on, some one expressed the wish that she might have seen woman suffrage granted. She replied, "Oh, I shall know it. I think I shall know it on the other side. And if I do not, the people on this side will know it. As I cast my first vote for President, for which I had waited till my hair is white, I said to myself with a choke in my throat, 'O Lucy Stone, O Lucy Stone, God grant that you *do know*. Blessed art thou among women'." She sowed the mustard seed here and there, and to-day the trees bear fruit in our noblest states. Soon all will have the seed.

There never was a nobler farewell than her last words: "Make the world better."

"The Fighting Parson of Barbary Coast."

By A. H. Sargent.

The words given above are the title of a book written by Rev. Frederick R. Wedge, who was employed as missionary of the Pacific Coast Conference on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco three years ago. The writer keeps out of sight, using a fictitious name for the hero, and changing some of the scenes so as to give his great message of reform and redemp-

tion without making his own wonderful personality hide his message. He points clearly to the duty of the churches to do the work for humanity close to their doors. He shows also the wisdom of working at the same time to save men and women who are being ruined, and prevent others from being drawn into the downward current. The book closes with an account of the cleansing of Barbary Coast and removal of the stain it once placed on the fair name of San Francisco.

Unitarians of the Pacific Coast may justly take pride in this reform, because of the part they took in the year 1910 by supporting the man who did most to bring it about.

Mr. Wedge left the work on account of overwork and physical injuries. He went to Nebraska to recover his health. While there he wrote his book and did such work as his strength permitted, first in a country parish, then as assistant in a city church.

He has now returned to California and is located in the lumbering town of Scotia in Humboldt County, twenty-nine miles south of Eureka. It is not his fault that he is not now working as a Unitarian in missionary work of the Pacific Coast Conference. As the way did not open favorably for work with the Unitarians, he accepted the offer of the Presbyterian Home Missionary Society to guarantee his support at Scotia. In the few weeks that he has been there, he has built up an independent people's church and raised his entire salary on his field. Thus he is now independent of all control or dictation as to what he shall say or do. His views are as broad as ever and his zeal for helping humanity is just as great as when he was on the Barbary Coast. His enthusiasm is for deep, vital religion rather than for denominational or sectarian aspects of it.

He will soon be joined at Scotia by his wife and infant son.

People of all religions on the Pacific Coast are going to hear more from Mr. Wedge.

All wise work is mainly threefold in character. It is honest, useful and cheerful.—*Ruskin*.

Events.

Unitarian Club.

Tuesday, April 24th, scored high-water record since "before the fire" for the Unitarian Club of California. It was Ladies' Night, and the announcement of Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers and Miss Lucy W. Stebbins as speakers attracted a generous attendance of the faithful and their enfranchised better halves.

President Symmes in introducing Miss Stebbins alluded to the early history of the Club and to how greatly it was indebted to Dr. Stebbins, whose final word became so important a part of a meeting—indispensable to complete satisfaction. He expressed the pleasure it gave him to introduce to the Club of to-day the daughter so fondly loved by the great man whose memory is so tenderly cherished by all who knew him.

Miss Stebbins, Dean of Women at the University of California, spoke simply and directly of "Woman in the College Life of To-day," and of the work in which she is engaged. The men of America have five or six generations of university life behind them—the women barely two. In California 3,000 young men and 1,400 young women are at college, and the importance of their getting from the opportunity the greatest possible good is very great. The material to be influenced is good—greatly diversified in many ways. There are the exceptional, brilliant and able, possibly to fill a place in the future comparable to an Alice Palmer or a Jane Addams, and there are those from whom little can be expected; but the great average, the normal, usual young women, form the problem, and the end in view is to send them out, and back to the daily life they are to lead equipped to enrich and sweeten and strengthen its quality.

Dr. Crothers was greeted with great cordiality. Many knew him personally and all knew him through his delightful books. The complimentary manner in which he was introduced reminded him of Roger Williams and how he was enlarged out of Massachusetts. He felt he was in danger of being so enlarged that when he returned to his home he

would not be recognized by his friends.

He began by being reminiscent of his first appearance in California. At the mature age of nineteen he had applied to the Presbyterian Missionary Board to be sent West, and had finally brought up in Nevada, where he found Virginia City his field of labor. As Moses longed for the Promised Land, he had yearned for the farther West, but it was not easy to reach. In those days the transportation companies took all the traffic would bear, and the amount was more than was usually at the disposal of a missionary. The way finally opened through the publication in a Virginia City paper of a tribute he had made to the beauties and advantages of that Nevada settlement. It attracted the attention of some people in Santa Barbara who felt curious to know what one who found so much good in Virginia City would say about Santa Barbara, so at about twenty-one he was called to that delightful place and Paradise opened before him.

He referred to the kindness of Dr. Stebbins in those remote days and to the satisfaction and pleasure afforded, that after his days of service Dr. Stebbins had been an attendant of his Cambridge church.

He wanted to say a few words on the advantage of occasionally getting away from our contemporaries. Modern life is so full of all sorts of things,—duties, problems, privileges and responsibilities that it is really necessary to escape now and then. We are in danger of being completely worn out if we do not. The people around us are good people, interesting people, but sometimes they weary us. Even duties may bore us unless we can get away from them now and then, finding refreshment in brief intercourse with people who demand nothing of us. We are under constant inspection and we need rest. If we can get back to earlier centuries and associate with people who may be no better, but are different, it is a help, and sometimes we learn things from them. The great delight of literature is that it affords us this privilege. It is so easy to travel and it takes so short a time. When Rollo wanted to travel he was reminded that it took a great deal of time and a great deal of money, and when he inquired what one must do if he has

not much time or much money he was told he must make his journey shorter. But with the lover of books there is no restraint. It takes no longer to go back ten centuries than it does one. All that it needs is good terminal facilities. One needs to know where to light, and then in a second he can leave his troubled surroundings and be back with any of his old friends. There is delightful irresponsibility when we cease to associate with our contemporaries. No one holds us to account for our opinion. In early life it was a great satisfaction to debate questions of remote occurrence. He had taken great satisfaction in proving that the career of Napoleon was not beneficial to the history of Europe. It was perfectly safe to do it, and it made no difference historically. If he had lived in the time of Napoleon and made the same argument it might have made some difference—to him. But the remoteness of time gives freedom and safety.

It is a comfort, also, to find that in the olden days there were problems, some of them not so different from those that beset us, and to find that in some way that got settled. We are disturbed over the militancy of woman, but if we take our place beside John Knox we find an almost equal concern for the militancy that threatened the rights and supremacy of man. It so happened that women were the world's rulers,—Mary Queen of Scots on one side of the Channel, and other strong women in Europe seemed to have the whole works—and Knox made a great hue and cry over what was to happen to man. Soon after Mary was deprived of her head, and Elizabeth, Knox felt, was an exception; but somehow she didn't seem to want to be an exception. But it all worked out, and that is the satisfaction we get out of association with others. We find that many things that logically seem bound to happen fail to happen, and everybody forgets all about it.

We need relaxation. There are so many causes that appeal to us that we cannot stand it unless we can go away from them now and then and gain a little calm, and faith. One perhaps, returning from a few days' absence, finds in his accumulated mail letter after letter asking him to make an appeal to his church for this cause and that, until to

one who is trying to preach the gospel in a simple way, it seems that there are more causes than Sundays in a year. Not long since he had read letter after letter, each seeming to present a stronger case than the last, till he found one touching on the tremendous importance of the immigration problem. Turning it over he found his own name signed to it, and then recalled that he had said something that seemed to justify it. One must be guarded in speech if he would find comfort among his contemporaries. If one expresses sympathy with any cause he is waited upon the next day with a subscription paper that he may give the measure of it in dollars and cents, and he often finds that it seems less urgent than it did the day before.

There is so apt to be some modifying or mollifying circumstances. When he lived in St. Paul and went North in winter, people would look at a low thermometer and remark that it didn't *seem* cold, and when he went farther North and the cold could not be denied, the optimist would say it is cold, but it is *dry*.

One gains such pleasure from real familiarity with those who have lived long ago. Take such a man as Luther. Nothing that you can know about him, brings you as near him as reading his own letters. You live with him, and realize how he feels. You associate with him.

"Some years ago in an essay on the hundred worst books, I referred to 'Poems by Jones,' a little book I picked up for fifteen cents. Its very title attracted me. It didn't say what Jones, and I only felt that the poems were about the worst I ever read. It was about 150 years old. Afterward in reading Walpole's letters I found out that Jones was an Irish bricklayer, and that it was his custom to lay a course of brick and then write a line of poetry—which probably accounted for its evenness. It seemed that Walpole felt that as he was the worst poet of his time he was eligible to be poet laureate—and so recommended him. I afterward found that Chesterfield had befriended him, and helped him publish his book, which established a close bond between Chesterfield and me. We had both discovered

Jones and recognized that he was the limit.

"There is safety in our judgment on those who are not our contemporaries. We can think of them as we please, and they are none the worse for it, nor are we. Whereas we may do much harm in making up our minds on current things. If I go to an art gallery and see the work of the cubist I am a little uncomfortable. If I like it it may be dangerous to say so, for it may be bad, and it may be degrading to others. Perhaps I ought not to like it and am degraded if I do so and don't know it. The whole thing is unsatisfactory and the responsibility is burdensome.

"Now you can enjoy anything that happened long, long ago. The book of Micah is one of the best short stories I ever read. It is so life-like. The young man and the mother both purpose to spend a certain sum for graven images, but they find out they can get them for less and they do, but not a word is said about what they do with what they save. I like to think they divided it up and had some kind of a good time.

"We are all at times in the House of Care and we need to follow the example of him who on the morrow mounted his steed and fared forth. In other words, if we find ourselves in the House of Care, we need to get on our high-horse and ride away."

[For THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

Remorse.

Yea, soon or late, one feels the blighting power
Of deeds implanted in a wayward hour;

The unpropitious tree
Fulfills the law of equity;
But why with anguish stand
And let remorse enerve the hand?

Must the eternal winds forever moan
Amid dead leaves that have their use outgrown?

Our knowledge we must gain
Through winding avenues of pain,
Until at last complete

The lesson is. To then repeat

Transgression would be folly; but to bar
A hopeful future is to quench life's star.
This is the sin—to hold one's soul in error's
thrall.

The crown—to dare, and to surmount it all.

—Sadie C. McCann.

The Price.

Behind each thing a shadow lies;
Beauty hath e'er its cost;
Within the moonlight flooded skies
How many star are lost!

—Clark Ashton Smith.

Conference Program.

The committee in charge of the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference invited suggestions as to program and topics from all ministers expected to participate, and with hardly an exception all advised "more time for conference—fewer set papers." The suggestion has been acted on, and the arranged program promises an unusually effective meeting.

The first meeting, on Tuesday evening, May 6th, will be devoted to two addresses and an informal reception of delegates. Rev. William G. Eliot, Jr., will speak on "The Foundations of Unitarianism," and Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will treat of "The Mission of Unitarianism in the Twentieth Century."

On Wednesday and Thursday there will be three sessions each day. The morning session will be preceded by devotional exercises conducted by Rev. O. P. Shrout and Rev. Francis Watry.

Wednesday forenoon will be devoted to reports, business and a general conference on conditions and prospects, and in the afternoon there will be ten-minute addresses by eleven ministers on "The Most Important Feature of My Work"—no papers.

At 3:30 there will be a Woman's Meeting and also a Ministers' Meeting addressed by Rev. Thomas Clayton.

A Public Platform Meeting in the evening will be addressed by Prof. Thomas H. Reed; topic, "Legislation for Social Betterment," and by Rev. E. M. S. Hodgkin on "The Church and Social Welfare."

Thursday morning's session will be addressed by Mr. S. G. Bandit, of Bombay, and Dr. Horace Davis. The afternoon will be given to the commencement exercises of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry at Berkeley, at which an address will be made by Mr. Dutton. In the evening the Conference sermon will be given by Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, subject, "Windows Open Towards God."

This certainly promises well, and ought to prove a season of great refreshing and strengthening.

Selected Salvation.

By Rev. H. B. Bard, San Diego.
(From sermon, March 8th, 1913.)

The root idea of salvation is safety. The old idea was to make sure of safety for one's self in the world to come. Salvation in the past has meant individual safety. God was a sort of absentee landlord who has his abode in heaven. Christ was with him as the mediator between man and God. Tickets of admission into heaven had been left with the church in the form of certain creeds. Salvation meant getting hold of the ticket and hanging on and presenting it at the gate of heaven for admission. In this salvation was entirely individualistic. It had nothing to do with the other fellow. The individual was not concerned with the thought of humanity. The progress of the whole race of mankind did not enter into the thought of man and salvation. A mother was supposed to be able to be happy to be saved herself, though her children should be consigned to eternal punishment. God was supposed to be just and happy with the praise of people who knew that men without a chance had gone down to perdition. We have learned that this conception of salvation was unworthy of both God and man.

We have come into a new conception of salvation because we have come into a new conception of what the universe is, and what man is. We used to think of the universe as a two-story universe. In one man was shipwrecked and he could not help himself. In the other there was happiness and safety. Man was counseled to bear the one and not complain so that he might attain to happiness in the other story. The new conception of salvation came when we began to understand that the universe is one; that the same spirit reigns this side of the grave that reigns the other side; that the God of all is just as much

Faith.

Be like the bird that halting in her flight—
A while on bough too slight—
Feels it give way beneath her—
And yet sings—
Knowing that she hath wings.

—Victor Hugo.

What Shall We Say?—Anti-Alien Laws in California.

By David Starr Jordan.

What shall we say of the propositions made in each recurrent California Legislature to restrict land ownership by aliens in the State?

These four propositions seem to be true:

1. Such statutes are unconstitutional, if directed against aliens of any particular nationality.

2. They are invalid, if in contravention of any existing treaty. This and the preceding being matters to be finally determined in the federal courts.

3. They are not valid if attacking the present legal rights of ownership.

4. They would, if directed against all alien ownership, have sweeping effects, not yet estimated.

As to the first point: Under our constitution a state as such cannot make any treaty or agreement with a foreign nation, nor with any group of its people considered collectively as members of such nation. It can therefore not single out as objects of special legislation the citizens of any foreign nation who may be resident within the State. This condition is not changed if such aliens be named indirectly as "aliens not eligible to citizenship." Such subterfuge does not change the intent or the effect of the statute.

If this principle is correct, no state legislation, anti-Japanese, can be valid.

As to the second point: A statute would be invalid if violating the provisions of any international treaty of the United States. The aliens in the United States are, in a sense, "wards of the nation," acquiring their rights of travel and residence primarily through international treaties.

No statute of the State is, however, invalid until it has been so declared by the federal courts. The remedy for any person aggrieved is therefore to be found, not in diplomacy nor in journalism, but in appeal to the courts.

It has not been finally decided that a Japanese is not eligible to citizenship, nor that he is a "Mongolian" by race or by origin.

As to the third point: We have the

decision of the Hague Tribunal in 1905, in the noted House Tax case in Japan ("The British Isles, Germany and France vs. Japan"). In this case it was decided that a nation could not alter the conditions under which aliens have obtained title to land, except with the consent of such owners. If Japan cannot change concessions or sales made under former conditions to foreigners resident in what were then her "treaty ports," without their consent, then California cannot force aliens having legal titles to property to sell such property within any given time—nor can she in any legal way take away such property from them. An anti-alien land law apparently cannot be made retroactive, or change conditions once legalized.

As to the fourth point: The bulk of alien ownership in California is British. As to the theory involved, there is no doubt something to be said on either side; but how the State would finally come out with a sudden reversal of policy, no one knows.

Any state statute applying exclusively to aliens of any special nationality, however disguised in phraseology, must apparently be unconstitutional. Such a statute would rest on the impossible doctrine that a federal state may form alliances or have differences with a foreign nation, without involving the United States. This is, in another form, the old theory of "nullification"—that a state may assume to itself powers reserved to the federal government.

[FOR THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

Coincidence.

Song of the thrush in hidden forest dells,
Red of the rose upon the swaying thorn,
Perfume of winds that freshen all the morn,
Touch of a loved one's hand: at these there
wells

Within me leaping joy, and something tells
My wondering soul, "To this end art thou
born,—

To turn a quivering sense to beauty, to adorn
And glorify thy life where joyance dwells!"

Oh, marvel of all marvels!—that for all
Of beauty that may be, in me is power
To know and love that beauty! What a dower
Has life bestowed on me!—Doubt from his
pall

Murmurs, "Coincidence," and on the sod
Looks down; but I look up and cry, "'Tis
God!"

—Richard Warner Borst.

An Evening Prayer.

By Horatio Stebbins.

Almighty One, thou in whose hand turns the soft axle of the earth, bringing day and night, ordering the four seasons of the year, giving the rain, refreshing the earth and gladdening every creature, gladden the hearts of thy people, and refresh them with wisdom and knowledge and beauty and truth. Pity our weaknesses; lift us up if we fall, be patient with us in our ignorance and in our thoughtlessness; and may we feel that by being tenderly and wisely chastised we become wiser, better, more filial and true to thee. Let the knowledge of thy pity and faith in thy great wisdom, thy perfect righteousness,—let that kindle our hearts in the midst of life's troubles and trials and tumults. It takes us a lifetime to learn the mysteries and plan of life; to learn how deep are its sorrows, how high its morning, how wide and strong its peace at evening. Teach us to feel that it is thy almighty hand and in thy perfect wisdom no harm can come to us save through ourselves; that nothing can move thine eternal good-will from its purpose, and nothing can disturb its goodness, its power and wisdom, but our own waywardness, our own weakness or folly, and so help us wisely to bear whatever comes, mindful of that which comes by thy providence, and mindful of that which comes of our folly; and may we use wisely our experience, that our minds may be enriched, our hearts made more soft and gentle and teachable; and as years increase, may we have greater faith, greater peace, and have no fear or alarm, knowing that we may be the friends of God. AMEN.

Let not thy mind run on what thou lackest so much as on what thou hast already.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

You are half way there when you know where you want to go.—*Robert Whittaker.*

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it?—*Thoreau.*

From the Churches.

EUREKA, CAL.—The only unusual event of the church in April was a public debate between the editor of the local morning paper and the minister on the question, "Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished." The minister upheld the affirmative, while the editor spoke on the negative side of the question. The house was filled and the seats were not sufficient. There were no judges. The people went home to form their own opinions when the eighty minutes of speaking were over. This debate arose from a newspaper discussion of the subject, which led the minister to challenge the editor. It was carried on with perfect good feeling on both sides and was highly appreciated by the church and the community as a whole.

On April 16th the young people of the church gave an evening of delightful entertainment of a dramatic nature, to which everybody was admitted for ten cents.

The church hall was used April 18th and 19th for the "Know Year County Conference," which made it for the time a center of civic improvement and rural education.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The marked event of the month of April was the farewell service of Rev. Bradford Leavitt, occurring on the 27th. A good congregation was present and the tact and kindliness of our retiring minister turned the pathos of the occasion into a quiet and friendly parting, leaving a pleasant memory. The prayer, the scripture reading and hymns breathed a harmonious sentiment, expressing appreciation of the past, respect and regard, and commending steadfast pursuit of high ideals in the future.

He took for his text these words from St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, "Now I Praise You, Brethren."

"St. Paul was a master of invective," he said, "and he must have been tempted often to let himself go; to rebuke and sneer and thrust at those new converts, those faint-hearted followers. But his final decision to seal their re-

membrance of his instructions was, 'Now I praise you.'

"If there are any here who have expected sermonic spice on this occasion it will be to them a disappointment, when I say I have no complaints to make. Whatever your opinion of the last thirteen years of our parish life may be, my own opinion is that wherever it has halted and gone lame, it was through my lacks and weaknesses rather than yours.

"I cannot tell you how it pulls upon me to leave even the odds and ends of helpfulness that I, as official representative of this church, have had in my hands. There are more people than you know who depend not upon me, but upon the life of this church for advice, for comfort, for help and for sympathy in the tangled places.

"I came to you a young man, and that you, with your traditions and pictures of your former pastors in mind should have had something to forgive in me is simply to state a fact. I scarcely know what to name as a difference between us unless it be, perhaps, that we have differed, some of us, as to the amount of encouragement a minister needs in order to work at all."

He spoke feelingly of the undisturbed harmony of all the years, and of the loyal support he had received from both the men and the women of the church. It was a well-managed church and he doubted if many ministers could say after thirteen years' service that his monthly salary had never failed to arrive promptly.

He gently suggested that members of the church did not know how great an encouragement is afforded by regular attendance. The helpfulness of full pews is not to be overlooked.

He alluded to how the minister and the people had been brought closely together by the sharp experience of the earthquake and fire. The building unfitted for occupancy, and most of the congregation scattered, it seemed to the twenty or so that met in Century Club Hall that the church was gone, but its life was deep and it revived.

He spoke with warm appreciation of those who had co-operated in the church service. He had never heard church music that in dignity and beauty and

fitness, approached to that which the First Church had enjoyed.

In cordial farewell he urged steady continuance in the following of high ideals, and unfaltering loyalty to all for which the church has always stood.

"And now I can only say to you, may God bless and be with you always. I have praised you brethren for I could do nothing else, 'and now be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace be with you.'"

In making the announcement that Rev. Caleb S. Dutton would occupy the pulpit for the three following Sundays he urged that he be welcomed and encouraged by good congregations.

In 1900, Mr. John Perry, Jr., presented Mr. Leavitt with a pair of beautiful gold book-marks for the pulpit bible. These Mr. Leavitt presented to the church, with an added inscription to that effect. At the conclusion of the service many friends remained to greet him, expressing regret at the severing of the long existing relation.

The April meetings of the Society for Christian Work have been fine ones. On April 14th, after the usual business meeting, we had a delightful program of recitations by Miss Rhoda Mitchell, a pupil of Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith, who had chosen the selections, but much to our regret, on account of illness, was not able to be with us. On April 28th there was an unusually large meeting to do honor to Mr. Leavitt, who gave us a treat, reading a humorous story by H. C. Bunner, selections from Wordsworth, Shelley, and many of the English poets, an exquisite one by Chadwick, and as a fitting climax, Joaquin Miller's "Columbus." Mr. Leavitt was made an honorary member of our Society.

VANCOUVER.—The regular services of the First Unitarian Church of Vancouver, which were held in Lester Hall, have been discontinued until the completion of the church building.

The minister, the Rev. M. R. Scott, has been ill and has been ordered to take a complete rest. Mr. Scott left for England on February 7th. The congregation hope for his speedy recovery so that he may be able to take up his work again when the church building is ready.

Books

THE OPEN SECRET. By James Thompson Bixby. American Unitarian Association. Price \$1.

The sub-title of this fine book by Dr. Bixby is "A Study of Life's Deeper Forces," and no one can read it without feeling that it is an honest and an earnest study by one well equipped for the undertaking and who is blessed with the gift of clear statement. It is sane and sound clear through, and its spirit is encouraging for it breathes of faith and a firm conviction of "Good the Final Goal," which is the title of one of the chapters.

It lifts life's problems above the realm of the material and makes man a partner with God in world-making.

In his first chapter he draws this fine distinction: "Physical force is a constant quantity. But the moral power of the still small voice draws aid from an inexhaustible source to supply whatever energy it needs to overcome the tide of temptation." The chapter on "Fate or Choice" voices his appreciation of the gain that has come through "the dissolving beneath the sunlight of modern thought" of the depressing dogmas of a past age which bound the will and hardened the heart. He warns against the subtler chains that are forged when we surrender to circumstance, and trace all to environment. He believes strongly in the power of moral choice, and the majesty of Eternal Righteousness. The argument is enlivened and pointed by frequent allusions and incidents, so that abstract thought is presented without any suggestion of heaviness. It is an exceedingly readable book, and it ought to be very helpful in stimulating faith and cheer.

THE FREE LIFE. By Woodrow Wilson. Thos. Y. Crowell Company. 12mo, boards, 50 cents net; leather, \$1.00 net.

Every frank and full expression of opinion by Woodrow Wilson, concerning vital principles of life and conduct, takes on fresh significance since the elevation of this successful educator, writer, and statesman to the first position in the land. The forceful little book which here makes its appearance in revised form was first given to the public a few years ago as an address before a Princeton graduating class. Its special appeal is to young men. It is a plea for individuality, for the living of one's life unfettered by conventionality and tradition. "All individual human life is a struggle when rightly understood," the President says, "against yielding in weak accommodation to the changeful, temporary, ephemeral things about us." In another place the idea is expressed: "It may seem strange and futile counsel to give to a company of young men about to go out into the world, to tell them that they must not conform to what they find . . . But the counsel is not that of presumption. It is a mere counsel of integrity."

The new edition is issued in attractive style, with black-letter type, tasteful binding, and printing in two colors. It makes a particularly suitable giftbook for young men graduates.

THE FRINGE OF THE DESERT. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The Putnams have just published in April a volume entitled "The Fringe of the Desert" by Rachel Swete Macnamara. It is the story of two sundered lives, as far apart in sympathy, in ideals, in all that makes for community of interest as the divergent points of the compass that separate them. Out on the fringe of the desert of Egypt lives the husband, a brilliant but weak and impulsive man, who, to fill the vacuum in his life, falls in love with a visiting Irish girl. The girl, believing him a widower, allows her affections to twine themselves around her ideal. How the story works out it would be unfair both to reader and to author to divulge, but assurance can be given that the reader will find the narrative one of absorbing interest, no less because of the dramatic quality of the plot than because of the rare descriptive gift evinced, the colorable style, and the impressive character of the portraiture.

THE DOUBTER AND THE FAITH. Seminary Press, New York City. \$1.50 per annum.

The Doubter and the Faith is an international monthly similar in size and appearance to the standard magazines of to-day. It is devoted to the general discussion of the articles of Christian belief, and to theology in its popular aspects.

In the foreword of the prospectus its publishers say: "There is a manifest earnestness and sincerity in this modern attitude towards Christian belief which entitles it to a hearing in the councils of the church; hence, with a view of providing a medium of reasonable expression for the inarticulate voice, we have decided to publish an international magazine to be called '*The Doubter and the Faith: A Magazine of Discussion.*' To the man in the church, with his settled convictions, and serene faith, this magazine will come to tell of those with honest doubts agitating their thoughts, and will be their mouthpiece for recording the trend of their reasoning, and setting forth the starting-points for their deductions." In the first number Dr. Chas. W. Wendte defends the Unitarian standpoint.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE. By H. G. Wells. 12mo, board covers. New York. B. W. Huebsch. Price, 60 cents net; by mail, 65 cents.

Mr. Wells might properly have applied to this little book the text, "Where there is no vision the people perish." It is difficult to condense its contents; it is easier to elaborate upon what Mr. Wells writes than to summarize it.

This period of extraordinary uncertainty and indecision upon moral, religious, æsthetic, and political questions is due largely, he thinks, to our inability to settle the conflict between two ways of thought which he epitomizes thus: "Things have been, says the legal mind, and so we are here. The creative mind says we are here because things have yet to be." It may readily be seen how differently these types of mind will operate on fundamentals, questions of right and wrong, for example.

The author warns the reader that it is important to determine upon one or the other course of mental action, to decide whether to obey the imperatives of the past or the ideals of the future. Unless a course is adopted it is impossible to maintain consistently the thoughts that underlie our acts and we remain at the mercy of changing intellectual moods.

Mr. Wells proves that just as organized knowledge has enabled us to write the history of what has been, it will enable us to predict with equal certainty what is to happen in the future. This idea he develops with prophetic vision, employing illustrations from his known store of knowledge. Though disclosing himself as a philosopher deserving of profound respect he remembers to be human, so writes with his accustomed wit and humor. The book may be ready in a few hours, but it furnishes food for endless thought. Every admirer of Wells will treasure it.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REVOLUTIONS. By Gustav Le Bon. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

In "The Psychology of Revolutions," which the Putnams have just issued, Gustav Le Bon, author of "The Psychology of Crowds," has chosen a theme which gives scope for penetrating study, psychological analysis, and a revaluation of history. It is a book of an arresting character, in which the author makes specific application of his theory of crowds to activities in which the influence of the masses is most far-reaching. In it are discussed, with that graceful turn of phrase of which the author is a master, the psychology of revolutions in general, whether religious or political and the mental and emotional makeup of the leaders of such movements, with very special and detailed consideration of the French Revolution. The examples are, by preference, chosen from French history, but universal history is drawn upon, too, even to the inclusion of such recent events as the political cataclysms in Turkey, Portugal, and China.

STELLA MARIS. By William J. Locke. New York. John Lane Company. Price, \$1.35 net; postage 12 cents.

Stella Maris, bound to an invalid's couch, watched over and tended by loving friends, dreams of the outside world as a place of universal love and joy and beauty. As she grows to womanhood she gains bodily strength and is able to go out into the world and take her place in society. Then, for the first time, the knowledge of the unlovely side of life is thrust upon her, and Stella Maris's faith in God and human love is rudely shaken. Later she learns that Unity, a girl of her own age, has sacrificed her life so that the obstacle to Stella's happiness might be removed. Thus, through the lesson of self-sacrifice, Stella Maris is taught the deeper meaning of the mysteries of life and the "terrible splendor of the world."

Too much theology and taking it too fast is sure to produce religious dyspepsia.

Sparks

Molly had been to church for the first time, and her grandmother asked her what she thought of it. "I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think fair." "What was that dear?" "Why, one man did all the work, and another man came round and got all the money."

Mrs. Gabbleigh (nudging her husband, who is snoring): "William, you'd make less noise if you kept your mouth shut." Husband (only half awake): "So'd you."—*Boston Transcript*.

A little girl's father had a round bald spot. Kissing him at bed-time not long ago, she said: "Stoop down, Popsy! I want to kiss the place where the lining shows."—*Tid-bits*.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher. "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work," responded the diminutive maiden. "Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you understand its meaning," said the teacher. "In the summer I would rather play out of doors than ferment in the school house," returned the small scholar.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education*.

An amusing story is told by Will J. Johnson, of the Pyle National Headlight, of an experience in Glasgow, Scotland. On a dreary Sunday morning he went strolling around George Square, where he met a dour-looking policeman who eyed him suspiciously. "Ye had better take care what ye'er daen," said the cop. "What am doing that's wrong?" exclaimed Johnson, "why I'm not even whistling or singing." "Na, I canna say ye are," returned the minion of the law, "but ye'er looking as happy as if it was a Monday mornin'."

"Is your wife still at home?" asked an acquaintance of an anti-suffragist.

"Not very," replied his biased friend.

Abe Martin says that a cousin of one of his town women was married last week after being given up by three beauty doctors.

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

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Natural Religion

Every one of the natural sciences today has earned the right to be called natural by long warfare with uncanny dogmas that usurped the place of law and linked superstition and religion in a most unholy struggle to limit the dominion of the mind. We have lived to see the angels chased from astronomy, the devils from geology, and ghosts from chemistry. . . . In religion alone do angels and ghosts and devils yet hold their supernatural sway. But it is only because in religion man thinks less than in any other field of his activity. . . . Yet religion, too, will be brought out of the region of the supernatural. No authority on earth can, and no power in Heaven will, withstand man's effort to be a rational being. The more rationally man lives, the more distasteful and useless will the realm of speculation become, and, I hasten to add, the more divine will be the natural.

Wilbur W. Thoburn

PACIFIC COAST UNITARIAN ACTIVITIES.

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

God our Father; man our brother

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Editorials.

The Boston May meetings are being held as we go to press, and they promise to be of uncommon interest. Ex-President Taft is to preside at the principal meeting and the preacher selected for special honors is Rev. William Sullivan, lately a convert from the Roman Catholic church, now preaching in the Unitarian pulpit at Schenectady, New York.

The Unitarian church is becoming a fine denominational melting-pot. There is gain in cosmopolitanism. If each new-comer contributes of the best of the faith he feels forced to relinquish, great gain will result. The Catholic church can teach us much we ought to know. The preacher who has a big, loving heart suffers nothing when he squares his conscience with an enlightened mind. Most of us would be greatly improved and lifted up by an access of real piety. We are rather apt to magnify the importance of our clear heads, and to disparage the value of the loving heart.

Narrow denominationalism seems to be losing ground, happily. Those who contend that they monopolize the truth, and alone are exclusively orthodox, are almost an extinct species. A few fossils remain as reminders of what once was. Bishop Brooks told a friend that he was an Episcopalian because that harness gave him more freedom, and galled him less than he thought others would.

There is room for all, and may the best survive. Some one has wisely said that "there is a vast difference between denominational loyalty and denominational bigotry. It is only when people are in the dark that all things look alike to them." The test that wisdom

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applies is to keep a proper perspective. To magnify unessentials and to assume that minor differences need divide is the mote and beam newly applied. Division means loss of power, and should be resisted excepting where differences are unreconcilable or conscience plainly points to the parted way.

The modern tendency to consider religion in its social aspect as related to society favors unity or at least sympathy that should afford a satisfactory working basis. The salvation of the individual, even, is no longer regarded as depending upon belief alone, and with the removal of fear from danger there is sure to be at least toleration, and in the end sympathy and confidence.

Whatever may be said in criticism of special instances it must be admitted that the legislators who have just concluded their labors at Sacramento have had the courage to enact many measures that show a strong purpose to better social conditions and subserve the interests of the general citizen. They have also been influenced by considerations of morality, and have enacted laws fully abreast of public opinion against the segregation of vice and of against the all-night demoralization of saloons.

They are to be commended for an evident purpose to place upon the statute books laws that represent advanced opinions as to the right of men and women who form the ranks of those who toil, and are less able to protect themselves than are the favored classes who have heretofore generally received first consideration at the hands of legislators.

The decisive vote, practically unanimous, by which the anti-alien land bill was passed is very significant, especi-

ally when it is considered that the President asked quite explicitly that remedy be left to diplomatic action. It shows that the people of California are firmly convinced that a grave peril to general welfare and to American civilization rests in the ownership of the land of the State by races whose standard of living gives them so great an advantage in competition that the result means the crowding out of American homes and finally the surrender of the fairest land under the sun to the alien race across the Pacific. It would seem that the emergency is not so great as to justify quite so drastic and inconsiderate a manner of asserting California's policy. Something is due National honor and international relations, and it would have shown better breeding and a higher sense of good manners to have been more courteous to the Federal authorities and to have shown more consideration to the feelings of an over-sensitive people.

In one way or another the question of values is constantly before us. What is this or that worth—in effort, in exchange, in sacrifice? What is best worth while—for profit, for enjoyment, for final good? Some of these questions we answer through the mind or by reference to conscience. Some get answered by experience. Sooner or later we find out, and question no more. Some things are settled to the satisfaction of any reasonable mind. Among these is the fact that it is never worth while to do wrong. This by no means assures that we will always do right, but we always know that we ought to. It is something gained when we know and acknowledge the right and the true. Before we can live up to ideals we must have them. The distinction between right and wrong is a funda-

mental necessity of human life. Good and evil are as distinct as light and darkness, and the real value of life depends largely upon how fully we realize this and how faithfully we heed it.

The moral element, whenever it enters into any question or matter, is predominant. Material considerations are always secondary. No amount of material gain can offset the least moral or spiritual loss. "What can a man gain in exchange for his soul?" is eternally a question. The real strength of any man is his moral strength. Physical strength or mental strength with moral weakness are sources of danger, and arouse fear. The body and the mind are to be kept clean and made strong that they may serve the spirit—man's distinctive life and his glory.

The true value of a man depends upon his spirit. What he has is of no consequence compared with what he is. Is he true and upright? Has he courage and fortitude? Is he equal to self-sacrifice and forbearance? Does he abhor evil and cleave to that which is good? Is he kind and can he love? To the extent that he meets these requirements he has spiritual life. Jesus, and all the Christs, came that he might have it more abundantly. Religion and the churches fulfill their purpose when they stimulate and fortify this spiritual life.

The fact that such an agency is needed and that no other fills the need is the church's justification for being, and the supreme importance of sustaining and extending this greatest of human needs makes imperative the support and strengthening of the church.

Other agencies are helpful in their way, but they contribute little if anything to this greatest need. Science, philosophy, the arts, literature, education, commerce, manufactures, economics,—all serve man, but not here, and

here he must be sustained or all else is lost.

Man is an epitome of civilization. Each nation is an aggregation of its individual men. The strength of the nation is not its wealth, its navies, its armies, but its manhood. All strength finally is of the spirit and not material, and historical examples without number tell of decay and fall through moral and spiritual decline. The time of greatest peril has ever been the days of greatest prosperity. The arrogance of wealth, the insolence of power are prelude to the decay of manhood. Man, led by spirit, unspoiled by luxury, alone can sustain his strength and power, and no nation can survive moral deterioration.

The church must realize its great responsibility and give its strength to the momentous issues of life without regard to theological differences or denominational aggrandisement. It must face the truth that man is a part of society as well as an individual soul, and win the respect and support of strong men by vigorous and determined action in promoting both personal integrity and community uplift. And men of earnest purpose will dismiss their petty prejudices, and deny themselves their small indulgences of pleasure, automobile and otherwise, and turn back to the church to sustain and strengthen an agency indispensable in the great purpose of withstanding materialism in an age of great prosperity and holding aloft the standard of the supremacy of the spirit.

The session of the Pacific Coast Conference held at Oakland May 6, 7 and 8 was especially strong and helpful. The attendance was good both of ministerial delegates from afar and of representatives of the churches around

the Bay. Eastern gatherings are circumscribed, as conference boundaries are not widely extended. At the session just held there were present delegates from San Diego, 500 miles to the south, and Spokane, 800 miles to the north. These distances compare with Eastern standards as Portland, Me., to Washington, and Washington to Mobile. It costs much more per mile to travel on the Pacific Coast, and it is no small matter to take the time and money required for such a journey. Not all our ministers can attend, but a good many in some way managed it. Among others Rev. J. H. Dietrich from Spokane and Rev. Howard B. Bard from San Diego—two young men who have joined the conference since its last meeting. Both made a very good impression and entered into the work with energy and intelligence.

Among the seasoned regulars of the denominational army, Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, Jr., Rev. J. D. O. Powers, Rev. O. P. Shrout, Rev. Thomas Clayton Rev. Francis Watry, Rev. E. M. S. Hodgkin, Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, Rev. Paul McReynolds and Rev. N. A. Baker bore their part. Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith and Rev. Wm. Day Simonds being the program makers and hosts, eliminated themselves in a commendable way from their modest standpoint, but to the detriment of the general result. An encouraging feature of the meeting was the participation of two young men, graduates of the Pacific School for the Ministry, Rev. Horace A. Hand, in charge of the churches at Woodland and Sacramento, and Mr. B. A. Heeb, an under-graduate, who has been rendering good service at Stockton. Both appeared well.

It was fortunate that Rev. C. S. S. Dutton of New York, supplying for three Sundays the vacant pulpit of the

San Francisco church, was able to be present. It gave opportunity for meeting the ministers, and he contributed by two strong addresses and casual remarks on the floor.

At the last Conference the matter of THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN was fully considered. The reports showed it solvent, provided its assets in the way of overdue subscriptions were collectable. It was decided to have recourse to the referendum through appealing directly to each subscriber. Those who remit will be considered as voting in favor of continuance, with all it implies—discharging indebtedness, encouraging advance, and expressing commendation for its management. Failure to reply will be taken as evidence that the publication is not cared for, and it will cease to be sent.

The Conference Directors appointed a Publication Committee to have full control of the journal. They, in turn, have named two assistant editors to co-operate with the editor in determining a general policy and arranging for editorial and other contributions.

To broaden the representative character and widen its interest, two ministers from the South and three from the North are named associate editors, and all ministers of the Conference are asked to consider themselves as contributing editors. Each minister is urged to secure in his congregation someone who will act as correspondent, reporting church activities, and also someone to extend the subscription list.

In fact, system and method are to supplant reliance on spontaneous co-operation, which has proved somewhat inadequate in the past.

The many friends of Rev. John A. Cruzan will be pained to learn that the state of his health compels him to relinquish ministerial work. He has strug-

gled bravely for many months, but there are some things that good courage and determination can neither control nor prevent, and when retreat was the only recourse he left Oregon and retired to a quiet spot near Santa Rosa, where with the faithful ministrations of his devoted wife, he is meeting each day as it comes, and hoping for the turning of the tide.

It is somewhat tantalizing to be able to read only the table of contents of an exchange. "The Rikugo Zasshi" looks interesting. Its contents for May printed in unexceptional English includes an article, "On the Seventieth Birthday of Rev. C. MacCauley," and one on "The Science of Social Service," by Rev. Dr. F. G. Peabody. That the publication is decidedly up to date may be inferred from its publishing as a frontispiece a portrait of Richard Wagner, and that among other Occidentals referred to in the articles embraced are Maurice Maeterlinck, Bergson, Ellen Key and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Why Bernard Shaw and Chesterton are not included is not apparent.

C. A. M.

[For the PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

What Am I?

I think, thus know I am. My feelings, thoughts, Volitions are my own. In measure have I self-direction. Sense, experiences Are limitations, yet by these I learn. My source of being is the one, true, Infinite; Yet I am not a part, for Unity Cannot divided be, and only as Created can I view myself. But how Enough it is I am.

And this I know, I vary not nor change, Though in the midst of change. This earth, the sun,

Yea, solar systems grow and then decay, And cycles vast will come and go, yet will The I, which is myself, persist through all. Nor has one ever witnessed birth or death Of consciousness—it is unlimited, Beginning has not, nor can end, and thus Is an immortal I.

—Sadie C. McCann.

Notes

Rev. George W. Henning of Santa Rosa is enjoying the rather unusual experience of jointly celebrating his seventieth birthday and the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

Memorial Sunday was finely observed at Fresno. All sorts of veterans were in attendance. There was fine music and Rev. Thomas Clayton spoke on "The Great Conflict—From the Twentieth Century Point of View."

Rev. Paul McReynolds on May 28th, which was the twentieth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Pomona Church, reviewed the work of the Conference from which he had just returned, and preached a strong sermon justifying the existence and outlining the place of the Unitarian Church.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, on May 18th repeated for his own people the strong address on "Windows Open Toward God," which he delivered at the Conference. He was impressed with the earnestness of the Conference and feels that thinking persons are being increasingly drawn to a liberal interpretation of Christianity and the principles of Christian Unity.

Rev. Francis Watry, of Santa Ana, was warmly appreciated by the Unitarians of Pomona when he exchanged with Rev. Paul McReynolds on May 25th. He spoke on "The Origin and Growth of the Devil and What Is Left of Him. The *Review*, speaking of his kindness, and the very striking fact that he retains a personal friendship with his former bishop in the Catholic Church, against which he never speaks, says: "It is no wonder that among Unitarians he is known as 'the best loved minister in the Conference.'"

Rev. Arthur H. Sargent, of Eureka, is holding meetings in Ferndale on Friday evenings, getting acquainted with the people and doing good missionary work.

The Unitarian Club of Alameda on May 14th listened to an interesting ad-

dress by Consul General Obarrio on the financial and other conditions of Costa Rica and Panama, both of which he represents.

Rev. Dr. Wilbur, on his return from Oregon, stopped off at Eureka and preached on the evening of May 25th. Visiting clergymen being somewhat rare at points off the traveled route, are correspondingly appreciated, and Eureka always has a welcome for those who take the pains to call for it.

The Unitarian women of Long Beach have formed an Alliance and made application for membership in the National body, which held its annual meeting in Boston the last week in May.

Rev. N. A. Baker of Alameda and Rev. Horace A. Hand of Woodland exchanged pulpits on the evening of May 11th, to the mutual satisfaction of their respective congregations.

The Boston May meetings seem to have been unusually interesting. Rev. William Sullivan preached the sermon and Professor Taft was happy in presiding over the concluding festival. Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Eliot was re-elected president of the American Unitarian Association.

Rev. Thomas Clayton, in the third of a series of modern interpretations of Old Testament stories, spoke on May 18th on Abraham. He was an heroic exile for his faith in "One God," as opposed to the polytheism of his time. "Abraham stands before us today as a typical hero in the cause of truth, and in the path of hard duty. 'He went out not knowing whither he went,' but only feeling he went at the call of God. To Him he trusted his life, his family, all his hopes for this life and the future. He sets mankind an example of sublime faith in his God; which in times of skepticism and doubt (as the present), is a great inspiration to all those who are inclined to religion. He is still revered and followed by nearly one-half of the human race; and it is not improbable that the world owes to him, in a large degree, its faith in a single

God and Ruler of the Universe. For this reason, some among us have claimed him as the first and pioneer among Unitarians."

The Pacific Coast Unitarians are fortunately to be represented at the July gathering in Paris of the great International Congress of Liberals.

Rev. William Day Simonds is to enjoy a well-earned vacation which will enable him to attend the important meeting.

The Unitarian Social Club of Oakland is giving a series of entertainments to raise funds for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. The Oakland Center of the California Civic League is co-operating with the Unitarian Social Club in its philanthropic work.

The pulpit of All Souls' Church of Santa Cruz will be filled during June by Dr. F. L. Hosmer, Rev. A. J. Wells, and Rev. N. A. Baker. Dr. Hosmer preaching the first two Sundays.

Captain William Day addressed a meeting of the League of the Oakland Church on the morning of May 18th, strongly endorsing a State industrial farm as the best solution of present police problems. The plan was unanimously endorsed and Rev. William Day Simonds was instructed to forward a copy of the resolutions to Governor Johnson.

Sunday morning services will be held continuously during the summer months in King's Chapel, Boston, under the leadership of Rev. Howard N. Brown and Rev. Sydney B. Snow. Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Especial hospitality is extended to young people who go to Boston or Cambridge for study. Special pews are assigned to them, and a graduate of Smith College acting as Parish Assistant gives her whole time to work with students. It is a fortunate provision that so attractive an opportunity for a reverent service is combined with the historic interest that clusters around this venerable building in the heart of Boston.

The Unitarians of San Diego held a very encouraging meeting and dinner on the evening of May 1st, about two hundred being present. There were several speakers, and two of them, Judge M. A. Luce and President Hardy of the Normal school, complimented Mr. Bard warmly on the good work he has done there in the three months during which he has had charge of the church. Mr. Bard in his address outlined plans for the future, emphasizing a demand that the church should be abreast of the times in all progressive work in the community.

An interesting event in Boston's recent history was the unveiling of the statue of Edward Everett Hale, the work of Bela Pratt, the grandson of the distinguished preacher and author. About three thousand people assembled at the Charles Street side of the Public Garden to witness the unveiling. Ex-Governor John D. Long presided at the ceremony. Previously exercises were held in Arlington Street Church, with Ex-President Taft as the principal speaker. Mrs. Hale, with granddaughters and great-granddaughter, were present. Mayor Fitzgerald, on the part of the city, accepted the gift.

The organization of the University Unitarian Church of Seattle is complete and on the first of May Rev. Edward G. Spencer, recently of Everett, became the pastor of the new church. A most desirable corner lot, near the university campus, has been secured by the American Unitarian Association, and a building during the summer is hoped for. The call to Mr. Spencer was the result of an acquaintance of ten weeks, during which Mr. Spencer supplied the pulpit, and of a constantly growing friendship which promises well for his ministry.

Rev. W. D. Simonds delivered the address on Memorial Day, when the war veterans and civilians of Oakland gathered at Mountain View and Evergreen cemeteries on May 30th to scatter flowers on the graves of their comrades and hold a service in their memory. He declared: "We may talk peace and pray for peace, but perpetual peace will never dawn until the virtues of war become the ideals of peace. Not until men with

soldierly self-denial consecrate themselves to high aims and sacred principles, not until with a soldier's courage citizens in times of peace confront evil men and measures, not until the comradeship of war becomes the fraternity of all our days, can war be permanently abolished. The virtues of the soldier must become the virtues of the civilian, then shall the soldier pass from human affairs and war be no longer a dread necessity."

Rev. Franklin Baker, at Long Beach, spoke on May 25th on "The Heaven of To-day," which he conceived to be not a place, but opportunity and condition. "We make our own hell and our own heaven, neither of which are God-created places or conditions. It is useless to long for a heaven until we begin to make it; and its possibilities are as sure here as hereafter."

The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Emily G. Fifield of Milton, Mass., Recording Secretary of the Woman's Alliance, causes a distinct sense of loss wherever there are Unitarians. In our next issue there will appear an appreciation of Mrs. Fifield by Miss Emma R. Ross of Los Angeles.

The report of the Oakland Conference and other matters of interest has compelled the carrying over of several exceedingly interesting articles. A new department on "Civic Righteousness," conducted by Dr. Morgan of Berkeley, is inaugurated this month.

The Reverend William Pearce, formerly of the Baptist Fellowship, having satisfied the sub-committee for the Pacific States, has been duly admitted to Fellowship and is hereby recommended to the confidence of our churches.

THOMAS L. ELIOT,

EARL M. WILBUR,

For the Pacific States Committee.

The Reverend Alfred Nathan Raven, formerly of the Presbyterian Fellowship, having satisfied the sub-committee for the Pacific States, has been duly admitted to Fellowship and is hereby recommended to the confidence of our churches.

THOMAS L. ELIOT,

EARL M. WILBUR,

For the Pacific States Committee.

Events.

The Oakland Conference.

Reported by Rev. Paul M. McReynolds.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Churches opened in the beautiful and spacious First Church in Oakland, Tuesday evening, May 6th.

On the rostrum were the President of the Conference, Mr. W. H. Payson, of San Francisco; Rev. William Day Simonds and the speakers of the occasion, Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, of Portland, and Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

After a few words of gracious welcome from the pastor of the church, Mr. Simonds, the President of the Conference, introduced the first speaker, Mr. Eliot.

The general theme of the evening was, "Unitarian Affirmations." Mr. Eliot's theme was, "The Foundations of Unitarianism." With liberty for the individual, with no ecclesiastical compulsion, the Unitarian body of believers has retained its original foundation, pure Christianity. To strengthen and build on this base has been our historic contribution and will continue to be.

"A church is doomed if it give salvation by vocabulary instead of fact, by anesthesia instead of life."

Mr. Dutton spoke on "The Mission of Unitarianism in the Twentieth Century." Has there been any fresh contribution to knowledge which belongs to the twentieth century as does that of Copernicus and Bacon to the seventeenth? What has the nineteenth century given us?

Mr. Balfour answers, "A new conception of matter. Also a scientific treatment of the problems of literature, history and philosophy."

This has been due largely to the substitution of the category of evolution for that of being; of the relative for the absolute. This is testified to by the trend in thinkers widely different. The value of the idea is testified to by its unifying power. It has generated an imaginative impulse affecting not only theology, but science. Bergson, the eugenists, as well as Tyrrell and Caird

show it. But back of this lies the spirit of which evolution is the dramatic expression. It is the mission of Unitarianism of the twentieth century to evidence this spirit, to spiritualize the achievements of the nineteenth century.

These elevated and thoughtful addresses were a fit inspiration to the flow of soul which followed at the informal reception to delegates and visitors in the parlors of the church.

Wednesday morning the session opened with devotions conducted by Rev. O. P. Shrout of San Jose.

The President's address followed, which was pointedly practical, as was to be expected from Mr. Payson, a successful business man. He recalled the progress in numbers and improvement in methods of the Conference.

The records show that in 1908 the Secretary reported no revenues and no organic membership. The next year the Hon. Horace Davis called upon the Conference to shoulder its burdens, especially THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, the Headquarters and the School for the Ministry.

In 1910, the Conference, by resolution, adopted THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN. Mr. Payson spoke of the value of the Headquarters and of the Pierce Library and urged that the Conference appropriation be put in the budget of each church. The address was received with applause.

Mr. Murdock then reported for THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, of which he has long been the esteemed editor, giving his services gratis. He stated that if all subscriptions were paid up, the paper would with the subsidy from the Conference just pay expenses. He suggested a saving by a change in the style and asked that a subscription agent be appointed in each congregation. This was heartily agreed to by rising vote.

The Secretary, Mrs. Jessie Brady, then made her report.

The report of the Treasurer, Mr. J. Conklin Brown, followed.

Dean Earl M. Wilbur, as Field Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, reported new churches organized near the University of Washington at Seattle, at Long Beach, Visalia and

Hanford; an old one revived at Stockton and an independent congregation at Hemet, Cal., received into fellowship.

There are new financial demands, but no increase in contributions except from smaller churches. More than a mere pulpit notice or circular is needed.

Considerable discussion was evoked from the reading of an appeal from the Japanese Mission at Oakland.

The recommendation of the Field Secretary to the American Unitarian Association to discontinue appropriations for the time being was finally sustained.

On motion of Hon. Horace Davis a committee was appointed to serve on the Interdenominational Peace Conference.

The afternoon session was enlivened by the reports from the field, which were injected into the symposium on "The Most Important Feature of My Work." The delegates and ministers seemed to prefer giving and the audience preferred hearing the old-fashioned reports of the work and condition of individual churches in spite of the well-meant effort of the committee to give them something more vital.

The presence of the new ministers in the Conference, Mr. Dietrich, of Spokane, and Mr. Bard, of San Diego, coming from the extremes of an immense territory as they do, was a satisfaction to all and lent a dramatic interest to their reports.

A woman's meeting and a ministers' meeting followed.

Wednesday evening was given over to a public platform meeting to consider "The Church and Social Service."

Professor Thomas H. Reed, of the University of California, gave an address on "Legislation for Social Betterment," full of delicious humor, keen thrusts and fine humanitarian spirit. It was mainly a defense of the acts of the recent California Legislature against the charge of "freak" legislation. This, however, was but the text by which to illustrate the growing need for legislation for social betterment.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgins, of Los Angeles, followed in an illuminating address, as are all his productions. The history of the church, its gradual drop-

ping of incidental functions and its centering of activity on its unique work, the deepening of the spiritual life of man, were traced with an accurate pencil. The temptation of the religious teacher to heed this or that call for help from needed and praiseworthy reforms, each claiming to be the panacea for the age, was shown to be a light to lure the teacher onto the rocks. These needs he should understand and sympathize with, but the one function must be his which has been the sole continuous work of the church of all ages, to lift men into that world of spirit where duty and opportunity are made luminous and joy and strength given to serve.

There was not time sufficient remaining for the five-minute speeches which according to program, were to follow. Nor at any other period of the Conference was any provision made for discussing the excellent papers and addresses. Repeated votes of conferences have shown that this opportunity should be given and it is to be hoped that the popular voice will be heeded by future committees on program.

Thursday morning the devotional service was conducted in a very beautiful and spiritual way by Mr. Watry, of Santa Ana.

Following this service, the Conference was addressed by Mr. Pandit of Bombay, on "A World Religion." He showed very clearly the improbability of a world religion, and also that it is not so much to be desired as a "world religiousness" which shall bring all nations into a mutual respect and brotherly feeling for each other, and that in this way world peace, so much desired, would be safely brought about.

Mr. Davis was the next speaker, and his address was most inspiring and helpful.

After the address a short business session closed that part of the Conference.

After luncheon the Conference adjourned to the Berkeley church to attend the closing exercises of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry. Mr. Dutton gave another splendid address on this occasion. A reception to delegates followed.

In the evening Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, preached the Conference ser-

mon, the subject being "Windows Opened Toward God," bringing to a fitting close an unusually fine Conference.

Conference Business.

At the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Conference and the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast has lost, in the death of the Hon. Chester Rowell, a most devoted friend and leader, an ardent worker of large public-spiritedness and valuable service extending over a period of many years; we desire to place on our Conference records this expression of our high regard and our sense of deep loss and affectionate memory.

WHEREAS, The Unitarians have repeatedly expressed their adherence to the cause of international peace, and their conviction that differences between nations should be settled by arbitration and not by war; therefore

Resolved, That our conviction is unchanged, and we request the Council of this Conference to appoint delegates to represent us on the Interdenominational Peace Committee of the Pacific Coast Churches.

Resolved, That this Conference herewith express its very hearty appreciation of the cordial hospitality and entertainment afforded by the minister and officers and Woman's Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland on the occasion of this session.

WHEREAS, The project of the education of men for the Unitarian ministry has been fostered and urged on the Pacific Coast by the generous faith and gifts of certain of our membership, and

WHEREAS, The Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry has been incorporated in this Pacific Coast Fellowship, appealing to our interest and to our financial support; be it therefore

Resolved, That the ministers of our churches at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Berkeley be and are hereby appointed to investigate the condition and prospects of the School and report to this Conference at its next regular meeting.

The Conference voted (1) to have the minister of each church in the Conference appoint some person in his church to look after the interests of THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN, securing new subscribers, and seeing that old subscribers paid their subscriptions promptly.

(2) To have the Secretary send a list of questions to each church regarding membership, financial conditions, etc., and the following questions have been prepared and sent out:

Minister's name and address?

Name and address of the Secretary or Clerk?

Membership May 1, 1912?

Membership May 1, 1913?

What Auxiliary Societies have you? (Men's Club, Women's Society, Young People's Society, Sunday School, etc.)?

Have you a building loan? How much?

What money was raised during the last year?

What support, if any, did you receive from the American Unitarian Association?

What is your minister's salary?

What are your general expenses and how distributed? (Music, charity, etc.)?

How much did you contribute to the American Unitarian Association?

How much did you contribute to the Pacific Coast Conference?

Did you contribute to any other general activities?

Have you planned any building activities for the coming year? How much?

(3) That credentials be required of delegates at the next session, and the Secretary was directed to send out proper forms at least a month in advance of the meeting.

There were forty delegates reported by the Credentials Committee, and there were twenty-three churches represented.

At the Women's Meeting held Wednesday afternoon reports were heard from ten Alliances, all showing very flourishing conditions.

It was voted that mass meeting be called in the early fall to discuss the organizing of three Branch Alliances on the Coast; one for Southern California, one for the Bay section and one for the Northwest.

By a unanimous vote Rev. William Day Simonds was appointed as representative of the Pacific Coast churches at the coming International Congress of Free Christianity and Liberal Progress to be held in Paris, July 16th to 23d.

The Nominating Committee presented the following names for members of the Conference Board, to serve until 1916:

Mrs. C. E. Grunsky, San Francisco; Mrs. E. S. Hodgkin, Los Angeles; Dr. Arthur Maxson Smith, Berkeley; Rev. Howard B. Bard, San Diego.

A meeting of the Conference Board was called at one o'clock Thursday afternoon, and the following business transacted:

The following were the officers elected for the coming year: President, Dr. Arthur Maxson Smith, Berkeley; First Vice-President, Mr. W. P. Olds, Portland; Second Vice-President, Mr. Wm. H. Payson, San Francisco; Secretary, Mrs. Jessie B. Brady, 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco; Treasurer, Mr. J. Conklin Brown, Berkeley.

The following Editorial Committee for THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN was appointed: Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, Rev. Arthur Maxson Smith, Rev. Wm. Day Simonds, Rev. Clarence Reed; the minister coming to the San Francisco church to be the fifth member.

The Board voted to accept the invitation of the Portland church to hold its next session in Portland.

Just one further word. It is almost without exception harder to get a person to accept the Chairmanship of the Post Office Mission Committee than any other office. It means the giving of so much time and devotion that few are willing to undertake it. And yet how much time we are glad to give to other things,—to civic work and reforms of various kinds—all of them good, but not so important, after all, as this.

If religion is the greatest thing in life, and we feel that we have a faith that is good enough for us to live by, then it must be one that others need. Let us not be afraid of that word proselyting. There are so many ready and waiting for the light that we can give them. Think how thankful any of us would be to the person who would make Unitarians of us, if we weren't already so. Let us sustain Miss Easton in her work this next year and enable her to make a report that she will be proud of when she has to make one.

JESSIE B. BRADY,
Secretary.

Report as to Post Office Mission Work on the Pacific Coast.

Members of the Pacific Coast Branches of the National Alliance.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKERS:
As a member of the National Post Office Mission Committee, and representing in that committee the three Pacific

Coast States, Washington, Oregon and California, I herewith present a brief report of the work undertaken by myself during the past year. I was appointed to the committee early in last year, 1912, and accepted the position, though with considerable reluctance, as my own personal duties and responsibilities were very pressing; consequently I was not able to place myself in communication with the twenty-six Coast Alliances until the early summer, when I sent out to each the following letter of inquiry (addressing the letter in most cases to the minister):

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 8, 1912.

To the Chairman of the Post Office Mission Committee, First Unitarian Church.

DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW WORKER: Having recently been appointed a member of the National Post Office Mission Committee of the National Alliance, and, as such, a representative of our three Pacific Coast States, I am very desirous of coming in touch with each of the Post Office Mission Committees of these three States. So I am writing to you to-day in order to become acquainted with you. It may be that when your reply comes, I shall find it signed by one whom I already knew well, as, during my years of connection, most of the time as President, with the Women's Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast, I personally visited all the women's Unitarian societies which were at that time branches of the Conference; so that I feel that I have friends all the way from Seattle to San Diego.

In taking up the work of the Post Office Mission Committee, my only desire and hope is that I may be of some service to the various Missions. I was connected with the Mission here in San Francisco, for practically all the time, from 1887 to 1907, and a good deal of that time as chairman, so that I have had, as you see, a considerable experience; yet I realize fully that local conditions vary greatly.

My first wish is to get information as to the various Post Office Missions; and although I realize that, owing to various delays and detentions, it is rather late in the season and out of season for me to make these inquiries, I am going to ask, if you will, at your convenience, answer the following questions, numbering all to correspond with the questions:

1. Is your Missions Committee of the Women's Alliance in your church, or is it a committee of the church?
2. How many members on the Committee?
3. Do you meet regularly for work, or at irregular intervals?
4. How is the work of your Committee supported, and how much does it cost you, each month, on an average?
5. Whence do you obtain your pamphlets? Boston? Chicago? Unitarian Headquarters Portland, or San Francisco?

6. How do you obtain names of applicants? By personal solicitation? by advertising, and if the latter, in what paper?

7. Do you carry on any *personal* correspondence with your applicants?

8. Does this correspondence continue for weeks and months; and if so, does *one* member of your Committee continue to correspond with one applicant? or are the letters of that correspondent answered at various times by various members of your Committee?

9. What *kind* of pamphlets, chiefly, are asked for?

10. Do you use the *fine* Social Service Bulletins (or pamphlets) published by the American Unitarian Association? and if not, would you like for me to send you a type-written list of them, so that you can order them through the Headquarters in San Francisco?

11. Have you a copy of the "green book" (as it is called in the Committee, I find)? It gives full directions as to the forming of a Post Office Mission, and for conducting the work along its various lines.

If you write that you have not one, I shall certainly send you a copy.

12. Do you have a "church door pulpit" in the vestibule of your church, and are many pamphlets taken?

13. Did you send a report of your year's work to the recent meeting of the National Alliance in Boston? and will you, if perfectly convenient and agreeable, send me a copy of that report? Please understand that I have no authority to demand answers to these questions, but I am just hungering for information, and the more you write the better I shall like it.

And finally, what are your difficulties, drawbacks, or discouragements? I hope, none; but if there are any, *do* tell me of them. Maybe I can help you.

And now I want to tell you of a little plan that I have for raising a small sum of money sufficient to carry on my part of the work of the National Committee; I am asking every Unitarian woman on this Coast to contribute a dime toward my year's expenses,—stenography, typewriting, postage, etc. I want this contribution to be purely voluntary, and from the *individual* women, not from the treasury of any society, or any committee; and if any woman sends me more than a dime, I shall send it back; also I shall send a receipt for all sums received, to the persons sending them; but it would be better for the dimes in any one locality to be collected by one person and sent to me by that one.

My object in soliciting this contribution is to have every Unitarian woman on the Coast feel that she is *helping me*.

We must make the Post Office Mission work grow during this coming year. The seed of this great Unitarian thought *must* be sown and watered and tended, and made to bring forth fruit; and if anybody tells you that Unitarianism has done its work, don't for one moment believe it. It is needed to-day in the world more than ever.

I will add that I am in frequent communication with Mrs. Frederick Lord, of Boston, the Chairman of the National Post Office Committee, and you may be sure that I shall keep her informed of all the work of *our* committees. Do write to me fully; and believe me,

I regret to say that I have received replies to only eleven out of the twenty-six; these replies may be tabulated as follows:

(a) Replies containing reports, numbered to correspond to the questions, 6.

(b) Containing only a general description of the work, 1.

(c) Stating that the Alliance carries on no Post Office Mission work, 4.

From the remaining fifteen I have received no replies whatever.

In response to the suggestion that dimes would be acceptable for the carrying on of the work, three of the six societies that sent reports sent also dimes; the other three sent reports only. One society, Alameda, which reported as doing no Post Office Mission work, sent a voluntary contribution of ninety cents, while the Channing Auxiliary of San Francisco, which helps to support Post Office Mission work, but is not a branch of the National Alliance, sent \$1.20. Thus, of Alliance Branches alone, four sent contributions, a total of \$15.75, representing 157½ Alliance members, out of a possible 1200—13 per cent.

My little treasury stands as follows:
From Alliance Branches, contributions
 being limited to dimes.....\$15.75
From the Channing Auxiliary..... 1.20
From sympathizers, not Alliance members .85

Total receipts\$17.80
The total expenses (which represents typewriting, stationery and postage) have been\$ 7.40
Leaving a balance in my treasury of.... 10.40

In addition to the letter mentioned above, other letters have come from various sources, making a final total of twenty-two. I have also written thirty-six letters, in addition to the twenty-six typed letters already mentioned, a total of sixty-two.

All this seems a small and meager report, does it not? It does seem small, I confess, but it is in no sense discouraging. Judging from the reports that were received, the Post Office Mission work on this Coast does need building up

greatly. I find, in looking over the letters received, two or three general facts worth mentioning:

1. That the chairman is new to the work, and asks for help and instruction. This I am hoping to give, without fail, by a circular letter early in June.

2. That the committee has no stated sum of money at its disposal; it should have this, *no matter how small*, regularly, from its Alliance treasury.

3. A considerable Church Door Pulpit work has been done by the pastor and never or rarely counted or reported! This should be counted in as a part of the Post Office Mission work, always; it should either be done by the committee for the pastor, or done by the pastor and reported to the committee.

4. Often, I find, the committee consists of only one person; no matter how small the work is, it should be in the hands of at least three members; each helps the others, by counsel or suggestion, and in case of a change of chairman, another, not new to the work, can step into her place.

With these few general notes, I close this brief report; but I shall certainly hope to send a fuller word (I trust, a helpful one) to every Mission within a few weeks; and I hope, and fully believe, that ere another year rolls round, our Post Office Mission work on this Coast will have increased fourfold. No one, it seems to me, can bear the Unitarian name and not realize, as he takes up and reads one of our pamphlet sermons, how new and fresh and inspiring, how utterly unlike any other religious literature, these writings are. Let us each, in *our* Alliance, help to pass on this thought, to give it as bread to those who, hungry for it, know not where to find it.

For the National Postoffice Mission Committee, Pacific Coast Division,

ELIZABETH B. EASTON.

Divinity School Commencement.

As was the case when the Conference met in San Francisco three years ago, the Conference program included the Commencement of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, which was held

in the Berkeley church Friday afternoon, May 9th. The temporary demoralization of street car service interfered somewhat with the program announced, but the congregation filled the church.

The procession of faculty, trustees and guests of the school entered from Unity Hall, and Dr. J. K. McLean, the venerable ex-President of the Pacific Theological Seminary, sat on the platform with the participants. Prayer was offered by Rev. Francis Watry, of Santa Ana.

The President's report of the condition and needs of the school mentioned that this sixth commencement marked the end of the ninth year of the school. He spoke of the death within the year of two trustees, Dr. Chester Rowell and Mrs. Sarah Abbie Cutting. Registration for the year had been made up of six regular, two special and eleven associate students, in all nineteen. Time enough had elapsed to take account of results; and the President said that ten men trained in the school were now doing the work they had prepared for; seven were regularly preaching in charge of churches; two were engaged in the work of social service, and one was awaiting settlement.

The library had gained 589 volumes, and now numbered 8,336 books and 8,995 pamphlets. Toward endowment \$31,000 had been received during the year, and \$5,267 had been donated for other purposes. Plans were being prepared for new school buildings which it was hoped to erect within the year to come.

The commencement address was made by Rev. C. S. S. Dutton, of Brooklyn, on "The Intimate Note in Modern Theology." We are unable to give a report of it, but its deep thoughtfulness and its eloquent earnestness will not soon be forgotten.

The degree of Bachelor of Theology was then conferred upon Horace A. Hand, who is now ministering to the churches at Sacramento and Woodland.

A reception in the adjoining rooms followed the exercises.

Rev. C. S. S. Dutton Accepts Call.

The San Francisco Church feels that it is to be congratulated on having so soon secured a minister, and especially the specific individual whom extended

inquiry and careful consideration assured them was the best equipped and the best fit for the important pulpit left vacant by Rev. Bradford Leavitt's retirement.

The traditions of the church are somewhat exacting, and its record of ministers rather unusual. Established in October, 1850, in the first three years it was served by three ministers, Rev. Charles A. Farley, Rev. Joseph Harrington, and Rev. Frederic T. Gray. Rev. Rufus P. Cutler then held the pulpit for five years, and was followed by Rev. J. A. Buckingham, who served less than a year, so that the first five ministers represented an average of but two years.

Starr King came in April, 1860, and lifted the church into prominence. The man and the time conspired to build strongly the foundation of a true church. In March, 1864, he fell at his post. Few men of forty have left such a record of accomplishment. He was a man of magnetic influence and men responded to him in a marked degree. His death was felt to constitute a challenge for the best the denomination could furnish. Horatio Stebbins at Portland, Maine, was filling with marked success his second pastorate. Those in authority felt he was the one man to take up the work on the Pacific Coast. Dr. Bellows came from New York for four months to fill the breach till the transfer could be effected. Dr. Stebbins knew the difficulties to be encountered in following the brilliant and idolized King, but he was always steadily himself, and for more than thirty-five years he served the church, the city and the State with rare fidelity and power. He was a great preacher and a strong personality. In January, 1900, he was compelled by impaired health to relinquish his work, and again the church found a man successfully filling his second pastorate. Bradford Leavitt at Washington was adjudged the minister best fitted for the place and when called he justified the judgment. He was a strong preacher and a tireless worker. He held the followers of his predecessor and gained others. The church was well sustained. Six years after he came the great disaster seemed

to have practically annihilated the church. Many left the city and strengthened the churches across the bay, and there seemed hardly enough of the old church left to sprout again. But he assiduously cultivated all there was, and gradually it resumed its old form and strength, and held its own with its neighbors.

When Mr. Leavitt felt compelled to retire from the ministry and surrendered the charge, the shock was great, but there was no loss of courage. It was felt that the church, from its position and traditions, demanded the best that was to be had, and quietly and determinedly the quest began.

It seems something of a coincidence that again the man who seemed pre-eminently fitted for the succession was successfully filling his second pastorate. The First Church has never indulged in the trying task of candidating. They asked Mr. Dutton to come out and supply the vacant pulpit for three weeks. His presence confirmed the expectation of the trustees. His first sermon won instant approval. He was seen to be a strong man, well equipped intellectually, with an earnestness and vitality that were distinctly stimulating. His manner was reverent, and there was no doubt that he held religion to be a deep and vital reality. He was distinctly a preacher, and withal a genial, sunny-natured personality with a fund of feeling and faith, and a disposition to make of the church a strong factor in human helpfulness.

At the conclusion of his second service the trustees met, and without a shadow of dissent or hesitation voted unanimously to extend a call. While impressed with the importance and significance of the opportunity, he could give no answer before consulting with his trustees and friends in Brooklyn. Upon his return he found great kindness of feeling and generosity toward the church here. It was appreciated that the situation here was first to be considered, and though deeply attached to their minister, they counseled him to accept what they felt to be an honor.

Mr. Dutton will take up his new ministry with the first Sunday in September, and the church and the community

may be counted fortunate in having so soon found and secured a minister who seems to promise to be so worthy of succession to the line of manly men who have served the First Church of San Francisco.

An Interesting Occasion.

On Monday, April 21st, was commemorated the birthday of Friederich Froebel, the founder of kindergartens. The meeting was held in the Emma Marwedel Kindergarten at 1241 Powell Street, and among other features of the program a short resumé of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society was read.

Thirty-five years ago in July the Public Kindergarten Society was established here under the auspices of Prof. Felix Adler of New York, who, by his earnestness in the cause of childhood interested many of our most enlightened men and women. Among them Judge Heydenfeldt, who served as President of the Society until his death in 1890. Mr. S. Nickelsberg was Vice-President, Dr. J. O. Hirschfelder Secretary, and Mr. Julius Jacobs, Treasurer.

In order to start the enterprise of a free kindergarten the city was canvassed for subscriptions, and through the untiring energies of Prof. Adler, Mr. S. W. Levy and Mr. S. Nickelsberg, 130 names were enrolled as subscribers of various sums to help the initiation of one of the noblest movements of the age.

Among the liberal friends of the work at that time were Mr. Adolph Sutro and Mr. William M. Lent, who, with their families, became life members.

Almost immediately the enterprise received the attention and approval of such stalwart friends of progress as Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Prof. Scheuermann-Pott, Mr. Lawrence Gottig, Prof. Hilgard, Mr. F. Roeding, and later, Mr. John Sweet.

Among the first women who gave their encouragement and personal assistance were Miss Emma Marwedel, Mrs. L. Gottig, Mrs. D. C. McRuer, Mrs. William Hardy, Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mrs. James Spiers, Mrs. F. A. George,

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and many others which our limited space prevents from recording.

September 25, 1878, saw the first free kindergarten established in Silver Street, where were gathered forty little street brats under the shelter of its benign roof.

At the suggestion of Miss Marwedel her former pupil, Kate Douglas Smith, was asked to assume charge of the school, and a happier choice could not have been made.

Miss Smith writes in one of her earliest reports: "In the spring of 1879 we welcomed one day, for the first time, a sweet-faced woman whose earnestness made you love her at once. Her sympathy was evident before she had been in the room ten minutes, and it was not much longer than that before she turned to me with tears in her eyes, and clasping me by the hand, said, 'Why did I not know of this work before? Why did nobody tell me? Let me help you from this minute.'"

From that time the children of California and the kindergarten movement had an untiring friend and ally in Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper.

She lost no time in organizing the second San Francisco kindergarten on Jackson Street, October 6, 1879. This was supported by the exertions of her Bible class and was taught by Miss Kittridge.

The seventh of Mrs. Cooper's schools was opened on Union Street, near Stockton, in 1881, and was taught by a very talented young kindergartner, Miss Anna Stovall. Mrs. Cooper's work throughout the city and State in propagating the kindergarten idea was colossal and her wonderful earnestness brought the means from people of wealth to carry on the philanthropy under the name of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association.

All honor to Sarah B. Cooper and her noble work. It will be seen from the foregoing that the founding of the free kindergarten in San Francisco was the work of the present Pioneer Kindergarten Society which had its inception under the influence of Prof. Felix Adler of New York.

Upon the occasion of the celebration

of Froebel's birthday it was interesting to note the presence of six of the young women who had taken the course with Miss Marwedel. They were Miss Anna Stovall, Miss Van Denberg, Miss Anna L. Maning, Miss Marie J. Schentz, Miss Lulu Zabriskie and Mrs. Mareitz. We had hoped that Mr. Levy and Mr. Nickelsberg, two of the original founders, might have been present, but they were unavoidably detained.

The occasion was made doubly interesting by the view of a beautiful portrait of Emma Marwedel, a student of Froebel's wife in Germany, who came to America to spread this new gospel for the young.

The portrait, in pastel, was presented to the society by Mrs. William R. Wheeler, a devoted friend of Miss Marwedel. Mrs. Wheeler's absence was greatly regretted.

Among the members of the Executive Committee and guests present were the following:

Mrs. David Bixler, honorary president; Mrs. W. O. Wayman, president; Mrs. George A. Moore, vice president; Miss C. Louise Smith, vice president; Mrs. C. D. Farquharson, vice president; Mrs. Helen Hecht, Mrs. Dora Delany, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Frederick Roeding, Mrs. W. S. Duval.

One of the most interesting events of the afternoon was Miss Stovall's account of her visit two years ago to the home of Froebel upon the occasion of a pilgrimage of kindergarteners. Miss Stovall's graphic account, illustrated by the colored panorama and postal cards of the region and the peasants in native costume, is deserving of a larger audience, and it is hoped that she may repeat her enthusiastic account upon some future occasion.

Love is the Miracle.

When'er I find my faith grows dim,
And all my paths seem dark and grim,
I look about me for a sign
Of things divine,
And somewhere I am sure to see
One thing that brings it back to me: . . .
Love is the miracle I see
That brings my faith back unto me.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Los Angeles Activities.

LOS ANGELES.—Without break or stop the church activities have marched and still march steadily onward. There is no "marking time."

The Sunday-school teachers and pupils loyally keep to a high ideal. One Sunday the story of "The Beacon" was told and interest aroused in sending out the five-pointed Beacon of Our Faith to the children of India. The children were each given a penny and asked to make it earn from now to Christmas in aid of the Beacon scholarships. Then the stories of the different pennies will be told.

One of the delightful events arranged by the Alliance was a birthday supper and entertainment for members of the congregation who were seventy-five or more years young. Sixteen eligibles sat at the table and a happy set of youngsters they were. They responded to toasts, told stories, real lively ones, and made a joyful time for the whole company. Other parishes, please copy.

The Maternity Cottage has received a bequest which will not only help the great good work this most practical helper of the helpless is doing, but will give new strength to the leaders themselves. Such an institution as this is like beauty, its own excuse for being, and ought to receive spontaneous generosity for its needs, as the plant receives sun and shower.

A single issue of THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN would hardly suffice to outline the things worth while which have been considered by the Social Service Class. In the paper on the Torrens Land Act the surprising fact was brought out that a title company title does not in many instances guarantee the title and is only good for two years. The present system is costly, cumbersome and ineffective. The Torrens system is simple, inexpensive and effective. "Blue Sky Legislation" does not, as might seem from the title, imply heavenly ideals incorporated into laws, but refers rather to the fake legislation of reckless promoters, which must be stopped if for no other reason than that it "hurts business," real business, that is. Kansas has made a commendable attempt to regu-

late stock companies and put all corporation or public interests in form so that people can investigate and know for themselves. Several important bills are before the present State Legislature for the purpose of regulating this particular vice.

The talk on pending liquor legislation was by Rev. E. Guy Talbot, State Secretary of the Church Federated Social Service. One bill calling for closed saloons on holidays, including Sundays, was crippled by the saloon keepers who insisted on having Saturday P. M. for themselves. Southern California favored the bill, but the San Francisco lobby was a unit against this and all other remedial liquor legislation. A bill prohibiting saloons within a specified distance of army posts and naval stations, and which the national government, army and naval officers favor, is not likely to pass, much as it is needed. Talks like these help the intelligent layman to a knowledge of what is doing. It is almost impossible for the ordinary reader to find these items in the daily papers.

Another speaker told of the expected immigration through the Panama Canal. He urged prompt preparation lest housing conditions become as bad as in New York. Let us have here a composite citizenship, a "municipal condition where neither segregated vice nor congested filth is licensed, and where the spiritual atmosphere itself breathes an inspiration for a higher and better life to each and all who may enter here."

Here are a few trenchant sentences from another paper on the "Housing Problem:"

"The industrial degradation imposed by corporations is forcing the poor and ignorant to live under circumstances which tend to increase their ignorance and poverty.

"The spirit of home, without which humanity cannot rise, cannot thrive where people are made to feel they are nothing more than beasts of burden. It is not altogether a question of giving benefit, but one of self-preservation in giving homes to those who cannot provide for themselves. It is the quiet, self-respecting producer who needs to have the haven of home lest he slip into

the depths. Boards and commissions have built to house the useless parts of society—they can build for the producers of our wealth."

Added to all these, the sermon feast has been growing richer and richer. We have had "Fore-ordination and Freewill, or Mastery and Submission;" "The Devil, or the Place of Temptation in Life," "Heaven and Hell," "The Day of Judgment." In this last wonderfully lucid and inspiring restatement of an old terror, Mr. Hodgins said in closing: "Tyranny appears to be one of the judgments upon us because of our incapacity for anything else. Emancipation must mean the capacity for self-mastery. It is for us to build ourselves up in that. The Judgment Day is inevitable when all our deeds, good and bad, rise up and judge us, and we ought to welcome the Judgment Day, because it is the day of purification, when the unreal falls away and we stand face to face with reality. With death comes the judgment, and by that I mean that whatever is false and unreal and untrue will fall away into nothingness; and whatever is real and genuine, whatever we have built up in our lives of real value, must take its place in that future life as an inevitable and indestructible part of it.

"We should face the judgment days of life and the judgment day of death unafraid. Theodore Parker said: 'I had rather die a sinner than live one.' One should be no more afraid to face the justice of the future life than the justice of this one. It is only out of justice, whether it be painful or pleasurable, that true rest and peace and joy come, and to the judgment we should press forward with eager and abiding faith."

It is good to have the serenity of our own modest well-doing interrupted by the report of the larger doings of the Conference, which gave the stay-at-homes something of the inspiration that comes from togetherness.

The Alliance had a notable lecture, stereopticon, on "Buried Cities of Ceylon," by Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, who had made personal study of life in the Orient. Tea was served during the social hour following. The "Calendar Year" scheme is adopted by the Alliance this

year for raising funds, instead of the usual bazaar. A party from the Alliance goes to Long Beach to visit the new Alliance there, which starts with eighteen members.

The Universalist Convention and Conference of Religious Liberals will be held at Riverside, May 26, 27 and 28. All the Unitarian ministers of Southern California are on the programme, together with the Universalists. Such meetings as these break down the fences and make us to feel that we are all the sheep of His pasture.

J. H. Francis, Superintendent of the City schools, spoke to the Social Service Class on the needs of his department, defending the "fads" of millinery, dress-making, carpentry and other manual training classes. It seems strange that any thinking person should object to these innovations, but they are met with strenuous opposition. A woman, known to the writer, sells papers all day on the streets, herself very frail, to support her two little children. She gladly gives her evenings to the high school dressmaking class; and that one instance should be testimony enough of the value of the scheme. Women of fifty and sixty are eagerly seizing these opportunities. Let the good work go on. A plea was also made to the Social Service Class for a "Rest Haven for Men," similar to the home for women carried on by the "Psychopathic Parole Society," which provides for the care of the friendless wards of the insane asylum upon their discharge. William E. Smythe, the well-known apostle of irrigation, and leader of the "Little Landers," spoke on "Forward to the Land." Even the title is more inspiring than the old "Back to the Land." One Sunday the class itself talked on the "Most Needed Reform in Our City." Needless to say, the opinions varied, but the writer believes "that all this old world needs, is just the art of being kind."

Rev. C. C. Pierce spoke one Sunday on "New Wine in Old Bottles," "a modern, intellectual, highly spiritual sermon, full of enthusiasm." The continuity of the sermon-course was broken by the Conference, but the "vagrant thoughts" suggested to the minister by the Con-

ference were well worth the transformation. Other topics have been: "The Church and Public Welfare," and "Revelation; or the Unveiling of Truth." On this last subject, Rev. Mr. Hodgkin said, in part:

"We are told in the Jewish scripture that Noah received a revelation from God commanding him to build the ark; Moses had a revelation as to the tabernacle; David and Solomon were in the same way directed as to the building of the temple, and Ezekiel as to its rebuilding. If these plans succeeded, God certainly worked through them. But it is strange that God should have revealed His plans to a few men, should have given directions for a few buildings, and have left all the rest of us all these thousands of years to blunder along in our own crude and bungling fashion. Is the building of a great temple more important than running a drainage system through a congested and disease-infected valley? It is hard to think of God as being so exclusive as to confine His particular attention to the more picturesque and dramatically interesting things of the world, to the neglect of the more important though less interesting. But such was the interpretation of the fathers.

"We are beginning to see that revelations come not only to great souls, but to all souls, and that they come not in a special, personal way, but through the normal channels of life; that they not only come to all men, but come to all animals and even to inanimate things, for we can find nothing in all the universe that is not responding to something higher than itself, and is thus receiving revelations direct from God.

"We cannot build anything that is worth while, tangible or intangible, without a revelation from God in which a divine plan is unfolded which we must follow. Every discovery or recognition of a vital truth is a revelation from God. Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence were as truly revelations from God as the laws of the Pentateuch. Each was slowly wrought out of the growing experiences of man. Charles Darwin did for his age what the book of Genesis did for a preceding age, and his writings are as truly a revelation

as any that ever came from the pen of man. It gave man a new point of vision from which to interpret life and has given mankind an incalculable impetus forward.

"The great new revelation from which we must draw our inspiration for today is the thought of the inclusiveness of God as replacing the exclusiveness of the old idea. The on-moving influence of God comes through our physical activity; it comes through our intelligence; through our moral and spiritual alertness and sensitiveness. In proportion as we keep all our faculties at their best, live the full-rounded life of service and keep in the main currents of life, do we have revelations from God and have the divine plan of life unfolded to us.

"The greatest need of the day is more of the conviction that it is God that worketh in us; that our tasks are divine tasks; that our life plan is following a revelation from God. We do not realize sufficiently that it is God's work we are engaged in; and that any shoddy work is blasphemy against God. We look upon our work as something mean and temporary; consequently, it becomes a task instead of an opportunity; we dislike it, instead of enjoying it. Nothing can give our lives the dignity that they ought to have and bring joy into our work but a religious faith, an illumination, a revelation."

An English Anniversary.

Our esteemed London exchange, *The Christian Life* (and *Unitarian Herald*), issues for May a very remarkable commemoration number, marking the one hundredth anniversary of an event which probably many in Great Britain had forgotten, and which few in America ever knew.

It appears that in the first year of the reign of William and Mary an act was passed "exempting His Majesty's Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England, from the penalties of certain laws," but especially providing that it should not extend "to give any ease, benefit or advantage to persons denying the Trinity." In 1813

there was passed an act called the "Trinity Doctrine Bill," which repealed the proviso, so that for the first time Unitarians became freemen in their native land.

Unitarians were free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and could not be deprived of their civil rights by reason of their theological or mathematical obtuseness.

In celebrating this deliverance a hundred page issue gives a profusely illustrated summary of the progress and development of the Unitarian Church throughout the world. It presents pictures of illustrious Unitarians from its inception. Michael Servetus, Faustus, Socinus and John Milton figure among the earliest.

The first English Unitarian society was founded in 1791. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association dates from 1823. After treating historically the various districts in Great Britain, reference is made to liberal religion in Australia, South Africa, Japan, Hungary, India, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Canada, New Zealand. American progress is liberally treated and fine portraits printed of our foremost ministers past and present. A page illustrates "Distinguished Unitarian Women of the Century," among whom are mentioned Florence Nightingale, Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Martineau, Sarah Flower Adams, Anna Laetitia Barbauld and our Julia Ward Howe. It summarizes Unitarian reformers, statesmen and ministers from 1813 to 1913, gives succinct stories of the colleges and with marvelous industry has gathered a wonderful array of impressive facts. The leading editorial is a fine article on "The Mission of Modern Unitarianism," from which we select a characteristic sentence: "Our hope is in the future. The crowning glory of our free faith has got to be won. It will not be won until the spirit of the religion of Jesus has permeated every land; when truth is triumphant over error, right over wrong, light over darkness, knowledge over superstition, love over hatred, good over evil, and God over all."

Civic Righteousness

Conducted by Dr. Morgan.

"I bless God for cities. The world would not be what it is without them. Cities have been as lamps along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of the earth like great breakwaters rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities have indeed been the cradle of human liberty. They have been the radiating, active centers of almost all church and state reformation."—*William Norman Guthrie.*

Until very recently personal religion occupied the mind of Christendom to such an extent that it ruled out social religion. The individual, his religious culture and salvation were everything the Kingdom of God on earth nothing. There is danger now, it is thought, that social religion may swamp efforts for personal religion. Ministers, theological professors, social reformers of fifty-seven varieties, civic clubs and even literary and scientific clubs are turning their attention to civic conditions. It is even complained of in some quarters that sermons are occupying themselves to too great an extent with social problems.

This need not be so. The ideal is a perfect man in a perfect society. Personal religion for service in the kingdom should be the motto of every church and minister. No modern church has a right to seek shelter in the former to shirk its duty in respect to the latter. It is well for us to keep both ideals constantly upon our calendar. All social reform must be based in the last analysis upon our religious nature. It is else vapid and of short duration. Society must be reformed from the ground up. Ideal living cannot be attained to the fine touch of idealism except in those through whom the universal spirit flows without let or hindrance. When pulpits become in danger of devoting all their energies to civic conditions it is well that their occupants should remember the words of M. Royer-Collard, uttered

long ago in his speech on the French sacrilege bill: "Human societies are born, live and die, on the earth: it is there their destinies are accomplished. . . . But they contain not the whole man. After he has engaged himself to society, there remains to him the noblest part of himself, those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, to unknown felicity in an invisible world. . . . We, persons individual and identical, veritable beings endowed with immortality, we have a different destiny from that of states."

It is very gratifying to note that the biography of Samuel June Barrows has been published under the caption "A Sunny Life." It is written by Mrs. Barrows, and no one could perform the task better for she shared in the labors of her husband in prison reform. This takes us back to a morning in the city of Bern, the capital of Switzerland. We were chatting with Dr. Guillaume, Directeur du Bureau Federal de Statistique, who was so kind as to put all statistics relative to the municipalities of Switzerland in our hands. The expressman called for the doctor's trunk, for in a few days he was to depart to attend the meeting of the International Prison Reform Association, to be held in Washington, D. C. When we mentioned the name of Dr. Barrows, Dr. Guillaume put his hand upon his breast and said, "I love him as I do my own soul." Who can estimate the value of a man like Dr. Barrows to the human race? He labored incessantly for the betterment of prison conditions the world over. He was president of the International Penitentiary Commission and Dr. Guillaume was the secretary. The unfortunates who get into the prisons of the world had no truer, or more self-sacrificing friend.

The efforts to avoid preventable blindness cannot be too highly commended. Since the important discovery of Professor Credé in Leipsic that ophthalmia neonatorum could be absolutely prevented by dropping a solution of nitrate of silver into the eyes of the newly born child, there is no excuse

whatever for this neglect. About thirty-four per cent of all our blindness comes from this cause. The greatest source of neglect in these matters is the midwife. Until the time comes when we can eliminate this form of ignorant service municipal laws should be very stringent looking toward the protection of the innocent child from a defect that will make him both a burden to society and to himself.

For the Children.

Freda and Nellie in England.

By Annie Margaret Pike.

The Journey to London.

Freda and Nellie were two little Dublin girls. Freda was ten years old; Nellie was eight. They were very much excited at the prospect of leaving home with their mother for a round of visits to their English relations.

It was in the year 1880, and there were no electric trams or taxicabs at that time. Indeed, it was the law that a man carrying a red flag must walk in front of any engine that traveled along the roads or streets; and so, of course, traction engines drawing threshers or other farm machinery could only proceed at the rate at which the man with the flag walked.

That was why Mrs. Haworth and Freda and Nellie, and their father and brother Jack, who went with them to the North Wall to see them off by the Holyhead packet, drove down in a horse-drawn four-wheeled cab, that made a great rumbling as it crossed the many swivel bridges along the quays; and that rattled so loudly over the paving-stones that they could hardly hear themselves speak.

When they arrived at the North Wall Station and the tickets were bought, and the luggage labelled and handed over to the porters to be put on board the boat the travelers went down the long flight of stone steps that led to the passage under the road, and soon found themselves at the gangway of the steamer. Mr. Haworth was obliged to hurry back to the city, but Jack went on the deck to see the last of them. It was a chilly Spring morning and he

wore his rough pilot cloth overcoat, and his black Scotch cap, whose ribbons caught the breeze. Jack was a big schoolboy and he pretended to be very cross when the little sisters tried to kiss him goodbye. He put his hands in his pockets and held his head so far back that they could not possibly succeed. But Freda and Nellie knew that Jack had an affectionate heart, and they guessed he was only making-believe because it was in public, and they were quite right, for Jack was feeling very lonely at that moment and if he had been quite by himself there is no knowing but that he might have had a tear or two to wipe away.

Then the bell rang and everyone crowded up on deck, and those for the shore hurried down the gangway, and then that was drawn up and the Shamrock steamed slowly out into midstream and down the Liffey, past the Pigeon House Fort and out into Dublin Bay. It was very calm in the bay and Mrs. Haworth and the two children stayed on deck and watched the beautiful views of Howth Hill and Lambay Island to the north, and of Dalkey and Killiney and Bray Head to the south, with the sharp peak of the Sugar Loaf Mountain in the background.

A little old gentleman with a black and white plaid muffler wound round his neck was standing near them, and bye and bye he lifted his hat and said to Mrs. Haworth: "I'm told, Madam, that when we get outside the bay it will be very rough, and I would advise you to get the children downstairs into the ladies' cabin before the boat begins to pitch."

The children's mother thanked him for his kindly thought, and she and the children went down at once, and secured comfortable berths close together, and in a very short time they had evidence of the wisdom of the old gentleman's advice, for the ship began to roll from side to side and then pitch forward as if she were diving, coming up only to dive down again.

They were all very sick, and very grateful to the kind stewardess who attended them, and who did not appear to be at all inconvenienced by the movements of the vessel. After about four

hours they came into calm water outside Holyhead, and Freda and Nellie were surprised to notice how suddenly they felt quite well again and were able to run briskly up the stairs. They had to cross the pier to the train which was waiting at the platform and their mother chose a railway carriage marked "Euston," for she knew it would stop at Willesden Junction for the collection of tickets, and that was the station near London at which her brother was to meet them, and they preferred to travel straight through without the trouble of changing carriages at Crewe or Chester.

Each compartment in the carriage was partitioned off from the others, and could hold ten passengers, five with their faces towards the engine, five with their backs, and so, of course, there were only four seats near windows. Freda and Nellie were fortunate in having a choice of these, else they would have found the nine-hour journey which lay before them very tiresome indeed.

Soon after the train started Mrs. Haworth opened their luncheon basket.

"When we were on the boat," said Freda, "I did not think I should ever be hungry again."

"Neither did I," chimed in Nellie.

They managed to make a good meal of sandwiches, some made with meat, some with jam, and of apples and biscuits; and then the children gave their whole attention to the country through which they were passing.

Their mother told them that they were still on the Island of Anglesey, and that they would soon go through a very long bridge built like a tube, and called the Tubular Bridge on that account, which crossed the Menai Straits into Wales. What a fine loud clanging and reverberation the train made, to be sure, as it passed through! They had just time to catch a glimpse of water and boats ever so far below, as the bridge was left behind.

There were some Welshwomen working in a field beside the railway line, and Nellie cried out with delight when she saw them, for they were exactly like the little group of figures taking

tea under a glass shade that stood on the drawing-room cabinet at home, and which Mr. and Mrs. Haworth had brought back long before from their wedding journey in Wales.

The little figures taking tea had big white muslin caps and tall black hats narrowing in at the top, for all the world like the hat the old woman wore when she rode her broomstick into the sky to sweep down the cobwebs; and the Welshwomen working in the fields looked just the same only so much bigger, and they wore little black and red check shawls round their shoulders and their big check aprons of lighter colors almost touched the ground. It felt to the two children as if a little bit of their dream world had suddenly become real and was here before their eyes.

Long years afterwards when the little Welsh figures were broken or lost, and when Nellie was a grown-up woman she kept the tiny cups and saucers that had adorned the tea table to amuse the little girl visitors who came to see her, and it was not until she went traveling half around the world that they had to be left behind.

Their mother told them that the ruined castle they had passed a short time after crossing the Menai Straits was Conway Castle and that some of its walls were from 12 to 15 feet thick. "What a long, long time it must have taken the masons to build them!" said Freda.

"I wonder if there were any little secret rooms and stairs in them," said Nellie.

The building had been rebuilt more than six hundred years before, and their mother told them that it was all so well and strongly built that no one knew for how many more hundreds of years it might not last. It certainly looked very gray and rather gloomy, and Freda and Nellie thought that if they were planning palaces they would make them look more cheerful. Mrs. Haworth reminded them that in the old times the country was not at all peaceful and that the castle had to be strong as a defense in war time, and large and roomy with big courtyards so that the

peasants from the country round about might come with their cattle and take refuge there.

She said that they would see narrow slits high up in the walls of all the old towers and castles, through which the archers inside could shoot their arrows without exposing themselves to view.

They would not see any towers in England like the tall and slender Round Towers that were built near churches in Ireland and the Orkney Islands. The children were greatly interested to know that in these towers the doors were many feet from the ground, so that if a man six feet high stood on the shoulders of another man six feet high his head would still be below the level of the sill. Freda thought they must look a little bit like dark light-houses on the land.

Nellie remembered that she had seen some imitations of them made of cardboard and filled with sweets in confectioners' shops, and others made of bog-oak on view in the jewellers' and fancy shop windows in Dublin.

For a long distance the railway line was close above the seashore and the children saw many places where it would be simply delightful to wade, in the Summer time.

"Do you remember, Nellie," said Freda, "when you were quite a little girl you fell into the sea once at Killybeg?"

Nellie had forgotten it, but Mrs. Haworth laughingly reminded her little daughter that it had happened at a picnic and that Nellie had been wrapped up in the tablecloth while her clothes were drying in the sunshine.

When they reached Crewe some more passengers got into their compartment, and Mrs. Haworth took out a book and began to read. Freda and Nellie carried on a conversation in whispers. They wondered for the hundredth time whether they should like Aunt Minna, the English aunt at whose house near London they were going to pay the first of their visits. One of their little girl friends who had been to England had told them that English people were very silent and stern, and that English aunts always made chil-

dren finish up the food on their plates whether they wanted it or not. It had alarmed Nellie very much, for she was a rather delicate child with a very variable appetite, and she could not eat rich food. Nellie's "plum pudding" was quite a joke at Christmas time, for she always begged for plain rice and her mother was kind and wise enough to give it to her.

As the short afternoon drew in, the children became silent and tried to go to sleep, but the noise of the train prevented it. Then they watched the clusters of lights that marked the towns and villages.

At Rugby Mrs. Haworth reminded them of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," one of their favorite books, telling them this was the very Rugby at which Tom had been at school, but she added that there had been no railway in his school-days.

They were too young to know anything of George Eliot's books for themselves, but their mother often quoted the remarks of Mrs. Poyser and others of the characters in them, and when the train passed through Nuneaton she told them that Mary Ann Evans, the great authoress, who was still living (though she died in December of that year), had been at a school there, they eagerly looked out into the darkness to try to catch a glimpse of the place.

After that it did seem as if they never would get to their journey's end. They were very stiff, very cold, and very tired, and not at all hungry, though their mother brought out some cake and fruit for them. So when they knew by the slackening of speed that they were near Willesden, they were very glad.

Mrs. Haworth caught sight of her brother and waved her hand to him; so when the train drew up at the platform he was ready to open the door and lift them out.

What a tall, kind-looking uncle he was!

He kissed their mother and kissed them and welcomed them to England.

"Why, Mary," he said, when he had seen their trunks safely into the care of a porter, "I shall never know which

is which of these two little nieces, they are exactly alike, and dressed alike, too!"

Mrs. Haworth said that Freda's hair and eyes were darker than Nellie's, but as both were dark, that was only a help when they were together. She said he was not the only person to be puzzled about it, and that he might as well give up at once, and call them by either name just as it came into his head. The little girls were so used to it that they would not mind.

He laughed at that and said he should call them both "Fredanellie," all in one word.

They had still a short railway journey before they got really to the end of their travels for the day, and it was two very sleepy children for whom Aunt Minna provided a nice bread and milk supper before they went to bed in the comfortable visitors' room in which they and their mother were to sleep.

(To be continued.)

[For THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

'Tis Then and Only Then.

'Tis not until the grape is pressed
That all her magic power is guessed,
Or Wisdom can her work foresee.
'Tis not until the rose is crushed
(Tho she in royal beauty blushed)
That she gives forth her best to thee.

'Tis not until one's spirit wakes
From anguish, that it ever takes
To heart humanity's great needs;
Not until we are born again,
From Sorrow's thrall, and only then,
Do we perform our greatest deeds.

—Mary Emerson Doble.

"Look Up, Sing On."

A little laugh between the tears,
The golden, quiet joy that cheers.

A little song between the sighs,
Forgetting shadows in the skies.

A little hope between the care—
The love of God is everywhere.

A little faith, amid the dust,
That life and time and love are just,
That somewhere we will find our own,
That life is more than toil alone,

And more than grief and care and
loss—

Look up, sing on, and bear the cross.

—Baltimore Sun.

Selected

Legislation for Social Betterment.

(Extract from speech by Prof. Thomas H. Reed,
of the University of California.)

We have heard a good deal of late about freak legislation. It is true that there is some freak legislation, but it is also true that a certain type of mind considers that anything that is unfamiliar is freak, and anything that strikes at a previous idea is also freak.

The legislation that has been classed as freak legislation has been almost entirely for human uplift. This ought to make us receive these propositions with sympathy. When we find people who sneer at this kind of legislation we ought to take thought and not readily accept the arguments of those who seek to create a false impression by sneering.

All kinds of objections are proposed for legislation on Social Reform.

About one-third of our population accept the proposition that men cannot be made better by law. When you can find instance after instance of men who have been made worse and poorer by law you can begin to believe that men can be made better by law.

There was a time when the let-alone policy was the theory of reform. But men have begun to see that you cannot leave the race to itself. The rich grow richer and the poor poorer, and women and children are crushed to the aggrandizement of the few, and it becomes necessary for the state to interfere.

Moral and social reform became necessary. There was a time when there was not a need of a great deal of social regulation. Those were the simple days of farm life. The modern city dweller is at the mercy of agents that control every phase of living. The helpless individual finds that the only way out is through the State.

It is necessary for us today to enact a whole realm of social legislation which was not necessary a hundred years ago. We may ask what particular legislation has been called freak legislation.

A law to provide a minimum wage is

called freak legislation. The workman's compensation act is called freak legislation.

Prior to 1911 our law was what it was in England in 1800, before the factory system had come into being. Now we feel that the burden of an accident should be borne by the industry and not by the poor victim.

The men who are undertaking this legislation in California are unswervingly devoted to an ideal of humanity. They may be wrong in some ways, but they are responsive to the social needs.

The Church must be active in rousing men to the existing problems and to stir them to the recognition of the community ideal. The ideal of service must be the service of the community, without which we are all lost.

From the Churches.

EUGENE.—The ordination of Richard W. Borst as minister of the Eugene Unitarian Church, Sunday, May 18th, was one of the most impressive services ever held in the little Unitarian church on Eleventh and Ferry Streets. From the Portland *Oregonian* of May 20th is taken the following:

"Richard Warner Borst was ordained tonight to the ministry and installed as the minister of the First Unitarian Church of Eugene, the ordination services being conducted by Rev. Thomas L. Eliot, D. D., of Portland. Rev. E. M. Wilbur, D. D., president of the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry, preached the sermon and the charge to the people, and the right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. Stephen Peebles, one of the organizers of the local church. Mr. Borst is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, and since his graduation has taken an active interest in church and school work. He has been a contributor to literary and religious journals. Since coming to Eugene he has instituted the "people's vesper services," which are held Sundays in a downtown theatre."

One of Eugene's daily papers made this pleasing mention of a service which Mr. Borst has undertaken: "The ves-

per services at the Rex Theatre Sunday evening were well attended, more than two hundred people being present. Mrs. W. H. Dempster and Miss Virginia Peterson sang. Hymns sung by the audience were thrown on the screen. Rev. Richard W. Borst preached a short sermon on 'The Poor Man's God.' The services were so well received that they will be continued every Sunday hereafter."

The Woman's Alliance holds regular fortnightly meetings at members' homes and the church parlors. Tuesday, May 13th, all enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Mary E. Rockwell in her attractive suburban home. The literary feature was the reading by Mrs. Lenora B. Currier, "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," a charming little story by Florence Morse Kingsley.

At this meeting, arrangements were made to furnish one room in the newly established "Business Woman's Home," the room to be known as the Unitarian Alliance Room. The home is a nonsectarian philanthropy, with representation from all denominations, and its aim is, what the name implies, a home for business women or students who have no established home in Eugene. As small a charge as possible is made, for the home must be self-supporting. Mrs. Rockwell served dainty refreshments and at leave-taking all felt a delightful afternoon had been profitably spent.

Thursday, May 22nd, the Alliance was entertained by Mrs. William F. Osburn, in her beautiful wisteria tea room at the Hotel Osburn; this was a special meeting, called for the purpose of collecting and sewing blue and white carpet rags to be made into rugs for the Unitarian Alliance Room in the Business Woman's Home. Mrs. Osburn proved, as upon many previous occasions, a delightful hostess.

Mrs. Borst joined her husband in Eugene May 27th, and the Alliance is planning to soon hold a general reception in the church to formally welcome her to Eugene and her husband's congregation.

EUREKA.—The People's Platform, which was started Sunday evening, May 11th, has been a very valuable addition to the privileges of the com-

munity as well as the church. Dr. Wilbar's lecture of May 25th drew a large audience, in spite of such competition as Memorial sermon to the old soldiers and sermons to high school seniors in other churches the same night.

The minister and his wife will be absent for a vacation of eight Sundays visiting their parents in Vermont and Massachusetts. They leave immediately after June 22nd and will be back to renew their regular work in Eureka, August 24th.

PALO ALTO.—Dr. Morgan read the following notice from the pulpit of the Palo Alto Church, Sunday morning, May 25th. It was written by Professor Ewald Flugel:

"Last Tuesday, May 20th, died at his residence, one of our most active and faithful members, Dr. Alger W. French. Born at Dover, New Hampshire, in 1852, of Quaker ancestry, one of the leading dentists in Portland, Maine, and Minneapolis, came to California in 1904, and resided at Palo Alto since 1911. Dr. French was a man of unusual qualities of mind, heart and of character; a keen judge of men and things, a man of the greatest integrity, but most remarkable on account of his sweet disposition; sensitive and sensible, always thoughtful of his friends, so that not a day passed without some act of kindness. His friends brought him to rest at Alto Mesa Cemetery, and the Unitarian Church laid a laurel wreath on his grave in grateful memory of one of its most faithful members."

SAN FRANCISCO.—The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, founded in 1850, has averaged well in the length of service of those who have ministered to it. It has had but eight settled ministers in the sixty-three years, the first five having covered less than ten of them, years of nursing the seedling. Starr King came in 1860 and died in 1864. Horatio Stebbins served a little less than thirty-six, and Bradford Leavitt a little over thirteen years.

The first month of interregnum has been satisfactorily passed. The trustees arranged with Rev. C. S. S. Dutton of Brooklyn for three Sundays, and

Dr. Frederick L. Hosmer smiled upon us on the last.

Mr. Dutton visited San Francisco for the first time, and both in the pulpit and in the homes of the people of the church has been warmly appreciated. His pulpit manner is impressive from his reverence, his unconsciousness and his deep earnestness. He is emphatically a preacher with strong religious feeling and a vigor of expression that often thrills. A man of wide reading and fearless thinking, intent on stating the truth as he sees it, clearly and strongly, he has the faculty of arousing and stimulating. He is scholarly in his equipment, but is far removed from the pulpit essayist. He is emphatically the preacher. Intellectually he challenges close attraction. When the heart-bursts of feeling come he gains quick response and thrills with enthusiasm.

On the first Sunday he took as his text the passage from the Psalms: "I will run in thy way when thou shalt enlarge my heart," and he gave it clear meaning and showed that his religious faith was deep and strong.

On the following Sunday he spoke on the price of fellowship, placing sorrow, suffering and pain from struggle—all the harder experience of life—in their true light in relation to soul growth, and warning against the ease and comfort that is gained by slinking away from all that tries us. The shriveled soul is the end of the life that is fed by slothful enjoyment and the ease that enervates.

His last sermon on the true wealth of nations, contrasting the value of man with the gold of Ophir, and giving "Babylon" a meaning never to be forgotten, was a powerful plea for the spiritual as against the material.

At a meeting of the Men's Club on Tuesday, May 13th, Mr. Dutton spoke informally on "Modern Tendencies in Social Relation." Freely questioned after his talk, he responded readily, and a delightful evening resulted.

A meeting of the Church Trustees and the Advisory Committee on filling the pulpit held on Sunday the 11th, after his second service, unanimously and enthusiastically voted that a call

be extended to Mr. Dutton to assume the pulpit permanently.

On May 24th, Rev. Dr. Hosmer filled the pulpit and spoke with sweet reasonableness on "Counting the Cost." It was a good word well said.

The May meetings of the Society of Christian Work have shown an interest in our usual charity work. All the heads of our section work are busily preparing for the fall entertainments, two have been given this month, and both were well attended and much enjoyed.

On May 12th, Mr. Sanford Bennett gave us a most interesting talk on "Old Age: Its Cause and Prevention," illustrated by stereopticon, and he certainly was a marvelous living illustration of eternal youth.

On May 26th Mrs. Howard Turner, one of our loved members, entertained us by recounting her travels. It was a very witty, delightful paper, and took us over the Continent from London to Alexandria. Our usual vacation commenced with this meeting. We come together in August, refreshed and ready for work.

"More Than All Earth's Joys."

Old loves have left us lingeringly and slow,
As melts away the distant strain of low
Sweet music—waking us from troubled dreams,
Lulling to holier ones—that dies afar
On the deep night, as if by silver beams
Claspt to the trembling breast of some charmed
star. . . .

But loves and hopes have left us in their place,
Thank God! a gentle grace,
A patience, a belief in His good time,
Worth more than all earth's joys to which we
climb.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

The flying arrow knowing its path is made,
Goes singing softly at the bow's behest,
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
In every moment of its flight at rest.

Go singing through the shadow and the
light—
Go bravely on your high-appointed road,
At rest in every moment of your flight.

—Edwin Markham.

Sparks

Nobody is really as polite or as disagreeable as his tone of voice while talking over the telephone would imply.—*Washington Star*.

A woman once came to Dr. Collyer with the announcement, "Dr. Collyer, the Lord has sent me to you for three hundred dollars." "That must be a mistake, madam," he responded instantly, "for the Lord knows I haven't got three hundred dollars."

The wardens of a prominent city church were not in accord concerning the new rector's introduction of extreme ritual. Mr. Edwards was aggressively on the rector's side, Mr. Wells quite the reverse. The former, having exhausted his arguments, said, "At least, you will own that art is the handmaiden of religion." "Yes," returned Mr. Wells, savagely, "and I wish religion would give her a month's notice."

On the death of his first wife, a literary celebrity of Massachusetts put up an elaborate memorial to her on which was inscribed the sentiment, "The light of my life has gone out." The late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama pointed out the memorial to a friend, who read the words, and then asked: "But he married again, didn't he?" "Yes," replied the Bishop, "he did. You see, he struck another match."—*Boston Herald*.

A Unitarian minister was called from the dinner-table to marry a couple. The youngest child, a boy of four or five years old, heard his mother say that the father had gone to marry somebody. After a brief silence the boy looked up, and with a quivering lip asked, "Won't he be our papa any more?"

A private secretary at the National capital is still new to his honors. A newspaper woman, full of business, recently burst into the office of the secretary's chief. The great man was out. "Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked. "Really," drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea." "Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must say you look it."

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Parental Responsibility

LOVE the children given to you by God, but love them with a true, deep, and earnest affection; not with the enervated, blind, unreasonable love, which is but selfishness in you, and ruin to them. In the name of all that is most sacred, never forget that through them you have in charge the future generations; that towards them, as souls confided to your keeping, towards Humanity, and before God, you are under the heaviest responsibility known to mankind. You are bound to instruct your children, not merely in the joys and desires of life, but in life itself; in its duties, and in its moral law of government. Few mothers, few fathers, in this irreligious age—and especially in the wealthier classes—understand the true gravity of their educational mission. Few mothers, few fathers, remember that the numerous victims, the incessant struggles, and the life-long martyrdoms of our day, are in a great measure the fruit of the selfishness instilled thirty years back by the weak mothers and heedless fathers who allowed their children to accustom themselves to regard life, not as a mission and a duty, but as a search after happiness and a study of their own well-being.

Joseph Mazzini

PACIFIC COAST UNITARIAN ACTIVITIES.

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God our Father; man our brother

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Editorials.

One measure of the world's progress is the increasing observance of times of rest. To vacate is to make empty, to get out,—and a vacation time, when every one who can, gets out, is becoming recognized as a necessity. Like all things its value depends largely on its use; which, again, is subject to various limitations such as time, money, and other trifles not always easily controlled.

To those who live intensely and pursue their daily duties with the liberal expenditure of nervous energy compelled by existing conditions, it is plain that rest is an alternative to break-down, and cannot wisely be left to convenience. It is governed by compulsion rather than choice. All that is left for judgment and preference is the matter of form. How long we ought to be empty and where we can most advantageously accomplish the process must be determined by each individual according to his circumstances.

There is danger in change of tenants. We read in the good book of premises swept and garnished and permitted to be occupied by families less desirable than those evicted. And it is quite sure that a change is not necessarily an improvement. There are vacations that rest and there are those that make restless and merely wear us out in a fresh spot. It is a good thing merely to gain a change of scene and a different environment, but when one gives up a comfortable bed and wholesome food merely to get away from home, and seeks rest on a pine set and a discouraged mattress, to an accompaniment of ardent mosquitoes, after an indigestible dinner he

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finds that charm does not always follow the simply novel.

If one can get away, and picks a fitting spot, he finds great delight. To just *be*, for instance, in the Yosemite Valley, even if it boasted no falls and no noble heights, would be a joy. The green, the odor of the pines, the singing of the pines, the stars, the sound of flowing waters, and above all the air,—give life a lease of pure delight.

A sunrise from a floating boat on Tahoe, with roseate glow from the cloudless sky, reflected on tree-bordered bosom of a placid sea, brings like calm and freshness to the soul of man. All over our lovely State, by mountain stream, or shingled shore, in groves of pines, or clumps of oaks, thousands of weary workers gain rest and health neath tents or in the open air. Campers draw back to nature and renew their youth in truly simple life, or in some farm house give and take of the good of life. For all of this and much besides we may, and do, give thanks.

A vacation ought not to be a luxury, beyond the reach of many, but as a matter of fact it is, and the problem of especial interest is how to practically reach it without the expense attending an actual cessation of the money-earning activities. It would seem that there ought always to be sufficient margin between the receipts and expenditures of a well-regulated life to allow for needed rest, but most manual laborers and many men of limited business capacity fail to compass that happy result, and many are doomed to do without any rest that cuts out earnings.

When those who constitute this unfortunate class are able to keep from being unhappy about it, it is a matter of rejoicing. And it is also matter of congratulation to find how much can be reached by those who have the disposi-

tion coupled with a good degree of imagination and a little knowledge.

A vacation Sunday of a San Franciscan lately demonstrated how much real recreation and solid comfort a self-respecting family can purchase at a very small expenditure. Provided with two nickels and a frugal luncheon, with Crothers' "Among Friends" in a side pocket, he boarded a car for the beach. Passing through the thickly pre-empted sheltering sand-dunes bordering the ocean shore, he selected an unoccupied nest just east of the crest, where a complete change of climate could be secured in a minute's time. For the genial air fitted for comfort and relaxation, one need only to remain protected. Sheltered at full length on the yielding sand, one's body fits perfectly, and a nap or a study of the blue empyrean is a matter of choice. Then a slight change of direction and the most comfortable of reading positions is assured, and page after page of varied charm was compassed, the pleasing horizon of evergreen or eucalyptus meeting the eye that wandered from the page.

But the greatest satisfaction came from watching the family groups on the slopes or levels that bordered the dunes. From an adjacent camp proceeds a young father, pipe in mouth, with two sturdy little boys. One has a baseball bat and the other a pair of gloves. Bating cut little figure, but handball was vigorous,—the father apparently as happy in serving his two boys as they were in being served. Another group camped high up under the lee, were engrossed in the enjoyment of a boy, very recently a baby, who rolled free to the end of the slope, then climbed slowly back to repeat again and again the fascinating feat. And then the picnic lunches, in all the varied groups, reducing all to a beautiful level of prim-

itive democracy, and constituting a bond of common sympathy.

When relaxation palled and exhilaration seemed inviting a brief scramble and each vacationer was a new Balboa gazing across the placid Pacific, the green-blue waves rolling with leisurely grace and thinning out to a slender line of foam left high on the beach.

Here was wading and racing and the stick-retrieving dog, and on every side content, joy—helps to rest and health. Life at ease, resting life—the privilege of all, the fine gift of Nature to practically all the residents of a great city. This appreciation and use of the simple and near-at-hand, is often a very satisfactory and quite adequate vacation.

C. A. M.

When you take away the outside layer of an onion you discover another outside layer. If you cut into the surface of anything, the knife but exposes a new surface. You cannot get beneath the surface of things by means of things. The difference between superficiality and depth is not the difference between the outside and the inside of things, but between things and the meanings of things. And the meanings of things are not to be found in the things themselves, but in their relation to persons and ideas. But things do not have ideas, and persons do. That is the difference. Things are natural. Persons are supernatural. The more perfectly persons become persons the more supernatural they are. All persons are ghosts. Some are angels. Some are devils. Some are a bit of both. Chemistry, geology, astronomy know no ghosts, holy or otherwise. We may know and use chemistry, geology, astronomy,—at least while our entanglement in a world of things lasts. But shall we of choice permit chemistry, geology, astronomy to victimize us? And

yet are we not putting ourselves into "perpetual chains" when we identify nature and persons?—and even more so when we identify the natural and the divine? As a matter of fact, is nature divine? Are there not inherent and tragic oppositions between persons and things? Shall we mistake the increasing facilities of our *modus vivendi* for the eternities? If there is no supernatural, then all is natural. If the natural is divine, then all is divine. If all is divine, what are the criteria of moral difference? Or if the divine is a constant, on both sides of every equation, is it not cancellable in moral issues?

Is there any true or false, good or bad, ugly or beautiful? When we identify persons and things, and nature and God, we must be materialists or economic determinists; we must be Christian Scientists or New Thoughtists. And we can be none of these without smothering the facts,—man's ideas, affections, conscience, sins, spiritual travail, tragedy, triumph.

A wholesome reaction has begun. There will be some confusion for a while. Uniforms and countersigns will not always distinguish friend from foe. Let us fire cautiously! Reaction will have its own reactions. Partisanship and misunderstanding will hinder. But there will still be those who will toil and pray in humble and glowing hope that the Heilige Geist will triumph over the Zeitgeist; that religion will emerge manifesting itself more clearly than ever as a redemptive power; that the church with its symbols, ministers, fellowship and conscious life will far more than in the past stand supreme among the general institutions of humanity as the Servant of God; and that the work of Jesus will go on with enlarged freedom and power to as yet undreamed of achievement.

W. G. E.

The most important thing in all the world is government. The age-long struggle of humanity has been toward a perfect form of government. Not only one's opportunities but one's life depend upon the kind of government under which he lives. The fate of the church itself as a vital and efficient agency depends upon it, and therefore the paramount issue for every church is the establishment and maintenance of good government in its particular community as well as in the country at large.

The church is supposed to exist for the express purpose of "saving souls," but the moment we ask how souls are lost, we are face to face with the fact that political righteousness is the paramount issue. Souls are being lost because our church life, in the aggregate, has been something apart from our community life. Every day thousands of youths are seduced by snares that have been set by bad government. Thousands of men and women are daily consenting to low standards of honor because politics with its financial rascality has made them epidemic. In the atmosphere created by the pestilent politics of rotten cities manhood is lost more quickly and insidiously than anywhere else. And the people who are doing most harm are those respectable citizens, who rather than sacrifice their leisure or give up their gains, hand over the government to ward bosses and promoters of monopoly; who content themselves with money making, pleasure seeking, or a supine and sentimental religiosity, while the city goes at a plunging pace to pandemonium.

When things get so bad that common decency revolts, the church "rises in its might" and deals in denunciation, bravely declares that the profligacy which flaunts itself at our open doors must be stamped out, etc., and after that retires from the fray to resume its championship of orthodoxy, or to de-

fend some theological tenet, or to dabble with the latest philosophical speculation.

We can no longer fool ourselves with the idea that the entire blame for bad government rests with the legislative bribe-taker, the councilmanic grafter, the brothel-house promoter, or a suborned police force. An atmosphere has been created in which such things can thrive. And if we think those men are sinners above all others in our modern Jerusalems, we are stone blind. The respectable people who have permitted this atmosphere to be created through their indifference are as much to blame as any political boss or ward-heeler.

Now it is the business of the church to create a new atmosphere, clear and pure, in which only justice and honesty can prevail. The church must do something more than bind up the wounds of an abused humanity. Good Samaritans presuppose robbers. The church must train people to see to it that the road from Jericho to Jerusalem is safe for travelers. This means a full recognition of the truth that good government and political righteousness is the paramount issue, and then to take hold of it with both hands. It means something more than serving tea in the church parlors, or gathering in a few hundred boys from the street and teaching them gymnastics. It means more than trying to compete with the theater and the music hall, or even indulging in more frequent hand shakings at the church door. It means more than taking up one of those superficial modern enthusiasms, or the minister frittering his time with petty reform organizations which touch only the surface. It means hewing to the bottom and creating an atmosphere in which it is impossible for men to be dishonest or unjust. It means making every church a mighty heart of influence whose throbbings shall be felt throughout every artery and vein of the political and industrial life of its community. J. H. D.

This interesting question is often suggested by the various cults and sects that attract large numbers of people these days. Some are running after different phases of Oriental philosophy, in which they think they find great illumination, and much satisfaction; the latter evidently true. Multitudes have gone over, and other crowds are rapidly going over, to "Christian Science," which also seems to give great satisfaction, and to create much enthusiasm. Other cults are grasped with fervor as leading to bodily and mental healing, as well as to the manifestation of spiritual powers and knowledge. Do the people get what they seek, or are they partly deluded? What is the treasure they are after, and how much of it do they find?

If one only knew! We examine and study these strange new cults in religion, to find out what they contain that is new or potent, beyond what we find in the older and simple avenues of religion. We must confess to some kind of mental blindness, or lack of "spiritual" perception; for most of the virtue claimed for them, has been present in Christianity and other religions for ages. For instance, some will tell you that the Oriental teachings fill them with a strange spirit of sympathy for "ALL mankind": a "new" revelation we fail to appreciate. Others will tell you that the "Christian Scientists" have such a cheerful and happy religion, and you are expected to infer they have uncovered a new path to human happiness. But so far, it seems to us like old optimism. Long before Christian Science has such a hold upon the masses, we were familiar with religious gatherings that created much enthusiasm and rejoicing. The old Methodist "love-feast," for instance; now a thing of the past.

Perhaps people are tired of the "old ways" of getting the joys of religion.

They want novelties in religion as in everything else. If this is true, the latest cults will also have their day and decline before "some new thing." There is also in human nature a deep love of the marvelous, of the occult and "exclusive." To know some divine secret; something hid from the crowd; to experience some mysterious thrills that only a few ken; these are things dear to the hearts of millions.

For one, the writer feels content to know the simple truths of nature and of life; to respect the mass of human knowledge and experience gained by painful labor and study; and to give to the people who care to listen the gospel of a loving service of mankind, as sufficient to satisfy the craving for a higher and nobler life.

Let us not be jealous of the popularity of these religious "fads," nor disheartened because the people do not crowd our churches. We are but pioneers of the coming "larger truths," of science and human experience. Sometime, (when we are dead, probably) the world will largely think as we do; but when it gets there, the most of the people will imagine they have just discovered the gospel or the life we have been laboring to spread all our days.

T. C.

Many of our churches have a custom of closing for a month or more every summer, and trite sayings come to our ears, some in fun and some serious. "The devil never takes a vacation," and "Unitarians are the only church-people who put their religion aside for the summer."

The schools and universities of this country close for extended periods every summer, but there is no comment upon them. The true and ambitious student does not cease to be a student because his school has closed. An orthodox minister once admitted that were he to close his

church for so long a period at any time of the year it would mean the disorganization of his congregation. Such a calamity has never come to pass in the Unitarian churches that have followed this custom and there need be no fear that it will come to any now. This is not the first vacation period we have undertaken and we do not expect to see ourselves emerge from it any less loyal to the ideals of the church in which we stand. Because our hour of meeting is discontinued we are not going to be false to the purposes which have been inspired and strengthened within us in this fellowship in the days that have passed.

When our ministers and laymen sail this month for the Sixth International Congress of Religious Liberals in Paris we shall not be disturbed at their outgoing. The Unitarian church will not be destroyed by their absence; and when they return it will be quickened with new life by the inspiration brought from that conference, and the assurance that to-day there is a movement of liberal religious thought and fellowship which is world-wide in its scope and more constructive and joyous than ever in belief and service.

Just at this season we hear much of recreation. The hills invite, the beach invites. Through all the year we give one day in seven to rest and re-creation. At least eight of the twenty-four hours are given for refreshment through sleep. Three times a day we supply the wherewithal by which the body re-creates itself. And it is most reasonable to give a portion of the best of the year in the full joy of being.

Too often rest periods are marked by over-relaxation, either from wholesome activity or in the restraints which make for the development of character. If vacation means abandonment of the ideals which hold us through the routine

of the year, if the escape to the woods or the sea means a lessening of the moral urge upon us then it would be better never to go away.

Be true to the badge you wear, whether you stand in the midst of all who know you, or whether you are far from home. Remember that an all-seeing eye is over you and that you are the agent without whom God cannot work the present good within the world. Re-create and re-create yourself, but follow the light and leading of him who can help you most.

N. A. B.

Notes

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Ward Beecher was commemorated at the Oakland Church on June 15th.

Flower Sunday was celebrated by the Sunday school of the Seattle Church on June 1st. Miss Andons, of the public library staff, entertained by a story. The musical selections were excellent and the flowers beautiful. It is a very commendable celebration.

The Elks of Long Beach observed Flag Day on June 12th. Rev. Franklin Baker delivered the oration. There were addresses eulogizing and relating the history of the flag, appropriate musical numbers and the ritual exercises presented by the order for the celebration of the day.

Rev. Christopher Ruess filled the pulpit of the Santa Cruz Church on June 8th, speaking on "The Two Hemispheres of Life."

On the evening of June 8th Senator Kehoe and Assemblyman Nelson addressed an interested audience in the Eureka Church, giving accounts of recent legislation and explaining the progressive measures and their probable benefit.

The church attendants of Pomona are entitled to the medal if the newspapers tell the truth. On the evening of June 8th, Mr. S. G. Pandit, the visiting Hindoo philosopher, spoke in the Unitarian Church on "The Existence of the Soul," giving a working definition of the word

soul with interesting demonstration and proofs. The account concludes with the significant words: "The lecture made a profound impression, requiring two hours for delivery."

At a meeting of the ministers of Los Angeles lately held, it was agreed that the churches should promote the better shows given in theatres, instead of condemning all performances as bad. There should be discrimination and just judgment. Continually harping on the theatre as an influence of evil is both unwise and unjust. Such a play as "Everywoman" is most effective in implanting wholesome truths.

Rev. A. H. Sargent, of Eureka, with his wife, are spending their summer vacation in a visit to New England.

On the evening of June 11th Prof. Ira B. Cross, of the department of economics and social science of Stanford University, addressed the Unitarian Club of Alameda on "Syndicalism, the Most Dangerous Growth Among Organized Labor and How It Should be Met."

Mrs. Julia A. Fink Smith has made a gift to the Unitarian Church of Fresno of \$5000 bonds with the interest thereon until the period of maturity in 1920. Mrs. Smith is an aged pioneer resident, who about one year ago made a gift to the city of a block of land on the west side for children's playground purposes. She also favored the Unitarian Church community by a gift of the realty on which the church building is located.

The Outlook Club of Los Angeles was addressed on the evening of June 22nd by Rev. Paul McReynolds who took as his subject, "Everywoman," recently presented in Los Angeles, and which for two years has been played by several companies in Europe and America. The profound moral and religious interest awakened in the throngs who have sought admittance to this play, raises the question of the possibilities of the drama as a spiritual force in modern life.

Beginning a series of five lecture-sermons on "The Christ Element in Religion," Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, of Los Angeles, minister of the First Unitarian Church, preached on "The Christian

Idea in Rational Religion," at the morning service on June 8th. He said: "Our only criticism of the Christ element in evangelical Christianity is that it has been too restricted; it has been hedged about and has not been permitted to expand to its logical limits. We heartily agree with the view that God was incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth. His wonderful life of purity, of self-sacrifice, of courage and devotion to truth are amply sufficient to convince us that he was divine and that his words were the words of God. We agree with those who tell us that he was conceived of the Holy Spirit and was Son of God. We protest when they tell us that of him only is this true. Every child born of pure and exalted love has been so conceived and is a child of God. He may not attain to the same high degree of sonship, but it is of the same nature. We agree with those who tell us that he can atone for the sins of mankind. So does everyone who is filled with the true spirit of sacrifice and who gladly and efficiently suffers for the sake of his fellows. The divinity of Jesus was a growth, a development through experience, not a miraculous gift. This is the only kind of divine personality that is consistent with the thought of today, and this kind of divinity is to an almost limitless degree open to all who reach for it with power and persistence."

As the fifth of the sermons by Rev. Thomas Clayton, of Fresno, in his series of Old Testament stories, on June 15th, he spoke on "Moses as the Founder of the Hebrew Religion." He gave the great law-giver much credit for present moral conceptions. Though his tomb is unknown, and his very personality obscure, yet he has continued to exert a mighty influence in the religious life, not only of the Hebrew race, who credited him with the first deliverance of their Divine Law, but also on the destiny of mankind in general. For it is the morality of the Mosaic law that has made the Anglo-Saxon people great and through their greatness and influence the spirit of Moses has spread and become potent in the dealings of all the races of the earth. Moses, as a religious and moral influence, still lives, and however much of his story may be history and how

much legend the proportions of a magnificent man stand out before us as we scan the pages of this old Bible.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, on June 8th, spoke on the "Influence of Noble Thinking," and made a strong plea for sanitation and sanity,—material and spiritual. In conclusion he said: "If there be any truth at all in the law that like produces like in the body as well as in the soul, that fear produces more fear, and finally palsies and kills the best energies in us, that it stops the divine currents which are the very life of the physical, mental and moral life, is it not enough to make us stop and consider what we think and how, what we believe and how, what we speak and how? Speaking but to the level of this demonstrated psychological law, we should no more talk pessimism in any of its hydra-headed forms, or our hates and dislikes and anxieties than we should administer a dose of poison to our fellows. And why should we? Why be afraid of anything this universe of God holds in store for us either here or hereafter."

The Catholic Church is distressed over Socialism. The Methodist Church is trying to bring Dr. George P. Mains, a beloved and trusted publicist, to trial over his interest in Higher Criticism, and the Presbyterians are agonized these days in their Pan-Presbyterian Convention in Atlanta, Georgia, over the continued rebelliousness of Union Theological Seminary and the fate of their catechisms, long and short. All this indicates the birth throes of a nobler faith, the onward stride of soul, the deepening faith in the God of reason and love. Don't be distressed brethren, there is calmness and inspiration higher up.—*Unity.*

Horace Alonzo Hand, graduate of the Pacific Unitarian School, having satisfied the Pacific States Committee, has been admitted to fellowship June 26, 1913, and is recommended to the confidence of our churches.

THOMAS L. ELIOT,
EARL M. WILBUR,
For the Committee.

Events.

Sheldon Gaylord Kellogg.

On June 19th, after a prolonged illness, Sheldon Gaylord Kellogg passed to the life beyond. He was a man of rare nature and character, respected and revered to a degree seldom reached. His integrity was absolute, he was high-minded, pure-hearted, kindly, conscientious, unselfish and modest.

In every relation of life he was true and loving. He was good through and through, following high ideals with great simplicity of purpose. He did justly, he loved mercy and he walked humbly with his God. His life was a blessing and his memory is bright and beautiful.

Sheldon Kellogg was born in Leon, New York, in 1858. He was carefully educated and graduated from the Wesleyan University. His father was a Methodist minister glad at any sacrifice to give his son the best that was available in educational equipment. He had chosen law for his profession, and when ready for practice, he chose further preparation and went to Germany where he took a post-graduate course at Leipsic, and subsequently traveled and made a thorough study of international law.

Returning to America he began the practice of his profession at Detroit in 1881, but two years later, mainly that he might be near his father, who had settled in the Santa Clara Valley, he removed to San Francisco, where he has since resided, achieving an honorable distinction as a lawyer and the highest standing as a citizen. He at once attached himself to the First Unitarian Church. He had at first absolutely no acquaintances, and he was a diffident man, never pushing himself forward, but by his conscientious care and thoroughness in everything he undertook he soon impressed himself as a most reliable and trustworthy counsellor, and steadily, if slowly, built up a good practice. He was a man whom no one could help trusting. He was transparently honest, and he never slighted anything. Neither would he employ his talent to

defeat justice or gain any advantage by questionable means.

He never took the place at the bar that his ability justified. He was modest, almost to timidity, and was satisfied to do what came to him, as well as it could possibly be done, without regard to extent of practice. He was in every way fitted for a judicial career. His thorough knowledge of law and its principles, his passion for going to the bottom of things, and his eminent fairness of judgment, with uncompromising adherence to the truth as he saw it, gave him exceptional qualifications, but self-seeking was impossible to him, and political methods of securing positions were distasteful. At one time it was in the power of the Governor to fill an appointment for a vacancy and members of the bar asked Mr. Kellogg to allow them to seek the place for him, but when he found that the politician who was responsible for the Governor's nomination, must be consulted he promptly refused permission. He was public spirited, and he had a keen interest in political affairs. He was as conscientious in politics as in anything else. At one time he presided over a stormy county convention, when two factions were struggling for supremacy, and so fair was he that he won the confidence and respect of both sides.

He was a very efficient member of the Board of Freeholders that formed the charter of the city, and the civil service provisions were practically his contribution. He was a member of the election commission from 1900 to 1902, civil service commissioner in 1909, and from 1901 until his death, a very valued member of the Board of Free Library Trustees, a position for which he was especially qualified by his wide knowledge of and great love for books.

He was at the time of his death President of the William and Alice Hinekey Fund, and also a member of the Board of Trustees of the First Unitarian Church. He was one of the best in the line of presidents of the Unitarian Club of California, and highly honored as a member of the Chit-Chat Club. He was everywhere looked up to as authority on any question, and no one ever questioned any statement he made.

Dr. Stebbins once said to his father, "I wonder if you fully appreciate your son; he is the only man I am afraid of. He knows so much."

Mr. Kellogg's love for his father and mother, who survive him, was very marked. For thirty years he never missed going from the city to visit them at least once every month.

Such a man gathers a wide circle of acquaintances, and Mr. Kellogg had many warm, admiring friends who began by respecting him and ended by loving him. They will miss him deeply and their sympathy with his tenderly loved wife, and the daughter and son who are deprived of his care and guidance is heartfelt and profound.

Mr. Kellogg had not been in good health for several years and for many months had struggled bravely, for he wanted to live. A few weeks ago he was moved to Santa Clara, hoping that the change might be beneficial. But the effort was unavailing, and it was soon apparent that recovery was impossible. He faced the end with entire trust and calm resignation. A few days before he passed away he clearly and in well-ordered words set forth the grounds of his conviction as a Unitarian.

It was his wish that the utmost simplicity should attend his burial, and he chose that the services be conducted by his friend, Charles A. Murdock. A large number of his friends and associates gathered at Cypress Lawn Cemetery on Sunday, June 22nd, joining his wife and children, his father and his sister, and their relatives coming from Santa Clara, with all that was mortal of one most deeply respected and loved.

The precious words of the Bible, that have brought comfort to so many suffering hearts, with two of Dr. Hosmer's tender hymns, and a prayer for strength and blessing were offered in response to the expressed wish and these words were said:

My first feeling as I stand by the side of the worn and stricken body from which the spirit of my friend has found release is that of regret that the opportunity of expressing the feelings of this gathering has not fallen to one more worthy. Thirty years of unbroken friendship and unbounded admiration

and regard give me purpose and desire, but they cause my lips to falter.

That he should wish me to perform this office touches me deeply. At first I could not understand why, but when I turned it around and thought how I would have felt had I been the one to go, I could better understand it, for I know of no one I would rather have had bid me hale and farewell than Sheldon Kellogg.

What a fine and strong association that name will always hold. It brings before us now, and will always summon, the memory of a man of absolute integrity, high ideals, and steadfast purpose. He was fundamentally honest, in thought as well as deed. He was unswerving in the search of truth and in doing the right. I never knew a soul more thoroughly conscientious, and, so, very naturally, and without reservation, he had the confidence of all who knew him. He was trusted and respected by all. That he could be depended upon no one ever doubted.

But he was much more than honest. He was a man of honor, guided by the purest purpose and following the highest ideals. It never occurred to him to think of gaining any advantage by the slightest sacrifice of principle or to yield a particle of his soul in exchange for the whole world, or any part of it. He was single-minded, and moved straight forward, doing his duty as he saw it, daily, and doing it cheerfully and hopefully.

He was a man of faith. He believed in good, as it is found in the hearts of men. It stirred him deeply to hear the progress of good distrusted. He judged his fellowmen at their best and liked to think well of them. Perhaps the man with whom he had the least sympathy was the pessimist. Our friend was blessed with a good mind, and he used it well. He nourished it as few men do. He loved good books and was the most generally well-informed man I have ever known. Nor was he contented to know the past. He kept up with life in its varied manifestations everywhere. His statement of fact was never questioned and his opinion or his comment could be safely accepted as a fair and wise judgment tinged with generosity.

But he had a heart as well as a head. He was a man of intense feeling and strong convictions. His emotions were a part of his power. He was an earnest advocate of what he believed to be right and true, and when stirred by deep feeling his lips would tremble and his voice would thrill in the expression of strong emotion. He was never ashamed to betray his feelings and it added greatly to his power. And how kind and good he was. He was respected for his attainments and his high character, but he was loved for his kindly, generous, good will and his helpfulness. He was a friendly man and that which he gave, he received in great abundance.

He was a happy man. As a son he was loyal and faithful, never sundering the ties of boyhood. He was always blessed with many good friends, and he enjoyed them, but his great joy, perhaps the greater for being delayed, came in his beautiful home life—blessed by the love of wife and children. The assurance of having completed the life of such a man, adding so signally to his happiness and blessedness, will surely be a source of satisfaction and cause for deep gratitude that will help assuage the grief of his devoted wife that they must be parted for a season.

Essentially modest, our friend was, in the highest sense, a great man. Definitions of greatness widely differ. I have always been fond of that of our leader, Channing, "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and whose reliance on Truth, on Virtue, on God, is the most unflinching." Kellogg's goodness constituted greatness.

Mr. Kellogg never talked glibly of his inmost feelings, but he expressed his faith in God by his faith in his fellowmen. His love of God was a part of his very life as shown by his love of good, his unswerving rectitude and his constant aspiration for the best. His religion was not a theory but the doing of the will of God in cheerful trust.

And now we stand at the parting of the ways, the one we loved having completed the first stage of life and passing

from our sight, as we believe, for continued opportunity, while we await the sure call, and return to life's daily duties here.

We cannot know of the life beyond, but we feel that it must be. Everything points to it. It is the only reasonable inference. Can it be that in a world where no particle of matter ever suffers loss, that a human soul can cease to be? In the material world we see constant change of form but never waste, and surely spiritual life goes on when the inhabited body is laid aside. Death is a great mystery, but life is a greater, and life must triumph over death. And it is a blessing that here on earth, and in such an experience as this life conquers death. To-day we mourn our loss, and grief makes dark the day, but the sun will shine. Memories never die, and more and more the loss that now eclipses all will take its true perspective and the *life* will be the dominant and blessed fact. Not what we have lost but what we have had will most impress us, possess us and make us thankful.

And for him surely all is well. Wherever he is he is with God and God will take care of him.

"I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot stay beyond His love and care."

Caleb S. S. Dutton.

Resolutions adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 4, 1913:

Regretfully, and with a sense of deep personal loss, the Trustees of the Second Unitarian Congregational Society of Brooklyn, New York, take affirmative action upon the resignation of their beloved and devoted minister, the Rev. Caleb Samuel S. Dutton.

For more than six and a half years Mr. Dutton has given himself heart and soul to this Society. He has labored for its welfare with all his might and with all his strength. Despite conditions not always favorable, and sometimes even discouraging, his enthusiasm and optimism have been unflinching and his zeal has known no bounds. Faithful to the traditions of our Society, he proved himself a worthy successor to the revered and sainted Longfellow, Staples, and Chadwick.

It has been our hope that he might remain the minister of this church for many years to come, with deepening and expanding influence. All too soon, as we cannot but believe, a call

has come to him to enter a wider and more inviting field of labor. The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco is the most important of our fellowship on the Pacific Coast and one of the foremost Unitarian churches in the country. The opportunity now offered to Mr. Dutton is one that no man could lightly put aside. After thorough consideration and consultation, he decided to accept the call, and his resignation of the trust which he received at our hands nearly seven years ago has been proffered. With the utmost reluctance and sincere regret we bow to his decision, feeling that there is for our Society no other alternative.

Mr. Dutton has been not only our minister, our counselor, our consoler, he has also been our friend. As he has gone in and out among us, his cheery presence has been ever welcome. We shall miss him in countless ways. As a preacher, he has been earnest, eloquent, and inspiring. As a minister and pastor, he was always ready, helpful and sympathetic. As a friend, he has come close to our hearts and endeared himself to us unspeakably. In work outside the church he displayed tireless energy, lending a generous hand to many movements for the betterment of social conditions and the uplift of those in need of help. The severing of the ties that bind him and his to us is no light matter. Our sorrow at parting is deep and heartfelt. We bid our dear minister and friend godspeed in his new field of activity, and earnestly hope, as we heartily believe, that his work there will prosper and that he has before him many years of enlarging usefulness. May he reap abundantly the fruits of his labors. May the historic church to which he is to minister, long a beacon-light in the far-distant West, gain in strength and influence under his directing hand. May happiness, length of years, and the joy of accomplishment be his portion, and may he ever labor in his sphere, "as those who live in the delight that work alone can give."

Resolved, That we, the Board of Trustees, acting for and on behalf of the Society, accept with unfeigned regret the resignation of our minister, the Rev. Caleb Samuel S. Dutton, to take effect August 31, 1913, and hereby offer him our best wishes for his prosperity and success in the church whose call to become its leader and minister he felt he could not decline.

Resolved, That this action of the Trustees be entered in full in the minutes, and that a copy of the same duly attested by the President and Secretary, be presented to Mr. Dutton as an appropriate, though inadequate, testimonial of the esteem, regard, and affection of this Society, which he has served with marked fidelity and devotion.

EDMUND F. GRIGGS, *President*.

HENRY A. FARNELL, *Secretary*.

Conference of Superintendents of Unitarian Sunday-Schools Around the Bay.

The superintendents of the San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda Sunday-schools have brought themselves together with an earnest purpose to strengthen their individual work by whatever may be gained in co-operation.

In their first meeting at the Alameda church early in June they agreed to unite in conducting a picnic for their churches and schools in Piedmont Park Saturday the 21st. Though Berkeley and San Francisco had already had their picnics, the event was the first of the season for the Alameda and Oakland schools and they vied with each other for numbers and demonstration of enthusiasm. Another year plans will be made early enough to bring all the schools together.

At their second meeting they agreed to recommend the adoption of a common course of lessons for their schools during the coming year. And as an introduction to the teachers' meetings which are to be held a committee was appointed to invite the attendance of the teachers of all the schools at the next quarterly meeting. Arrangements are to be made for a speaker to open the way to the course of study and hopes are high for the extension of the spirit of fellowship.

"The Present Need of the Unitarian Churches."

Address of Horace Davis at the Pacific Unitarian Conference.

The first Unitarian church in San Francisco was founded in 1850. Its first building was erected in 1853. It has a record of sixty years of active life. It is vigorous and healthy; well off, but not rich,—with a good building, very well equipped for church purposes. It is well sustained by auxilliary societies, unusually so. I am glad to recount these successes.

In 1853 the first building was erected; in 1913, sixty years later, there is still only one Unitarian church in San Francisco.

Let us follow its history; we shall find it instructive. The early founding of

this church was due to an unusual number of New England people among the early comers, especially so in San Francisco. But the fifties were hard on all churches. There was little interest in religion; society was unsettled; there were few women, few families. Men were wrapped up in business, in material things. The Unitarians suffered with all other religious institutions.

But in 1860 came a great change. Then the church first blossomed into real prosperity under the genial enthusiasm and energy of Starr King, a young man of thirty-five. The energy of youth is a wonderful asset in life. King brought to his task spiritual earnestness, warm religious zeal, a constant sense of the inspiring presence of his Heavenly Father, all these enforced by a winning personality; he was bright, cheerful, kind and generous. He soon infused new life into the church and lifted it into vigor and prosperity.

Then came the great secession, leading up to civil war. The element of patriotism was added to our motive forces, and in less than a year from his coming we were battling for the salvation of the country. Patriotism fused with religion, our zeal was unbounded. Every man and woman was set at work to do something for the common cause. The old church became too small, and a new one was built to accommodate the increasing congregation. Alas! King lived to occupy the new pulpit only a few Sundays, and then passed on to the reward of his heroic life.

He passed away; the war came to an end; the enthusiasm subsided, and on his successors devolved the difficult task of organizing this heterogeneous congregation into a church. The work was well done. The church at the end of its sixty odd years of life is strong and healthy; and though it has no sister in San Francisco, it has been the mother of a large group of Pacific Coast churches broadly scattered from Spokane to San Diego, some thirty-two in number.

At home the church has a long and honorable record of public service.

In this line it has always been distinguished from the beginning: in its interest for the public welfare,—both in the domain of politics and that of philan-

thropy. We have furnished two governors to the State, three mayors to the city, two congressmen, a multitude of supervisors and minor officials, many school directors and teachers, regents of both universities, and members of the teaching staff of both, trustees of the Public Library, trustees and presidents of the Mercantile and Mechanics libraries,—for twenty years the president of the Mechanics Institute came from our church—trustees of the endowed vocational schools, trustees and managers of the orphan asylums and schools for deficient and delinquents, workers in the Red Cross and in the public charities. Our contribution to the public good on all these lines has been far above our numerical proportion, and certainly these services are practical religion.

Yet with all this activity, with all this efficiency on the human side of religion, we remain the only Unitarian church in San Francisco.

Other cities and other churches besides ours note the same conditions and mourn over the general indifference to religion.

Perhaps you will account for it by telling me that this is an era of decline in faith, an age of materialism, a reign of rationalism, which undermines the old beliefs and makes it hard for the churches to retain their people. I suppose that is so in the creedal churches; but we have no creed or dogmas to maintain. It ought to help us, rather than do us harm. It should bring us recruits from the orthodox faiths, and it does,—some laymen and many ministers. Half our pulpits would be empty but for the men that have fled from orthodoxy, and they are some of our best timber.

But is the public interest in religion declining? There were never so many religious publications issued as at present. We have entered on a new phase of public education. The printed page takes the place of the spoken word. Books are supplanting the pulpit; and they are read; some of them rank among "the best sellers." Especially books on the historic foundations of religion and its practical applications to the problems of modern society.

Then look at the world of action. There never was such interest in the wel-

fare of humanity, never such active sympathy with the poor, the helpless, the dependent; never such a loud call for social justice as to-day. All this is religion, practical religion. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor" is one gate to the Kingdom of Heaven. "I will show thee my faith by my works," says James.

No. I do not believe real religion is on the decline. Dogmatic faith, intellectual statements of belief, may have lost their hold, but real vital faith still works in human society, stronger than ever. The churches may be suffering a temporary eclipse—ours among the rest—for various reasons. If so, it behooves us to inspect our lines, and detect the weak spot.

Perhaps an examination of what we mean by religion may help us some. Maybe we neglect some element of strength. I will take the analysis adopted from the Old Testament by Jesus as recorded in Mark. When He was in Jerusalem, the last week of his life, a scribe asked him what commandment was first of all. Jesus answered: "The Lord, our God, is one Lord, and thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And when the scribe expressed his cordial assent, Jesus said to him, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." The heart has always been the seat of the emotions. Ask the mother if she loves the baby in her arms. "With all my heart," she says. Her whole emotional nature is centered on that little creature. She loves it with all her heart.

"Thou shalt love Him with all thy soul." The spiritual nature broods over the mysteries of life, meditates upon God, and lifted on wings of the imagination seeks Him in prayer. The imagination is its servant and it gives the church her mystics, her poets and her seers. Religion is incomplete without aspiration.

"Thou shalt love Him with all thy mind,"—the religion of the intellect. We must believe in God with the mind

before we can love Him with the heart. But there is the breadth of the universe between the belief of the agnostic in a divine force which governs the universe and Jesus' belief in His Father in Heaven.

"Thou shalt love Him with all thy strength." The strength of a man lies in his will. If his will is loyal to God, his life will obey the moral law. Obedience must follow harmony of the will.

Jesus demanded loyalty to God from each of these four great motive powers in humanity. When they combine in harmony, the second commandment results as a natural corollary, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Once arrived at that goal, "thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

The perfect religion then will combine all five of these great motives. You cannot shut part of your religious nature in a water-tight compartment and develop it by itself, without injury and distortion. They all go together to make the perfect whole.

Now, each section of the church universal has its preferences and its leanings towards some one of these grand divisions. I need not enumerate them. You know them as well as I do. Each has its virtues and each its shortcomings.

The emotions alone bring rapid growth, but often without adequate sustaining root,—“and because they had no root they withered away.” For this reason revival preaching has fallen into discredit.

The mystic nature by itself seems thin and unsubstantial. It leads to asceticism. Aseptic religion usually is selfish and bears no fruit. It is the other pole of religion from social service. It has comparatively few followers.

Intellectual religion by itself is cold and unattractive. “I am the light and the life,” said Jesus. We need the life as well as the light. The Kingdom of God is love and hope and joy, not correct thinking alone. The world at large is not drawn to intellectual religion; we cannot build up the church on scholarship alone.

There is one more province of religion,—the will. Can she conquer the world by will without the support of emotion? We know this is hopeless. The path of

duty is a thorny one and the church needs all the impulse she can bring to bear to win men to it.

To conquer the world we need a religion made up of all four of these elements. Such a faith, held in earnest, will find an outlet for its enthusiasm in the love of humanity.

Of the second commandment, the call to social service, I need not speak, for the whole world is moving that way to-day.

And here I reach the heart of my topic. True religion means the consecration of the whole man, all his powers and faculties to the service of God, his heart as well as his head; his aspirations as much as his will. Whenever a man comes to the front and puts on this whole armor of faith, we at once recognize a leader of men, a power in the church. William Ellery Channing, Thomas Starr King, Edward Everett Hale, each and all of them, were such living forces in our church; nay, far beyond our church they inspired vital energy in the whole country.

Now it seems to me that we are not inviting the challenge of their lives, and the lives of many like them, in our ranks. We join hands with them in the service of man. Can we follow them behind the veil to the presence of God? We acknowledge the moral law, do we aspire as they did to rise to higher vision? In the full liberty of the intellect we seek the living truth; do we like them transfuse our religion with love? Love, like the new blood from the body coming from the heart, sends life and warmth through the whole system; without it ensues stagnation and death.

Emotion is power. The revival preacher knows that; the political campaigner knows that, and they both rely upon it to move the masses. Jesus knew it when he put love as the central radiating force of his religion, and we are trying to convert a world without it. As well try to run your freight trains over the Sierras without steam. Love is the dominant power of the world. In the form of the mother-love for the child it has done more for human life than all other motives in society. It is the central energy of the Christian church, and we cannot build up the church without

making it the center of our struggle. Paul knew that: "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophesy and know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burnt, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

As I love and reverence the memory of those great and good men, and of other men and women such as Lincoln or Florence Nightingale, who have given their lives for us, so I love and reverence Jesus, not as a substitute sacrifice for me, not as a God suffering on the cross, but as a teacher who lived in the constant presence of God, a hero who faced a cruel death for the sake of the truth; a divine soul whose life has transformed the outlook of humanity.

I revere and love Him with all my heart. I read the simple story in Mark with wonder and reverence; the devoting of His life to the Kingdom of God, His mysterious communion with His Heavenly Father, His bright hopes in the beginning, His tender sympathy for the poor,—"Come unto me ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest,"—the hostility of the church, driving Him from Galilee into exile, the heroic march from Cesarea Philippi to Jerusalem in the face of peril and almost certain death,—“He that loseth his life for my sake shall save it.”—the pathetic struggle in Gethsemane, and the final tragedy,—no hero in profane history touches me so deeply. That one, living example of willing self-sacrifice is worth more to move the world than all the philosophy that was ever culled from between the covers of a book.

That same mystic consciousness of the in-dwelling God, that same sense of dependence upon Him, and the love of communion with Him mark the religious man. They bring him to church, where he can join his fellows in a common worship of a common Father, while they steady his life outside and give him comfort and support in heavy trial.

Not long ago I asked a young woman, formerly a loyal Unitarian, whom I knew to be a constant attendant of another

church, "What do you find in the service that draws you to it, that helps you?" "Well, Mr. Davis," she said, "somehow God seems so near to us." She had found what her soul yearned for, the in-dwelling God. Her Father in Heaven was close at hand. In trial she could cling to Him; in sorrow she could look to Him for comfort. She could pour out her love upon Him. Her religious nature was rounded out, and she was satisfied.

The saddened heart, the restless soul,

The toil-worn frame and mind,

Alike confess thy sweet control,

O love of God, most kind.

* * *

And filled and quickened by thy breath

Our souls are strong and free

To rise o'er sin and fear and death,

O love of God, to Thee.

My task is done. I have shown you what I think is essential for a complete well-rounded religion. If we are deficient in any element in our preaching, just so far we shall fail to satisfy the people and draw them to us. If we neglect the emotional side of religion, as is often said, the men of strong emotion will not come to us for their spiritual nourishment. This aversion to betraying any feeling seems to me a part of our inheritance from New England. It comes down to us from the old individualism of Calvin. It belongs to a past generation, and I earnestly hope that as Unitarianism gains ground outside of New England, we shall slough it off. I hope earnestly our Unitarian faith will gradually assume a new shape, more like the gospel preached by King and Hale and Collyer. More fully representing all the elements of human nature, a shape nearer to the heart of the Great Master. Then we may hope more than ever to conquer the world and lead the people into the Kingdom of God.

In the work of your life you should look for, find the joy of your life. To do your work as a slavery, and then to look elsewhere for enjoyment,—that makes a dreary life. No man who works so does the best work. No man who works so fingers lovingly over his work, and asks himself if there is not something he can do to make it more perfect. "My meat is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to finish His work," said Jesus.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Isabel Dye Butler.

(Memorial Address given at the Unitarian Church, Palo Alto, by Ewald Flugel, June 8, 1913.)

It seems to me like yesterday that our dear Mr. Snow drove with me to the Butler residence on a stormy, an extra stormy, January afternoon of the year 1909. We brought fifty of the most beautiful roses, which he had secured at that inclement season, and which were the gift of the Unitarian Church at the golden wedding of two of our earliest and most faithful members.

Like her husband, Mrs. Butler was then in the best of health and spirits, full of happiness. We entered a house of as perfect human joy as is permitted to us mortals ever to witness. Mrs. Butler's eyes beamed, and her own stately and elastic figure moved among her guests with that old-fashioned grace which was one of her characteristics.

And how vividly she would tell stories of her past life, of her own "early days," which seemed an epitome of early California history, and which would have required a stenographer to preserve adequately.

Was not her own life so rich and full of romance that a Bret Harte might have found material for a dozen fascinating stories in it? I will venture to touch a few of these episodes presently, but here at the outset I wish to say that I am speaking for the Unitarian Church and partly for our dear Mr. Reed, who cannot be with us to-day, and between whom and Mrs. Butler there existed a fine bond of confidence and esteem and friendship.

The Unitarian Church has lost in Mrs. Butler the member whose house was opened as the first meeting-place to Palo Alto Unitarians, in 1906, in whose house the first charter of the first Unitarian Union was drafted as "an organization whose object shall be the promotion of moral earnestness and of freedom, fellowship and character in religion, and which shall impose no restriction on individual belief," a charter which was accepted by a splendid group of men and women, many of whom have, alas, gone from our midst, but many of whom we still cherish as our friends.

It was Mr. Butler who was the first treasurer of this circle and became later the first treasurer of our own—chronologically the third—Unitarian foundation in Palo Alto, and his wife and two daughters signed that first covenant.

The spirit of hospitality and helpfulness which drew the first Unitarians together in the Butler house was one of the main traits of character of our departed friend, a trait shown uninterruptedly from those early beginnings, "faithful unto death."

It is in grateful recognition of this spirit that I speak here to-day and formulate our feeling of gratitude. With Mrs. Butler's death a life of noble, incessant work has come to an end; of work that had its blessing in itself and found its reward and glory, as all noble work does, in itself. Mrs. Butler's life was as happy as it was long, but it had (as all our lives have), its great sorrows and was not without its tragedies. There was the early separation from her mother and a mother's care, which she had to miss in those very years of early youth, during which a child needs and misses a mother most; later came the loss of beloved children; the heroic, but unsuccessful struggle to save them, not to mention here the minor, but not less harrowing, losses and sorrows of life,—life's full burden of anxieties, worries and cares. But what was the result of all her sorrows? A greater firmness of character and a nobler determination to be of greater and greater help to others!

We are fully convinced that the progress of the human race on this continent, physical, moral and intellectual, is based on a mixture of blood of the different ultimately-related races, which play such a particularly eminent part in American history. The future American race as such will be a product of this mixture of originally differing elements. And California is the ground on which this amalgamation is perhaps in its farthest state of advanced development at the present time. Here we find men and women of English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Romanic blood, who represent—already now—what the future development of the whole country will show in greater perfection.

But this race-mixture during the time in which it takes place is not without its hardships and tragedies, not without the giving up on the part of the first parental generation of cherished traits, not without serious frictions and clashes and struggles.

These tragedies must have been a typical phenomenon when the Low-German stock, sixteen hundred years ago, came over to Britain, when it mixed with the Romanized Celt, when it later was temporarily overcome by the Frenchified Norman.

In every case this blood mixture is accompanied by a struggle of religious belief with religious belief, of religious attitudes and even of the very elements of differing civilizations.

In early California history these phenomena find their counterpart in the mixture of American and English and Spanish blood, in struggles of Catholicism and Protestantism, of quieter enjoyment of life and Yankee energy, etc., etc. And Mrs. Butler was a splendid type of this race-mixture, and of the ultimate victory of the new blood and the stronger nerve energy.

Her main traits of character were those of her Scotch father, who immigrated into California in 1830 from Kentucky, where his family had received before an admixture of French blood. But Mrs. Butler had her full share of the best Spanish blood from her young mother. If she had inherited the keen intellect, the strong will-power of the Covenanters, she had also the fervor, the greater warmth of temperament and the fine womanly grace of the Southerner.

Even her religious life showed this mixture, and, ultimately, the prevailing emphasis of her Scottish extraction.

She had the keen eye, the clear judgment, the strong will, combined with the mellower spirit of the South, with a passion, almost, for acts of benevolence.

One of her earliest memories was driving about with her mother (who was scarcely twenty-three), in old Monterey, delivering baskets of eatables and clothes to the poor,—whom the little girl envied for their greater freedom of being allowed to play barefooted on a mud floor! And this charming, old-fashioned way of doing charity Mrs. Butler inherited

from her mother, transplanting it over into her own life, during which she brought up (besides her own large family), twenty-eight orphans in her own home, uttering on one occasion when she was warned against accepting a certain orphan child, "Let us take him just because nobody else wants him. I think we can better his condition." To me, these words appear most memorable; they are the epitome of a life, of a most noble life. They breathe a spirit of the rarest Christian nobility, of the true "imitation of Christ."

And how romantic and touching is the story of the first orphan which she ever took care of!

It was during her earliest years of married life when her father was pioneering on his large estate in Northern California, at a time when the Indians were not always peaceful; on the contrary, when two farmers' children had been killed by them, and when the whole country was up in arms against the murderers, on whom a ruthless revenge was taken. The victors had found on the morning after the fight, crying amid the bushes of the forest, Indian babies, whom they brought home in their saddle-bags, young Mrs. Butler selecting one baby whom she trained as "Indian Molly," and whose good manners she often spoke of, whose farewell cry when the family moved to Idaho was never forgotten.

Mrs. Butler, or with her maiden name, Isabel Dye, was born on the ninth of July, 1840, in Santa Cruz, in a fine, old-fashioned adobe house, which is still standing, and which as her father's gift, is now used as a convent.

When scarcely a year old, she was carried by her father on a pillow arranged on his saddle to Monterey. Here she spent her earlier years during the transition of Government from Mexican to American rule. Her father, being a Scotch-American, who had married into perhaps the leading Spanish family at Monterey, must often have been, politically and creedally, in difficult situations. And even his young daughter had her international experiences. When she watched the marching in of General Fremont and his troops, her little American heart became excited and ran

away with her. She greeted the soldiers with a loud "Hurrah!" but was quickly slapped on her face (for the first time in her life) by Alvarado, a relation of her maternal grandfather. She never forgot Fremont and the raising of the first American flag in California, a ceremony in which she took an active part.

Her stay at Monterey was not long, however, and the young girl was placed with a younger sister of her mother's, who was not much older than she was herself, as a boarder at the Academy of Notre Dame at San Jose (the ground of which building had been given by her father).

At Notre Dame her youth was spent in quiet and careful devotion to her studies. Here she acquired a good knowledge of languages, which she had through life, and of music, which was one of her great accomplishments. Who that has ever seen her at the piano can forget her touch, her grace and animation?

To the last, Mrs. Butler preserved a loving fondness for the sisters of Notre Dame, who had played a mother's part in her life. But her own independent Scotch character showed itself early, and it was when she left the school to live with her father in Tehama County that she broke away for life from the faith of her mother. But not ruthlessly and cruelly, as will best be illustrated by a beautiful fact.

The younger sister of her mother's, with whom she had been educated at Notre Dame, became, after graduation, a Sister of Mercy, and devoted her life nobly to the nursing of the sick; but even if her niece had drifted far away from her in belief, she remained on terms of tenderest love and friendship with her throughout life. What the picture, of the Unitarian and Catholic united in love!

And with this fine picture of the two venerable ladies, preserving through a long life their old love, and both living lives of love in accordance with the word of their common Master,—unhampered by the traditional dogmatic curses—I wish to close these few remarks on the life of a remarkable woman, whom it was our privilege to have known. Among the many lessons of her admirable life,

this is not the least: The power of Scotch-Unitarian logic over what we should expect to be paramount, viz.: the tender traditions of earlier education and ultimately the victory of what is, after all, the highest gift, the best thing in life: *active love and service*, the true and only true imitation of Christ, which alone binds and holds the world together.

This is the great lesson of the life of Isabel Dye Butler, in whose memory we are assembled to-day.

Women of Our Faith

Emily A. Fifield.

By Emma R. Ross.

The good right hand of the Alliance has laid aside the pen forever. How much the Alliance depended on that hand and the busy brain by which that hand was guided, it will realize more and more as the days go on. Through that pen the dilatory branch was coaxed to report; the helpless branch was stimulated to do something its own self; the few Unitarian women in some isolated corner were inspired and shown just how to organize; the offish branch was persuaded to join the larger work of the National body, and the selfish branch learned to count nothing good for self that is not good for all. Alliance reports for Word and Work or whatever, were always interesting, always *on time*, and most of this multitudinous detail was done by hand in the small, precise writing of this little woman.

How great the vision unrolled before her clear imagination! How youthful the spirit with which she followed the gleam! Seldom, if ever, have I known one of such far sight who yet would take each single step to reach the goal. How she gloried in her Unitarianism, and how she refused time-serving!

At a Saratoga Conference, I remember when every important measure was tabled for consideration at the next biennial by wish of the timid, vacillating officers, her indignant words of scorn showed there was one loyal heart still on fire to do the honest, the true, the right thing, which her church had sent her there as its delegate to do.

Nor did the larger interests of the denomination overshadow the claims of her own church. She was active there and knew who could do what, and who could be called to broader activities.

It was fitting that the honor, rarely if ever before given a woman, was paid to her of having the flags on all the school-houses of the district at half-staff for her funeral. Eighteen years she served on the Boston School Board, during the time of the Irish supremacy. Once it fell to her to preside, and the papers next morning gave long columns of praise of her skill, saying that she was the best presiding officer the Board had ever had, and that she kept "the gentlemen from Ward Four," or Six, as the case might be, strictly to parliamentary rule.

She was responsible for many improvements in the school system, and helped the teachers understandingly. Her recommendation sent one teacher to the Philippines, and in all the five years of that teacher's stay there was never a year when the busy little woman in Boston failed to start her cheery Christmas letter, filled with the personal items of the well-known co-laborers at headquarters, in *November*, so that it reached the weary exile on time. Much of the Christmas mail reached the exiles in February.

Emily Fifield has helped to lay the foundations of a strong Alliance, and of a broader, larger Unitarianism. It is for us who remain to see that the structure upon that foundation shall stand four-square and rise in majesty: to see that the faith she lived, we live also. "Tis hard to take the burden up, when these have laid it down;" but love will show the way, and the end will crown the work.

My brother, the brave man has to give his life away. Give it, I advise thee: thou dost not expect to *sell* thy life in an adequate manner? * * * Give it like a royal heart; let the price be nothing; thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got *all* for it! The heroic man,—and is not everyman, God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances.

CARLYLE.

Five and a Half Days.

By Charles A. Murdock.

A few months ago the editor gave account of five days of delightful quiet and perfect rest, and by contrast he would now offer the simple story of his condensed summer vacation, embracing ten per cent more of time and about ninety-five per cent additional motion and strenuousity.

Unpremeditated and unexpected excursions are not infrequently the most enjoyable; imagination and anticipation have accumulated no great expectations difficult or impossible of realization and an unexposed, sensitive plate is ready for sharp pictures. A faint hope had been entertained, as a vacation possibility, that an attractive invitation to partake in a quite uncommon celebration at Arcata, Humboldt Co., might be accepted, but circumstances seemed to conspire to make it impossible, and very reluctantly it was declined. And then fortune, fickle jade, smiled and difficulties regarded insurmountable faded away, and inclination prompted reversal and acceptance.

Something more than fifty years ago, in the formative period of growth in the little community at the head of Humboldt Bay, two boys were close friends. One of them drifted south, and in the course of time was spread out thin over a large part of San Francisco, the result being ineffective and unremunerative. The other stayed put, planting a business that sent down strong roots and expanded greatly. In 1904 Alexander Brizard died, and his three sons with fine appreciation of the high standards followed by their father, continued the business, holding it true to its honored traditions.

The small beginning, fifty years ago this month, with \$2,140 in money, plus character and capacity, has grown until now the main store is supplemented by seven branches in the three counties of the northern coast of California. It was determined to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the business, and from respect to the memory of his friend and from loyalty to the county that was for nine years his

home, the editor felt a call that was not easily denied.

By good fortune another friend of the founder of the firm, who in addition to the desire to attend, possessed a fine Packard car and the ability to leave a well-regulated business. He also owns a generous heart and a likeness for companionship, and an invitation to make the overland trip to Humboldt under such circumstances was too alluring to be declined.

And so, at 7:45 on the morning of the 24th of June, the Sausalito boat bore the two pilgrims, a very calm and resourceful chauffeur completing the company. The run through picturesque Ross Valley and the reposeful town of San Rafael, on past Novato to Petaluma, was pleasantly uneventful. Soon the thriving town of Santa Rosa, with its imposing Court House, was left behind as we passed up the fertile Sonoma Valley, with its wealth of vines and hops, the silvery Russian River gleaming through the trees upon its banks. The roads are good, but the occasional stretches of the recently built State Highways show how very much better they will be, when the plans being followed shall have been completed. A stretch from Healdsburg to Cloverdale was a fine encouragement.

About a mile beyond Cloverdale we stayed our way for luncheon, finding McCray's, an inviting spot. It was pleasant to find so many city children with attendant mothers enjoying free life in the balmy country air. Following on we pass Ukiah and soon begin surmounting the spurs and hills that shut the valley in. The samples of mountain road constructed by the State Commission are as fine and distinctive as the straight courses that seem like city streets found in the valley.

A fine long grade brings us to the summit, from which we descend to Willets, quite a little town, where we rest after 149 miles of pleasant travel.

The master of the house distrusts our ability to complete our journey the following day, but finding us not easily dissuaded, helps to discredit his own prophecy by offering to call us at half-past four for an early breakfast. The appreciation of the courtesy increased as the day passed on. The morning was

beautiful and we at once were driving through a very attractive and diversified country, wooded and open by turns, the road gradually mounting and giving us an extending view. In about an hour we had reached Laytonville and followed through a high table-land, well cultivated and fertile. Then came more ups and downs to Cummings, and then a determined rise to the highest point in the Mendocino Mountains at Bell Springs, with an elevation of 3,650 feet. Following the ridge of the range running between Eel River and its South Fork for many miles, a very extensive and beautiful view is gained, the whole character majestic and impressive.

The only difficulty encountered was in the ascent of the long Rattlesnake grade, a portion of which was muddy from a recent rain, and taxed the powerful car to its utmost. The descent gave no trouble. At Harris we chose the Blocksburgh road and struck straight for Eel River, crossing it on a fine bridge at Alder Point. It is a beautiful stream and was a close companion for a long way. Occasionally we would follow the Van Dusen or some other tributary, but soon were again gazing at its beauty.

Arriving at a quaint old settlement called Blocksburgh about the time that nature was signaling for food, and the motor was running low on fuel, we stopped for mutual replenishment, in which the machine seemed to get the better of it.

The afternoon was made delightful by frequent passing through magnificent groves of redwoods. The majestic columns of the thickly clustered trees, the dim religious light, the sun being shut out by the roof of lofty tops, and slanting through the aisles—the solemn silence, were deeply impressive, suggesting possible impiety, as though we were motoring through a cathedral.

Near Carlotta we bade farewell to Eel River, striking northward to the beautiful bay discovered in 1849 and named for the great German traveler and physicist. From an eminence it is soon seen stretched out in peaceful security. Past Table Bluff and Fortuna we skirt the shore and reach the county seat, Eureka. Tarrying not, we spin around the eastern shore of the bay, and

at six o'clock reach our destination—the town of blessed memory, once known as Union, but now enjoying its original Indian name of Arcata.

Charming hospitality awaited us in the loveliest of homes, where the widow, three sons, two daughters-in-law and three grand-children form a rarely happy family.

We had motored 170 miles over roads of all kinds, including steep ascents, rough surface, and plentiful short turns, but we were not even weary, and in the evening enjoyed some very excellent music and the kindest of social intercourse.

Humboldt is the land of generous rain and in the morning we were treated to a sample, gentle but refreshing. The day was given over to the celebration and to the general invitation to participate there was hearty response. The large store was profusely decorated without and within changed to an auditorium seating 1000 persons. Through rare good feeling all business competitors closed their stores at two o'clock and went with their employees to join in the proceedings. A band of music discoursed pleasingly. There was an opening address by the oldest son, who outlined the purpose of the celebration and introduced a capable toast-master. Addresses were made by the boy-friend of the founder, by a lawyer for whom he had stood as God-father, by a merchant friend who had also come from San Francisco to pay his respect, by the youngest son, who held up the highest business ideals, and by an eloquent judge. These were interspersed with music, and by the appearance of Father Time and fifty girl-years in a very charming little allegory. At the conclusion each departing guest was presented with a souvenir in the form of an illustrated story of "Fifty Years of Progress." There were 1300 of these distributed, showing a very remarkable audience for so small a community.

In the evening a ball was given, at which a very large company,—evidently every one of dancing age in the community—was in attendance. A free moving picture show took care of the overflow. The most impressive fact was

the remarkable testimony to the respect in which an upright public-spirited business man was held—a respect extended to the sons who have so finely sustained the traditions of a business founded and conducted on honor.

It was hard to feel compelled to turn our faces homeward on the following morning, although we could well afford to. The homeward way was illuminated by the company of one of the ladies of the family and a girl friend, who were thus rescued from a dreaded sea voyage. Warmly appreciative, and enthusiastic of the beauties of nature, they succeeded in painting the rose and gilding the lily.

In view of the rain and the character of the added freight, the return was a trifle more leisurely. The first day took us to Bells Springs, on the summit, where we were comfortably cared for. The second day we lunched at Willits, and spent the night at McCrays. Sunday morning we had a delightful spin down the valley, reaching San Francisco at noon.

Not a mishap or an unpleasantness of any kind occurred during the five and a half days. Happiness was unalloyed. The minds of all had been stored with much knowledge of local geography. There was an increased conviction of the beauty of the world, and many lovely pictures had been hung in Memory's halls. Into a few brief days had been crowded experiences and impressions never to be forgotten, revelations of beauty, of goodness, of joy.

A Prayer of Action.

In cloisters dim a soul abides;

And seeks for truth in prayer and song

And self-communing all day long;

For men and things his soul he hides.

But, Giver of each perfect gift,

Grant me the labyrinthine ways

Through all men's souls; and busy days

In which with joy and pain I lift

The veil of life that toils and bleeds;

Sweet days, because I clearly see

Dark fanes, nor deedless prayers can be

Best minister to human needs.

—Richard Warner Borst.

For the Children.

(Continued from June Number.)

FREDA AND NELLIE IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER II.

The Boat Race and Other Experiences.

Uncle Thomas and Aunt Minna Jackson lived in a pleasant house in a quiet square a few miles outside London. There was a garden at the back, and on the other side of the garden wall a large private park which contained a great many beautiful trees. The owner of the park died a few years afterwards and the estate was bought for the public, but at that time the children could only look and long, but not enter.

At the time of Freda and Nellie's visit all their girl cousins were away at boarding school, and only little Wilfred, who was younger than Nellie, was at home. He was a plump, cheerful little boy, who thought the Irish cousins with their Irish accent a very good joke. His father would often stand with his back to the dining-room fire, and Wilfred would stand beside him. The one very tall; the other very short; and the little fellow would look up in his face, and repeat some remark that Freda or Nellie had made, quite regardless of the shy blushes of the little girls who were also in the room.

On Sundays Wilfred wore a black velvet tunic that reached to his knees and had a series of black satin strap-pings with buttons at each end all down the front, beginning with a very short strap under the chin, and ending with a very long one near the bottom edge of the tunic.

He could spell some short words very well, and began to be rather proud of his powers; but one day the fall fore-told in Proverbs as a result of pride was his fate. He called out to his little cousins as they were passing his bedroom door one morning before he was up: "There is something w-o-r-m in this bed."

Freda and Nellie were all sympathy in a moment. "Oh, poor boy!" they said. "Let us take it out for you!"

"But it is me, myself," explained the little boy. "It's warm me!" Then all

the children had a hearty laugh, and Freda told him the right way to spell the word.

On week days they played together very happily in the garden, where there was a swing and a summer house, and, best of all, a streak of yellow pottery clay. This was moist and pliable and could be moulded into all sorts of shapes,—rabbits, and cups and saucers, and hammers whose handles bent or broke when used, and many other wonderful things.

They often went for short walks in the neighborhood, and Aunt Minna once took them with their mother to see some very artistic houses that were being built near by. They were so very artistic that the fireplaces were not large enough to hold more than a soup-ladleful of coal at one time, she said.

The favorite one of all these walks was one that took them down to the Thames at Chiswick Mall, and back London-wards to the Middle Mall. I do not know whether William Morris lived there then, but opposite Kelmescott House, the house he occupied in later years, the roadway widens out into a semi-circle on the river side of the road under the shade of some tall trees, and is only divided from the foreshore by a low wall. There was a deep drop on the far side of this wall, but the children thought it only fun, and they loved to be allowed to play about there at low tide.

Mrs. Jackson's mother lived near, and was "Grandma Enderby" to all the children. She liked to have visits from them, and to show them pictures and give them cake. She had a little pet dog, a black Pomeranian, that was very well-behaved with friends, but of a fiery and defiant temper when other dogs were concerned, and many a fright he gave the children by his truculent ways when out walking with them.

Occasionally Wilfred was allowed to sail a toy boat on a pond in the middle of a funny little triangle of houses a few minutes' walk away from the house, and close to the main road along which lumbering green omnibuses passed on their way from Starch Green to the West End and the "Bank."

This mode of conveyance the Irish children found novel and exciting. To sit on the outside of the omnibus was to be high up in the world indeed, and gave one a good point of vantage from which to observe the manners and customs of the strange city. If they went to town that way they passed Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and could sometimes peep down into the Dogs' Cemetery near the Marble Arch; but they could see it better on the return journey. Freda knew enough of English history to have heard of Tyburn and of executions there, and she was glad to think, as they crossed the old site between Bayswater Road and Oxford, that the name was changed.

The children went on one or two shopping excursions with their mother, and enjoyed their first experience in a lift during one of them. It was at the Civil Service Stores in Bedford Street, Strand, and they were charmed to sit in the tiny room and move up and up till they alighted at the topmost floor of all.

It must have been the same day that they were taken to see "Cleopatra's Needle," the great monolith on the Thames Embankment. Freda found it very hard to believe that such a heavy thing could possibly have been brought in a ship all the way from Egypt, and so did Nellie. Wilfred had often seen it before and had given up wondering about it.

"I hope Cleopatra didn't have to use that needle for her sewing," said Freda, and they laughed merrily to think of such a thing.

But the great pleasure of all to which the three looked forward eagerly was the approaching boat race between the Oxford and Cambridge eights. For weeks beforehand the shop windows in the riverside districts and indeed in many others also, were decorated with favors of all sorts and shapes in light and dark blue.

The three children were for Cambridge, according to the long established usage of the Jackson family.

Mr. Jackson had promised to take them to see the race, and they could talk of nothing else; in fact they almost felt

that nothing in all the world was of the same importance.

It was to be a morning race, and they were up early and ready to start in good time. The morning was misty, but of course the mist would pass off.

Freda and Nellie had on their new gray dresses, their warm jackets of nice imitation astrachan and their fur caps, and Wilfred was well wrapped up also, for they would have to stand still for some time, and even if the sun came out there was always a breeze near the river. It goes without saying that they all wore light blue favors.

The mist had not lifted by the time they reached Chiswick and their places were on a stand on the Surry side of the river.

"Never mind the mist," said Uncle Thomas, "we will go across by the ferry."

They all got quickly into the boat, and the ferryman pushed off from the slip. It felt weird and a little frightening to be out there in a little boat on the broad river, not able to see more than a boat's length ahead; however, they got across at last and took up their places on the wooden stand that had been put up on purpose for the spectators of the race.

And then they waited, and they waited, and they waited, and Uncle Thomas made jokes to keep their spirits up, but the fog didn't lift once, and after what seemed hours to them, a message came to say that no race could be rowed that day on account of it.

The lady next to them, with dark blue laces in her shoes, was quite sure Oxford would have won, and the lady on the other side, with forget-me-nots and light blue tulle in her hat, was positive Cambridge would have won.

Strange to say, when they came to think it over, they found out that they had enjoyed themselves very much indeed. They had seen the crowds, and been across the river by the ferry, and they had laughed at the nigger minstrels, with their very black faces and their very white teeth, and their long-tailed coats, and pink and white striped trousers, and their bonjoes and their comic songs; and after all, if they had seen the race, the boats would have gone by so fast that they would have looked like nothing but some strange sort of

speeding caterpillar, and neither Freda nor Nellie loved caterpillars. One of the songs they had heard pleased all three children very much, and they kept saying such words of it as they could remember over to one another. It went something like this:

"Oh, dem golden slippers!
Oh, dem golden slippers!
Golden slippers I mus' wear.

"Oh, dem golden slippers!
Oh, dem golden slippers!
Climbing up de golden stair."

They could not be sure whether the third line should be the sixth, and the sixth the third, but that did not trouble them. The long drawn out "Oh!" followed by the quickly sung "dem golden slippers," was the attraction. No one could climb stairs comfortably in slippers made of gold, they admitted, but the idea of owning a pair even if you could only set them up as ornaments on the chimney-piece in your bedroom certainly did appeal to their fancy.

By the time they had groped their way home they were all quite ready for dinner.

Aunt Minna's cook was named Sarah, and if there was one thing of which she was terrified it was lightning. She often told the children so. There are very few thunder storms in Ireland, the blessed land which has no snakes or even adders, so Freda and Nellie were rather curious to see what a really big storm was like; but it was much later in the year, when they were at Aunt Minna's again for a few days, before their curiosity was gratified. Suddenly, as it seemed to them, there was a great darkness, and then a flash of lightning, followed at a short interval by a crash of thunder that sounded as if two railway engines had run into one another in the sky exactly over the house. Then more flashes, and more peals of thunder, and as they hurried through the hall on their way to the parlor, whom should they find but Sarah, with her apron over her head, sitting on the bottom step of the stairs and declaring that as long as the storm lasted she would not, no, she would not, go back into the kitchen with the row of bright dish covers hanging on the wall. She was positively certain they would attract the lightning and that

it would strike her on its way, and she knew she did not wish to be burned to a cinder, and she wouldn't be, not if she knew it.

The children were very much concerned at Sarah's terror, but Aunt Minna had seen her act in that way a great many times before, and she knew that it was of no use to talk to her, and that Sarah was really happiest sitting by herself in the dark hall.

Sarah had also another distinction in the minds of the little Irish girls. She was the first person they had ever met who muddled her aitches and talked about "'eating the dinner plates," but as she allowed them to run through her kitchen into the garden whenever they pleased, without grumbling at them, they were quite disposed to think her a nice, if somewhat odd and not understandable person.

(To be continued.)

Selected

"Inspiration."

By Rev. E. M. S. Hodgkin.

Extract from sermon of June.

"The spirit of man is the candle of God" is the figurative way in which one of the Proverbs expresses the relationship between God and man. We may think of the entire universe as suffused in the divine essence as the earth is shrouded in its own atmosphere. It is through man that this divine substance functions. In man it bursts into a flame that warms and illuminates. Man is God made manifest in terms of life.

"The character of the candle flame is not only dependent upon the atmosphere in which it burns, but upon the character of the substance that enters into the candle as well. If the candle be of a substance for which the oxygen of the atmosphere has a strong affinity, then it will burn with a strong and steady flame that emits warmth and light and nothing else. But if it be of substances for which the oxygen of the atmosphere has little affinity, it will burn but fitfully and poorly, with much smoke and noxious fumes, and will finally flicker and go out.

"So it is with us in all our individual lives. We are the candles of God and whether we burn with that steady glow that gives warmth and light to all our fellows, awakening them to renewal of life, or with fitful flicker that poisons and contaminates all who associate with us, depends upon the way the life substance in us unites with or uses the divine life substance of the world.

The life substance of the great prophets of humanity was so pure and divine of itself that it had a strong affinity for the diviner life without, and life in them was a strong and steady flame that gave an abundance of light and warmth to all, they were the great candles of God that shed their genial and life-giving warmth over the whole world and have illuminated all the centuries since their time. In them was God made manifest in highest form.

It is well for us to ask ourselves occasionally, "What kind of a candle of God am I? Do I so use the divine life-substance of the world that I radiate that warmth and light which quickens and awakens the life about me, so that it is enriched and raised to a higher potentiality? Or do I carry with me only that damp and chill that stifles and quenches the life flame of others?" The way in which these questions can be truthfully answered determines whether we are living well or ill, whether we are walking in the heavenly road or have lost our way in the pathway of life.

You Have To

You have to hold your head up,
You have to lift your chest,
• You simply have to set your teeth
And live your splendid best.

No matter if you're growing old,
Or if you're growing fat,
No matter if you're weak and poor—
The most of us are that.

No matter if long years behind
Show failure deep and dead—
You have to live your splendid best
In the short years ahead.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in *The Forerunner*.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or there
Our bodies are gardens to the which our wills
are gardeners.

—Shakespeare.

"Don't do anything too much."

Books

[All books reviewed in the PACIFIC UNITARIAN are on sale at, or may be ordered through, the Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.]

SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York. B. W. Huebsch. Price \$1.25.

On every side you hear the expressions: Syndicalism, sabotage, direct action. Can you define them? Do you know the philosophy that underlies industrial unionism? The effects of its application? The attitude of the Socialists who believe in political action toward the present agitation?

Unless you have been close to the heart of labor, unless you have read many books in foreign languages and obscure pamphlets, unless you have devoted much time to patient investigation you must answer "no" to these questions.

In this book the author organizes the existing thought on the subject, presents a non-partisan statement of the situation, and discloses what he, as a believer in scientific socialism, regards as the points of contact and the differences between syndicalism, I. W. W. and socialism.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By John Macy. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.50 net.

Rebellion against the established order is the spirit of the day, but the last field to be touched seems to be literary criticism. There now comes a critic of our literature who is modern to the core. He does not talk in eubist language nor is his appreciation warped by an iconoclastic spirit; he merely breaks away in a perfectly sane and healthy way from the orisons of our literary worthies as held by our ancestors. He is not overawed with veneration for them, but holds them all up to the same intelligible analysis: "Did he affect the thought and spirit of his descendants?" If not, then he was not of first-rate importance, for great writers affect not only the times in which they live but also the thought of those that come after them. In the author's words, "a living lion is better than a dead mouse," and he does not care for dead mice.

THE GODS ARE ATHIRST. By Anatole France. New York. John Lane Co. A translation by Alfred Allinson. Cloth. \$1.30 net; postage 12 cents. Also included in the set of the Complete Works of Anatole France. Svo. Price, \$1.75 net; postage 15 cents.

"The Gods Are Athirst" is a picture and a study of the French Revolution written in the form of a novel. The hero is Evaristé Gamelin, a young painter, who lives with his mother in a garret. He loves the *citoyenne* Elodie, daughter of Jean Blaise, a dealer in prints and engravings. Evaristé is a pure idealist, and yet he becomes one of the most cruel and relentless figures of the revolutionary tribunal. Romance and history are closely woven together in these pages. The entire plot of the story is built up around Robespierre; the dominant figure is that of the terrible Maximilien. M. France brings to life once more the extraordinary Paris of the Terror.

HOW TO LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED. By London M. Douglas. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

London M. Douglas, F.R.S.E., who in *The Bacillus of Long Life* (Putnam) tells how the adoption of a sour-milk diet assures the attainment of a prodigious age, is authority for the statement that in Bulgaria, where sour milk is freely consumed, the majority of the natives live to an age considerably in excess of what is recognized as the term of life amongst Western nations. Perhaps there is even some connection between the sour-milk diet and the success of this nation in the Balkan War. Certainly few men of other nations could boast of a record for longevity and virility, such as that which distinguishes the family of a member of the Bulgarian peace delegation recently assembled in London. M. J. Angeloff, the Bulgarian Consul-General in Manchester, who was attached to the peace delegates in the capacity of secretary to Dr. Daneff, relates the following circumstances about his family:

"My great-grandfather," he said, "died about twenty years ago at the age of 132, or 134—I am not quite sure which it was, but a couple of years do not make much difference. I remember as a boy being one of a great family gathering on the occasion of the wedding of an aunt. My great-grandfather was there, and was then about 120 years of age. He made a speech in which he said that he was proud to see so many descendants around him. There were over 200 of us. He went on to say that he intended living until he had buried all his children—a somewhat gruesome jest, but one that he did live to carry out to the letter.

"It was all the more remarkable a prophecy because he had twenty-six children, two of them born to him by a second wife, whom he married at the extraordinary age of ninety and odd years. At my aunt's wedding, of which I am speaking, some of his children, my grand-uncles and grand-aunts, were in the eighties and nineties. The old man did, in fact, outlive them all, and shortly after he had buried the last of them he himself died. Another remarkable thing about him was that after his second marriage, when his hair and beard were quite white, they began to darken again, and in a few years were black and glossy.

"My father," added M. Angeloff, "is now eighty-eight, and he is as active as a man of forty. He frequently spends eight hours a day in the saddle visiting his estates, and he has not lost a single tooth. But this is by no means an uncommon thing in Bulgaria. There are more centenarians there than in any other country, no matter what its population. I attribute the remarkable longevity of my nation to the fact that they live extremely simple. One hardly ever eats meat more than once a week, but on the other hand we eat large quantities of vegetables. And then there is our famous panacea, sour milk, of which so much has been heard of late."

Those who would come into possession of the full facts regarding the connection between a sour-milk diet and fullness of life are recommended to read Mr. Douglas's *Bacillus of Long*

Life, which, in addition to being a manual of the preparation and souring of milk for dietary purposes, presents an historical account of the use of fermented milks, from the earliest times to the present day, and points out their wonderful effect in the prolonging of human existence.

WITH THE TURKS IN THRACE. *The Story of the Retreat of the Turks from the Map of Europe.* By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. With many illustrations and maps. New York. George H. Doran Co. Cloth. Net, \$3.00.

Ashmead-Bartlett was one of the few correspondents who was in time to join himself to the Turkish army in Thrace, before that army was scattered like chaff.

He was present through the disastrous campaign, and the story which he tells, explains the causes which produced the sudden collapse of an empire, so startling in its drama. "The Turks," he says, "embarked on a vast game of make-believe in order to throw dust in the eyes of Europe." Then follows the tragic account of the series of false steps which produced a downfall only equalled in modern times by Napoleon's in Russia—the hurried and inefficient mobilization of the Turkish forces, the heroic efforts to rally the broken army and the relentless advance of the Bulgarians on Constantinople.

Be Not Cast Down

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,

Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;

Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;

Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,

When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—

Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,

And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shalt affright us on thy goodness leaning,

Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;

Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,

And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!

Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;

Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,

Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

—Frederick L. Hosmer.

The light that lighteth every man will grow clearer and wider, if faithfully followed.—*Ancs.*

From the Churchs.

LOS ANGELES.—The Sunday-school had no place to put anything in the different class alcoves. It was untidy and vexing, so the Lady-in-Charge, not the "Lady from Philadelphia," thought out the plan of having bookcases and cupboards. The some one of the school said, "Let's make them ourselves." Everybody said, "Let's." The congregation asked to help by paying for the material, the manual training boys brought their tools, some of the elders hunted up a saw or a hammer; a carpenter asked permission to "boss" the job, and then one evening there was the liveliest kind of a carpentry contest. The girls furnished a box luncheon for the tired business man, which had hearty appreciation. Result: The Sunday-school has cases with doors that will shut. The young people caught the contagion of helping and ask, "What next can we do?" The new kind of Get-Acquainted Social is voted a success, and the courage of the workers is strengthened. There is a whole sermon in the incident. Give each one *something to do* and there is no trouble about arousing interest.

The Alliance had a box luncheon meeting with reports from the Riverside (Universalist) Conference and from the Pacific Coast Conference. There was a meeting with the "baby branch" at Long Beach one afternoon and a picnic supper on the beach. This new Alliance daughter seems particularly alive and vigorous. Our ladies had also a parish social with cafeteria supper and a rare musical programme. They also spent an afternoon at one of the beautiful homes of our city.

There seems no end to the interesting topics the Social Service Class may consider. Late topics have been: "How to Organize a Newspaper So It Can Publish the Truth and Pay Its Own Way," "The Need of a Municipal Farm," "Human Nature and Choosing a Vocation." This last was by Dr. John T. Miller, who has been giving a course of lectures at the Y. M. C. A. The next topic, "Should the Panama Canal and Los Angeles Harbor be Fortified?" will no doubt call forth an animated discussion.

The church vacation will be from July 13th to September 14th.

Preceding vacation the sermon topics are: "The Christ Idea in Rational Religion," "Christ as Savior and Messiah," "The Atonement or Union of the Human and Divine," "The Leadership of Jesus," "The Kingdom of God."

Sparks

It isn't always the struggle for daily bread that makes people feel the race with poverty. It is very often the struggle for terrapin and quail on toast.—*Washington Star*.

"De man dat gets too fur away," said Uncle Eben, "fum dat idea about eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, an' eight hours' sleep is mighty li'ble to find hi'self up against eight hours' loaf, eight hours' worry, an' eight hours' insomnia."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Johnson: "Our minister is a regular sissy."

Mrs. Twickembury: "Well, there nothing ephemeral about *our* minister. He preaches the most virulent sermons you ever heard."

Little Boy (pointing to window of rubber store): "What's them?"

Mamma: "Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get wet."

Little Boy: "I wish I had one."

Mamma: "Why, what for, my dear?"

Little Boy: "To wear when you wash me."

Knicker: Congress is to hold night sessions on the tariff."

Bocker: "Well, you are generally kept up at night with infant industries."—*New York Sun*.

Teacher: "What is the derivation of the word lunatic?"

Pupil: "Luna, the moon, and attie, the upper story."—*Town Topics*.

A Unitarian minister was called from the dinner table to marry a couple. The youngest child, a boy of four or five years old, heard his mother say that the father had gone to marry somebody. After a brief silence the boy looked up, and with a quivering lip asked: "Won't he be our papa any more?"—*Exchange*.

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Charles F. Dole

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God our Father; man our brother

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Editorials.

What a fine thing true loyalty is, whether it be applied to a friend or a principle. To be loyal to one's country—to be held by a true patriotism seems so natural and so incumbent that its exercise is hardly praiseworthy, and yet there are even Americans who have little real love for their country and apparently no sense of responsibility in helping to make it worthy of their pride and admiration.

To be an American is surely a distinction. A true American may be no better than an Englishman, or a German, or a Frenchman, but he is different. He at least has a point of view that is distinctive. America stands for progress—for accomplishment. The true American is constructive. He puts things together, and builds. He may be deficient in the requirements of criticism, or in speculative reasoning, or in the subtleties of art, but if he is a real American he moves forward, he gets results, he invents, he pursues, he achieves, and he may take honest pride in what he has done. What we are is best shown by what we do, and if we really succeed in building a great Nation where justice reigns, and every man has an even chance, we are entitled to view the result with satisfaction and gratitude.

But let us be advised that living between the Atlantic and the Pacific does not make a man a real American, unless he has the American spirit, and does his part, however humble it may be, to make America a better land in which to live.

We applaud loyalty to our country, why are we not called upon to value loyalty to one's faith, to one's church? In

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the growth of tolerance and of liberality of judgment is there not danger of our forfeiting a justifiable preference for what we have good reason to value? Without question bigotry is about the most benumbing characteristic imaginable, and narrow partisanship that sees no good in anything that differs from the special doxy by which the holder is possessed, is proof of a small and impoverished nature.

On the other hand, every one who thinks and has arrived at some settled conclusion, belongs somewhere. If he has any native force he ought to have found grounds for loyalty, and to feel some measure of responsibility for standing by, defending and advancing the cause to which his allegiance is due.

Probably the Unitarian Church especially suffers from over-indulgence in liberality, or from lack of discrimination in the exercise of that very commendable virtue. To recognize the good in all is admirable. To assume, because there is good in all that one is no more deserving of loyalty than another, is indefensible. There is altogether too much mushy concession, too much weak indecision, too many spineless tramps,—homeless and dependent, being fed from door to door.

One element of Unitarian weakness is that too many who fancy they are Unitarians because they are nothing else, have no real attachment to our principles or the churches which stand for them. They are floaters and are ready for any new ism, or to rush to any church where some smart preacher has the power to thrill or to entertain. What we most need is rational denominational loyalty, held for cause, loyalty that will endure suffering and be patient, that will induce service, and that will count sacrifice a privilege.

There is significance in the fact that a writer like Winston Churchill publishes such a book as "The Inside of the Cup" at this time, and its being read with absorbing interest by the general public shows that religion has a strong hold on human life. That its presentation of the vital element in religion, will be a help to clear thinking and true feeling there can be little doubt. It is of great advantage when we can clearly distinguish between the real and the false. Better than any formal treatise this story sets forth the essential thing in religion. It portrays the passing of an earnest soul from formalism to deep spiritual insight. It is well told and shows what real religion is and the part of the true church in its promotion. It throws light on what it is to be a Christian, and mercilessly exposes the falsity and inconsistency of men who run churches and dictate to or patronize ministers, while their wealth is gained by indefensible practices or results from the profits of vice. The inside of the cup must be clean, and no man is a Christian whose religion does not control his whole life. The value of personal character and the power of helpfulness through a life of loving sympathy is very effectively set forth. Incidentally we get much good lay preaching. More, probably, than many readers will care for, but a fine story with well-drawn characters sustains the interest. Churchill evidently is deeply impressed with his conception of the place of religion in the life of today, and justifies the Phillips Brooks' theory and practice of standing by the Episcopal Church, emphasizing the vital truths of religion, and ignoring or very elastically interpreting all matters of creed. The story stops short of showing the final result in the particular church where the rector became wholly emancipated from his conventional

views, and preached boldly of truth as he saw it. The bishop sympathizes with him, but is conveniently too old to really choose sides, though he declines to put him out. Most of the vestry leave the church, but "the common people hear him gladly." While the outcome is veiled, one can but feel that in some way truth and reason must win.

The Christianity that is outlined is vital. It is of the spirit that quickeneth, and wholly divorced from the letter that killeth. Religion is related to life—to all of life, Monday and Tuesday as well as Sunday, in business as truly as at church. The managing vestryman is spoken of as being in danger of dying through "fatty degeneration of the soul." The dangers of riches, and the futility of making amends by giving and the support of institutions, are sharply drawn, and the healing that flows from a truly good man, wronged but not embittered, who in his comparative poverty gives his life to deeds of sympathy and love, radiating helpfulness and communicating the Kingdom of God is a telling contrast.

The preachers are not all in the pulpit in these days, and a book like this reaches a wide congregation, but to the extent that it is absorbed, true preachers will be sustained and supported in their work, and the church will be helped in presenting real religion, and strengthened to do its great part in leadership and inspiration.

Perhaps the most encouraging general characteristic of the day is the manifestation, in various ways, of what may be called a public conscience. There seems to be a higher ideal in matters pertaining to the rights of the individual, especially the weak and helpless, and larger acknowledgment of the social obligation. This is especially made plain

in matters of legislation, such as regulation for child labor, pensions for widows, the care of the aged, and compensation for the injured. More and more we admit that we are our "brothers' keeper," and more and more the greed of the conscienceless strong is held in check. The world moves, and provisions that one age considers chimerical are soberly accepted by another and demonstrated to be practical and sound.

The success being achieved by the Municipal Street Railway in San Francisco is distinctly encouraging. Its completion after long delay occasioned by early failures to carry the necessary bond issue, and the persistent opposition of the United Railroads, was a gratifying triumph of determination. The settlement by the present administration, by which the Geary Street road was extended to the Embarcadero and the California Street road was granted the use of the Market Street outer rails to the same point, was challenged by the violent advocates of municipal ownership, but their appeal to the people was not sustained, and July saw the beginning of through service from the Bay to the Ocean, with transfer with the United Railroads at several cross-town points.

Doubts of various sorts have been dispelled. That it will pay handsomely is abundantly demonstrated. The receipts average over \$15,000 a day, about forty per cent of which pays all operating expenses. The remainder leaves a good margin of clear profit after meeting interest and redemption of bonds, and depreciation on the property. The roadbed is excellent, the cars convenient and the service by civil service employees is appropriately civil and exceptionally efficient, all of which gives assurance that municipal activities may be satisfactorily and economically carried on.

The address of Dr. Horace Davis on the "Present Needs of the Unitarian Churches," delivered at the recent conference at Oakland and printed in the June number of the *PACIFIC UNITARIAN*, has attracted wide attention and received favorable comment. It presents in the straight-forward, reasonable way characteristic of the man, the essential need of all churches, and when it is considered that this common need covers by far the greater part of that which gives the church its value, it is felt that after all the points of unlikeness are few as compared with that in which we ought to agree. It would add greatly to the common advantage if we all could recognize the points of strength as well as the weak points of our associates, and profit by them in every possible way.

The report of the unveiling of the Hale memorial in Boston brought a kindly letter from Rev. William Burnet Wright, D. D., pastor emeritus of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, who recalls his early experience in Boston in the days when theological controversy was sharp and often bitter. He says that the men to whom the breaking down the dividing walls is especially due are Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. James Freeman Clarke and Dr. Edward Everett Hale on one side, and John De Witt, Alexander McKenzie and Phillips Brooks on the other. He says that as late as 1866 Unitarians were regarded with horror, as dangerous foes. He recalls hearing a prominent layman express regret that Unitarians lived such good lives, because it made them so formidable in their warfare against truth. He thinks there had never been an exchange between a Boston orthodox and a Boston Unitarian up to the time when he was invited to preach for Dr. Hale.

He embodies in his very friendly communication a copy of a letter which he once received from James Freeman Clarke, which reveals the liberal spirit of that great leader, and is in harmony

with the suggestion of Dr. Davis, that the things we lack must be supplied, and that if we do not choose to supply them hungry souls must seek them elsewhere. As a document in ecclesiastical history, with bearings on a perpetual problem, it is reprinted:

Dear Brother Wright:

Let me introduce to you my friend and parishioner, Mr. —, for whom I ask the privilege of attending some of your prayer and conference meetings—if you continue to hold them at this season. Ours are discontinued, but I think that Mr. — needs the strength that often comes to us from such communion. I am sure that you will not welcome him the less heartily because he is a member of our church and proposes to continue such. There are many reasons why he should do so; nevertheless, I do not think that our church can supply him just now with all he wants, and perhaps in yours he may find some added strength. I know that this is an unusual proceeding, but I think it is a right thing to do. I have no doubt that there are many persons in most churches who would be helped, for a time at least, by trying the ministration of some other. Why should we not say to such members, "Go and see if you cannot get some good in the Episcopal Church, or the Methodist,—something which we cannot give you"? It might not be the best way to build up a sect, but it might build up Christianity. Sincerely yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Sometimes the drama, once abhorred as the source of evil, teaches and preaches to good effect. Such a play as "Everywoman" impresses much needed truth in a most forcible way. To those who "have ears to hear" it preaches many sermons, not in any weak and sentimental way, but with the firm, clean cut of the surgeon. It is a fine adaptation of the old morality form to modern life, and especially enforces the obligation of every man to

"Be merciful, be just, be fair
To every woman, everywhere."

John Mason in "As a Man Thinks," inspires better thinking in his hearers. Analysis is beyond many people and they only clearly see their own situation when something akin to it is visualized before them and they really see themselves as they are, and see the way out of besetting difficulties. It is a high privilege to be a revealer, and it is encouraging to see writers and actors equal to the service.

C. A. M.

Notes

The outlook for the new university church at Seattle seems very bright, and Rev. Edward G. Spencer, with the efficient help of which he is assured, has high hopes of building strongly.

The Santa Barbara Church which has been ministered to by Rev. Theodore C. Williams during the absence of Rev. B. A. Goodridge, held its last summer service on July 20th. The church will be closed during August. Rev. Mr. Goodridge is expected to resume the pulpit on the first Sunday in September.

The San Jose Church held an enjoyable picnic on July 8th at Congress Springs. About sixty attended, spending a care-free day in the woods. There was a basket picnic luncheon, followed with story telling, dancing and strolls through the woods and up to the famous springs.

Flag Day was fittingly observed by Long Beach lodge of Elks. Rev. Franklin Baker made an eloquent address portraying the altruistic significance and world influence of the National emblem.

Rev. John Malick of Kansas City, Mo., is to succeed Rev. Mr. Bennett as minister of the Salt Lake Church, assuming his duties in September. Mr. Bennett will assume the duties of Field Secretary, with headquarters in New York City.

Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, Jr., of Portland, lectured in the auditorium of the Puyallup high school on July 8th. His subject was "Sex Education."

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, preached his last sermon until September 7th on July 13th. During the next six weeks he and his family will travel about the State partly for recreation and partly for the obtaining of new ideas. There has been a steady and healthy growth in the church during the past year, more than 100 new members having been added to the membership. A Social Service Department was recently organized and rendered invaluable individual aid during the last session of the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

American Unitarians seem to have quite completely invaded England this summer. On the morning of July 10th Rev. Dr. Eliot preached in London, and in the evening Rev. W. D. Simonds and Rev. Dr. U. G. D. Pierce preached. Three Universalists also supplied London pulpits.

Hon. Joseph Chamberlain celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday on July 9th. The people of Birmingham delight to honor him and to give assurance of their continued devotion, and he always expresses his warm appreciation of their regard.

The "Teutonic" with its 137 delegates had a rough and dangerous passage across the Atlantic, encountering fogs and icebergs,—a dangerous combination, and landing them 24 hours late in Liverpool. Dr. Wendte used the wireless to call off social functions arranged in their honor.

Rev. D. M. Kirkpatrick, minister of the Redlands church, is spending a three-months vacation at Santa Cruz, and will act as supplying minister of All Souls Church during his sojourn.

Rev. George W. Henning, of Santa Rosa, has tendered his resignation. On the evening of July 6th he spoke on "What I Have Learned in a Lifetime; or Reminiscences of a Fifty Years Ministry."

Mr. E. L. Smith, a sympathetic layman, occupied the Hood River pulpit on the evening of July 20th, taking as his topic, "Why I Am a Unitarian." The greater portion of his address was taken up with reminiscences of the early days of California and the Northwest Territory. Referring to his experiences as a member of the California Legislature, he said: "I became a member of the Legislature mainly for the purpose of aiding in sending the Rev. Thomas Starr King, one of the greatest ministers ever on the Pacific Coast, to the United States Senate. Mr. King, who traveled from one end of the Coast to the other, urging the citizens to maintain the Union, passed away shortly before the time for the Legislature to make the election."

Dean Wilbur and family spent a generous portion of their vacation in camping out in the neighborhood of Quiney, and both enjoyed the experience and profited by it.

On July 13th Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, reviewed the fine session of the Fortieth National Conference of Charities and Correction, which ended the day before. His conclusions were that it had been of incalculable benefit educationally, and that the spirit shown had been of the highest type of social idealism. "There has been the most strenuous setting forth of all the facts to be discovered by experts in each department of social work and there has been no desire to sidestep them once known. Among practically all, the one demand was for the dropping of the word 'charity,' which does not convey the larger work of today at all, and replacing it with the word 'justice.' The demand is for social justice, industrial justice, political justice, educational justice, commercial justice, justice between man and man in all the relations of life, the practical application of the Golden Rule to all of man's life and activities. Another fine thing is the wiping out of denominational lines and isms. Shoulder to shoulder, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, Methodist and Unitarian, Baptist and Episcopalian, have fraternized as brothers. And, last of all, another note sounding through the conference was the fact that the entire problem is ultimately and finally a religious problem."

The Paris Congress held its first session on July 16th. It had been intended that the meeting should be devoted solely to the welcoming of the delegates and visitors, but the change in the plans of the local committee, introduced with the idea of affording visitors more leisure in the evenings, led to the inclusion of a number of addresses on recent signs of progress towards religious liberty. Altogether there were nineteen speakers, so that the welcome to the delegates by Pastor Wagner was a comparatively small item in the program. There were over five hundred persons present, and Dr. Wendte and the officers of the Con-

gress are already confident that the representative and numerical success is assured. Pastor Wagner offered the welcome to the delegates to the ancient land of France, land of Joan of Arc and of the Huguenots, and of the champions of the rights of man. He looked forward, the times helping us, to the enfranchisement of men in a new spiritual world, and declared himself attached to a religious faith so long as it progressed. After the address some thirty representatives and selected speakers were personally welcomed by M. Wagner. They represented England, America, Germany, Italy, Hungary, India, Ceylon, and many other lands, and the liberal religious communities of the world of which the Congress has become the official exponent.

An interesting Englishman by the name of Harry Gage has been lecturing in Berkeley, holding in the Unitarian Church what he calls a summer school of perpetual life. He says old age is a curable disease. He says we are to co-operate with nature, not defeat her, and he gives some good advice as to methods of doing it. "Take brisk walks every morning. Take water and sun baths. Eat sparingly and only when hungry. Eat meat if you cannot enjoy other foods, but nuts and fruits are the best diet. Eat as much uncooked food as possible, for heat breaks up the vital composition of food. Fruit contains elements that do not ossify the body. Eat at least one apple every day in the year. Chew thoroughly. The ripe olive is an excellent rejuvenative food, but the green olive has no food value. Olive oil is a solvent for lime deposits and should be used internally and externally. Do not drink water with your meals, but drink about one-half gallon of distilled water a day. Do not drink coffee, tea or alcoholic beverages. The mental attitude toward eating is more important, however, than the food. A feast of pork and pickles eaten in harmony is better than apples and figs in strife." He believes in work but he would not neglect play. "God may forgive us if we forget to pray," he says. "Nature will never forgive us if we forget to play."

The *Pacific*, after summarizing the commercial features of the work of W. A. Sunday, the evangelist, showing that during a few recent months he had pocketed over \$168,000, concludes that he is worse than a circus in skinning a community. "Billy" cheerfully admits his superiority, saying: "I've got all those other fellows skinned a mile in the free-will offering." But worse than his money-getting is his violation of the spirit of Jesus. In one of his sermons in Columbus, he said: "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the worst rot every dug out of hell." With a dramatic gesture, in another sermon, he called out: "There goes old Darwin; he's in hell sure," and in Toledo he faced Rev. Dr. Wallace, who had remonstrated with him, yelling: "Stand up there, you bastard evolutionist! Stand up with the atheist and the infidel and whoremongers and the adulterers and go to hell!" No wonder the *Pacific* exclaims: "Let a halt be called in the name of the Master by all Christians without regard to belief." But Mr. Sunday is announced to make one of the principal addresses at the International Christian Endeavor convention soon to be held in Los Angeles.

A Generous Gift.

The Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry has received a gift of \$5000 for the building fund from Mrs. Julia A. Fink Smith, Fresno, California. Mrs. Smith is devoting a large portion of her wealth for the common good. She has provided playgrounds for the children of Fresno, given \$5000 to the Fresno Unitarian Church and now comes the generous gift to the Unitarian Divinity School.

A building is about to be erected on the fine lot owned by the School at the corner of Dana Street and Allston Way, Berkeley, to cost about \$50,000. This building will accommodate the library, give three or four class-rooms and offices of administration.

The School opened for the academic year 1913-14 on August 19th.

Free men freely work;
Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease.
—Mrs. Browning.

Events.

The Unitarian Club.

One of the traditions of the Unitarian Club of California is that a number of the visiting professors who come to Berkeley for the wonderful summer school that has become so important a part of the University of California, shall be entertained at dinner before they turn homeward. Midsummer is not a favorable time for a large meeting of club members, but it is fitting that those who are not able to travel and are too busy to camp should have some pleasurable indulgences at home.

There are some compensations in small numbers. What is lost in impressive quantity is made up in the closer friendliness and family feeling of the more compact group.

On the evening of July 31st a pleasant company gathered in the sky-parlor dining-room of the Commercial Club, commanding a magnificent view of the business part of San Francisco, with the water-front and glorious bay. President Symmes was well flanked with professors, resident and visiting, and the speaking was delightfully informal and attractive, embracing no heavy set addresses, but brief, kindly, wise, witty talks by a good number of good-sized men, who felt the relief after duty done, and were under the full control of kindly spirits.

Professor Leon J. Richardson, dean of the Summer School, was first called upon, and illustrated the situation by an apt story of a cello player who, escaping from an infuriated bull, faced the animal when a fence intervened, drew his bow and implored him to sound his "a." The summer school was over, and had no terrors. The participants were safe and free. He reviewed briefly the advantages of contact with such men as they were able to command. In Germany it was formerly considered necessary, for the best educational results, to pass from one university to another, changing almost every semester, but it was a matter of economy to move the professors rather than the student-body.

He alluded to the old and the new educational ideas, the one emphasizing

culture and the other vocation,—and, as illustrating the tendency of the times, stated that the Lowell High School, perhaps the best in the State, which had adhered closely to the old, had on that day offered to students full choice, so that those who preferred the vocational course could take it.

The Summer School had enjoyed a very successful session, over 2,500 students being enrolled and the course having been pursued with great satisfaction and profit.

Mr. Horace Davis was selected for the welcoming of the representatives, and he performed the office most acceptably, speaking with great earnestness and vigor. Before formally extending welcome, he spoke of the encouraging vocational work of the group of three affiliated schools—the California School of Mechanical Arts, the Wilmerding School and the Miranda Lux School. Separately endowed and controlled by separate boards, they were under one management and through co-operation and division of work were very successfully accomplishing a common purpose. One taught the mechanical trades, one the building trades, and the other gave girls every opportunity for domestic training and the building of the home.

He heartily welcomed the representatives of Eastern colleges as ambassadors of culture and as missionaries who brought the gospel of higher and broader education. It was a great purpose and the benefit conferred entitled them to the gratitude and commendation of all Californians. It was a great pleasure to be allowed to entertain such men, and the Club was honored by their presence.

Professor William R. Vance, dean of the Law School of the University of Minnesota, expressed great pleasure at being so generously entertained. He had at first felt a little apprehensive at the somewhat denominational title of the club, but had been assured by President Symmes that in reality there was nothing sectarian or obnoxiously religious about the club. He was by tradition and training Presbyterian, believing that whatever was decreed was certain, whether it ever happened or not. He had encountered some difficulties in harmonizing certain passages in the Bible,

but found that those who did not want to recognize difficulties had no trouble in avoiding them, through facility of construction and interpretation.

He found California full of interest, and had enjoyed his work. He spoke pleasantly of his profession and of his experiences at the Summer School.

Professor Frederick L. Paxson, of the Department of American History of the University of Wisconsin, spoke very briefly, but very well, of his impressions of the Pacific Coast and of the value of the Summer School session.

He was followed by Dr. M. P. Ravenal, director of State Hygienic Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, who proved himself a very entertaining after-dinner speaker, with a fine command of fit stories. He also gave glimpses of his ability in his profession and as an exponent of the prevention of disease through hygienic care rather than its attempted care through the old methods of medicine.

The last speaker was Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith, professor of English Literature in the University of Virginia and Roosevelt Professor of American History at the University of Berlin, 1910-1911. His address was a fitting close to a fine evening. He alluded to the assertion of a witty critic that Boston was not a place but a state of mind, and his recent experience had convinced him that California was largely a matter of temperament. It was distinctive in its attitude and its life. It was unlike New England or the West or any other part of the country. It looked at things differently. Its spirit was different. It was, however, characteristically American and therefore idealistic. Before going to Germany to speak on American literature, he had spent a good deal of time in looking up what conclusions the best German scholars had reached as to its characteristics, and it had been a matter of great satisfaction to find that its idealism had strongly impressed the keenest observers. They recognized in our literature, generally, a note of higher idealism that they found in any other, and in spite of the popular impression that Americans were essentially materialistic, caring supremely for the dollar, their literature proved them idealistic. The

position accorded to the poet Longfellow and the universal adoption of the spirit of such a poem as "Excelsior," was highly significant. Aspiration for the highest is accepted as the American ideal. In many other poems sentiments of equal loftiness are found. Even ideals are subject to change. In 1841, when Longfellow wrote "Excelsior," the highest aspiration was for personal worth, personal integrity, personal purity—the highest possible perfection of the individual. To-day we place less emphasis on personal attainment and more on the good of society, the common welfare, and social service is the highest ideal. This change is reflected in literature and in his regard the poem by Sidney Lanier, in which the mountain stream overcame obstacles and surmounted difficulties, that it might find the plain and be of service to man, held a finer ideal than that of Longfellow, where the individual struggled for the mountain height, where he was alone in its chilly splendor.

Song of the Chattahoochee.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes wide abide, abide,
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurels turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said
"Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,"
*Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.*

But, oh! not in the hills of Habersham.
And, oh! not the valleys of Hall,
Aval; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the
main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to
turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond, the plain
Calls over the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—Sidney Lanier.

Joseph Worcester.

On the evening of August 4th, at his home on Russian Hill, Rev. Joseph Worcester, one of the most loved men that San Francisco ever harbored, breathed his last. Minister of the Second Swedenborgian Church, he served a small group of fine people, and was held by them in the highest estimation; but his influence extended far beyond his church, and was of extraordinary power. He was widely known and universally respected. A man of singular delicacy and refinement, shrinking from publicity, retiring in his habits, and modest to the verge of diffidence, he yet had tremendous strength. To those who came under his influence, his opinion and conclusions were unquestionably accepted. His judgments were unerring. He seemed to see and know the truth. His beautiful, unselfish life had great power of inspiration. People so loved him and so trusted him that they were glad to do anything he approved, and few knew the extent of the helpfulness he inspired.

He was a man of deep sympathy, and it was never manifested in empty feeling. He did much in direct human helpfulness, and he was the cause of much being done by others. He was deeply interested in boys, and for thirty years he has been the close friend and guardian angel of the boys at the home of the Protestant Orphan Asylum. He not only taught them, read to them, and brightened their lives on Sunday, but he held on to them when they left the institution. Through his influence a home was established in the Potrero where boys learning trades at the Wilmerding School are finely cared for. "The Rock" is a beautiful instance of what is being done to help in the making of men.

He won in a wonderful way the confidence and support of men who seemed to have little in common with him. It is related that a sympathetic capitalist once called on him and presented a small key, saying, "Mr. Worcester, I have rented a safe-deposit box. I have one key and you another. I will use mine to open the box and put in bonds. You can use the other to open it and cut off the coupons to use for anything you approve."

Everyone revered him, trusted him, and loved him. He had many close and devoted friends. Mr. William Keith was a very near friend. For many years they shared a simple luncheon almost every day at Mr. Worcester's home, and when the lovely little church in Lyon Street (Mr. Worcester's realization of his ideal) was built, Mr. Keith adorned it with a number of his wonderful paintings. Mr. Bruce Porter, another artist friend, has also sustained very intimate relations and been a valued assistant in his works of beneficence. In the history of the city, the work and influence of Joseph Worcester will hold a sure place, and his life is proof, not to be questioned, of the supremacy of goodness.

Burt Estes Howard.

At his home in Los Angeles, Professor Burt Estes Howard, professor of political science at Stanford University, breathed his last. He had been in poor health for a year or more, but few knew that the end was so near.

Professor Howard was 51 years old and a native of Clayton, N. Y., where he was born February 23, 1862. He was a graduate of the Western Reserve University at Cleveland and the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, and entered the ministry first as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Bay City, Mich. Later he went to the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, and in 1892 came to Los Angeles as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church.

In 1897 he left the ranks of Presbyterianism and organized the Church of the Covenant, an independent denomination. For three years he devoted his attention to the affairs of that church, and then accepted the position of acting associate professor of political science at Stanford.

After devoting two years to university work, Dr. Howard went to Europe, where he entered the Heidelberg University and obtained the degree of doctor of philosophy. He passed 1903 and 1904 studying in Berlin. Before going to Europe, he obtained a master of arts degree at Harvard.

In 1905 Dr. Howard returned to Los Angeles and became pastor of the First Unitarian Church of that city, a position

which he held until 1908, when he went to Stanford to become professor of political science.

During his career Dr. Howard has written several valuable books. He also has written short articles for current publications. Probably the best known of his literary works are: "Democracy and Education," 1911; "The German Empire," 1906; "The Shepherd's Question," 1906.

"The German Empire" is now a standard text-book, and his "American Citizenship," written in Germany, is a standard authority in Germany. He was completing a work on Emperor William II when illness ended his activity.

He is survived by a widow, two sons, Grenville and Graeme, and a daughter, Miss Emily Howard.

Dr. Howard was eminent in many fields. He was a strong preacher, with a winning and attractive personality. Brilliant intellectually, a ready and eloquent speaker, with a fine voice,—when he preached his hearers thought he should do nothing else, but he was by temperament and interest a student and a scholar, and quite naturally became a teacher and a professor. He was popular and efficient in his final profession. That he should find expression as an author was also natural. He wrote well and his books will not be forgotten. He was an interesting and attractive speaker, vigorous in manner, clear in statement, with a fine diction and a keen sense of humor. His addresses at the Unitarian Club and at the Commonwealth Club were always greatly enjoyed, and they left an impression. He spoke with authority on matters pertaining to education and with a stirring directness in the call for an upright life as the basis of good citizenship.

The Torch.

Make me to be a torch for feet that grope
Down Truth's dim trail; to bear for wistful
eyes

Comfort of light; to bid great beacons blaze,
And kindle altar fires of sacrifice.

Let me set souls aflame with quenchless zeal
For high endeavors, causes true and high.
So would I live to quicken and inspire,
So would I, thus consumed, burn out and die.

—*Albion Fellows Bacon.*

Fitting Testimonials.

At the July meeting of the Chit-Chat Club, of which Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg was a devoted member, the following memorial was submitted by the secretary and spread upon its minutes:

To the Members of the Chit-Chat:

It is my mournful duty to-night to record for his brothers of the Chit-Chat the death of Sheldon G. Kellogg. For nearly twenty-five years he was a member of this club. To no other body of men, perhaps, has the privilege been given to know him so well. He gathered with us from month to month in social intercourse; he participated with us in discussions; he contended with us in debate; he placed before us for consideration from time to time the results of his research, the conclusions of his reasonings, the fruit of his philosophy, the harvest of all that he admired or cherished or followed in the varied fields of politics, history, sociology, literature, science and art.

The Chit-Chat knew the gamut of his mind and heart. It was its good fortune to know him to the full, to know intimately and completely his high personal qualities, his contempt for aught unworthy or low, his hatred of wrong, his impatience with hypocrisy, his ardor for clearness, his love of truth, and his firm, fixed belief in the triumph of right.

We of the Chit-Chat have seen him as he criticised; we have listened as he lauded; we have witnessed his wrath kindle as he attacked injustice; we have heard his voice tremble as he told of misfortune's destiny. We came to know full well the many things that would ever bring a flash to his eye, even as we came to know the many that would bring a tenderness to his voice.

It was our precious privilege to know, to respect, to admire, and to prize all that he was and all that he stood for. In Sheldon G. Kellogg the one was the complement of the other—ambition and aspiration united with character to form a complete harmonious whole. It is this noble and happy union that we of the Chit-Chat will carry in our memory—a memory that we shall ever cherish as that of a true and noble friend, a courageous, gifted and brilliant man—sound in ideal, sound in aspiration, sound in heart, and sound in soul.

To his dear family and to all those that knew and admired and loved him the Chit-Chat Club—conscious of its own great loss—extends its deepest and sincerest sympathy.

At the late meeting of the Unitarian Club the following testimonial was adopted:

The Unitarian Club of California would add its sincere tribute of respect for the memory of Sheldon Gaylord Kellogg.

He was a most devoted member of our organization, deeply interested in its purpose, an earnest worker, helpful in counsel, sound in judgment, untiring in effort. For two terms he served with rare fidelity as our presiding

officer, advancing the interest and standing of the club.

As a speaker he was effective and convincing. Pains-taking and thorough in preparation, his fine mind well stored with all pertinent facts, his convictions firm and clear, his sincerity assured by every tone of his voice, his character reinforcing every word he uttered, every presumption was in his favor. He enjoyed the highest respect and the complete confidence of every member of the club.

His influence was strong and salutary. He was always stimulating and helpful. His faith in his fellow man and in the progress of good was communicable and no one could hear him speak from his full heart without being deeply impressed and strengthened in his own faith. His modesty, his simplicity, his ingrained honesty, his high ideals, his faith, his kindness, won the esteem and regard of all, and with those who knew him well, these ripened into love.

His memory will always be held dear, his example will be as a light on life's way. His faithfulness and his goodness increase our consciousness of the worth of man.

We ask his wife and children to accept our profound sympathy and would express our gratitude for the privilege of having known and loved him.

In token of our esteem this brief memorial is ordered spread upon the minutes of the club.

Prayer.

If, when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say,
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire,
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart,
religious fire,
The power to sway my fellowmen at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish ill,"
In such a prayer as this
The blessing I might miss.

Or if I only dare
To raise this fainting prayer,
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and weak,
And cannot tell what things I ought to seek,
I therefore do not ask at all, but still
I trust Thy bounty all my wants to fill,"
My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come.

But if I lowly fall
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee give
to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to
Thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length,"—
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.

—Charles Francis Richardson.

"Duty makes us do things well, but
love makes us do them beautifully."—
Phillips Brooks.

Contributions.

Our Gods.

I.

By Richard Warner Boorst.

In awe I watched the pageant of the world:
The lame, the halt, the blind,—all passed me
by;

The rich, the bold, the prideful, and the high;
And each face wore a look as if, unfurled
Before their raptured gaze, a banner, pearled
And gemmed and blazoned, flaunted in the
sky.

In wonder, then, I spake to one who nigh
Me stood—a sage on whom stern fate had
hurled

A thousand cruel events of high emprise:

“What marvel this, that captures all the eyes
Of this so motley throng? Is't the One-God

Who leans above them on his Holy Rod?”

“Not One,” he said, “but myriad seraphim.
Each makes his god, and then his god makes
him!”

The One-God.

II.

“But sage!” I cried in anguish and despair,

“Is there no One-God whom the world may
find;

Whose holy laws the centuries unwind
And trace unto their source; whose heaven,
fair,

Lifting white turrets in celestial air,
Because of its own beauty seems to blind
The sight of mortals—till, alas, the kind
And watchful One seems nodding in his care?”
“When men,” he said, “shall cease to wrest and
grasp

For these mean things of earth, loot, spoil,
Gold, silver, and shall learn the brother's clasp
For hands of those who sink beneath their
toil,—

Then shall the seraphs cry, “Behold your God!
Who leans above you on his Holy Rod!”

The Bible Militant.

By Theodore C. Williams.

The Bible has always had to fight for its life. The Old Testament—what is it? The collected fragments of an older literature, dispersed during the captivity of the Hebrews in Babylon, regathered afterwards by the redeemed nation. The canon of the New Testament is but the sifted best of the documents of the apostolic age. Its little books and letters were the missionary pamphlets of a church militant, a fighting church. Not a book could survive that was not vital. Each one was a fit survivor from destroying attacks of heresy, oblivion and unbelief.

No sooner was the Bible made, how-

ever, than the church which had formed it began to forget it. It was overlaid with creeds. It was violently misinterpreted by the mediæval church, which made the Scriptures an arsenal for the defense of every wild irrationality that was a stronghold for pope, priest or theologian. Bye and bye, the laity not only ceased to read the Scriptures, being forbidden under pain of death, but even the priests no longer read it in the original tongues—only scraps of it translated into ambiguous Latin, often incorrectly.

The Reformation was a struggle to resuscitate a forgotten Bible. For the right to read it the whole Christian world was plunged into hideous wars, both international and civil. Its translators, such as Wiclif and John Rogers, were burned at the stake. For the Papal church would have no people's Bible, and will not to this day. Yet with quotations from its cabalistic, priestly bible, it forbade men teach that the earth is round or is moving through the sky. Had not God said it was flat, and established it that it should *not* be moved? Out of the poetry of the Bible the church built up a pseudo-science; out of its free and vital utterances, an iron system of theology, and on this double foundation of false science and barbaric creed a towering edifice was reared, which fostered ignorance of nature and contempt for mankind.

But after the Reformation had won back a people's Bible, and the revival of learning had set scholars free to study its sources and original texts, even then the Bible still had to fight for its life. The reformers used it for dogma. A host of sects sprang up, some of which still live, each one thinking the most important thing in the “Word of God” was its own peculiar opinion or form of discipline. It was used to defend everything—King Charles and Cromwell, the burning of witches, the smashing of cathedrals, communities of the “elect” without marriage, property or clothes—as individual interpretation of Scripture, ignorant or over-wise, might variously command. This dogmatic sectarian use of the Bible confirmed the old church in declaring it a book dangerous to the people, and encouraged men of

the modern or scientific spirit to put it away as useless.

Then, in the last century, historical scholarship began. The higher criticism finally re-established the Bible as literature. Its errors and limitations were shown. New problems arose, some of which are still unsolved. And from these long battles of the scholars the Bible now emerges, monumentally important, more than ever a "Book of Life." But never again can it be used as infallible and final authority for anything whatever. Its ancient thoughts can never take the place of scientific discovery, nor be used in defense of obsolete morals. It can teach and inspire to truth and righteousness, but never again, in the hands of men acquainted with history or trained to exact thinking, can the Bible obscure new truth or be a stumbling-block to man's progressive conscience. Its greatest truths, though eternal, will never exempt the human mind from the necessity of thought and inquiry.

Because of this less authoritative position of the Bible in modern society, once again it must fight for its life.

The Roman Church kisses and incenses the book, but does not read it. It is still for the interest of ecclesiasticism to seal up from common eyes this document of the free spirit. It is most unchurchly literature, when once understood. But the new liberalism as well as the old orthodoxy leads people to neglect the Bible. Just as the German criticism of Greek and Latin classics has made them a burden to the flesh and their popularity is daily declining; so the elaborations of critical scholarship removes the Bible from the uneducated. It becomes a book for specialists. Thus its oldest defenders and its latest conspire together to crush the life out of the Bible, to dry it up, and put in on the shelf.

Therefore the lovers of the Bible today must help it fight for its life by showing how alive it is.

The writer believes it will emerge from its present dangers. As it surmounted the perils of ecclesiasticism and dogma, so it will be again restored to the ordinary reader. The priest failed to kill it; the dogmatist failed. The labors of

scholarship and scientific thought will finally give back the Bible to popular use; though up to this time they rather repel than attract the unacademic mind.

The analogy of the classics is helpful. They can never have again the supreme place in education which they had in the fifteenth century. But the friends of the classics claim for them a vital and indispensable place in intellectual culture for all time to come. In like manner the Bible is dethroned but not superseded. It will always contain the masterpieces of religious literature. We shall not repeat so often its words and prayers, but it will always teach us to pray. It may cease to dominate, but it will always inspire.

A great part in the enterprise of restoring the Bible to the hands of everyday people, so that they may use it in freedom and live in its spirit, should belong to our free churches. It is not for us to leave the Bible on the pulpit as a monument of past victories of the spirit. We must bring it back to our homes, our schools, our closets. Its poetry must sing again in our hearts. We must obey its living words, and translate them into life, faith and spiritual freedom.

Santa Barbara, July 23, 1913.

A July Reminiscence.

By Charles A. Murdock.

For eleven consecutive years the boys under charge of the Boys and Girls Aid Society of San Francisco have camped on the Barlow ranch, near Sebastopol, in Sonoma County, during the summer months, and served as berry-pickers for that fertile region.

It has been a fine arrangement for all concerned, the boys getting much, in health, pleasure, familiarity with country life, and a fine lesson in the value of sacrificing present comfort for future gain. Divided into working squads of about thirty under charge of some officer of the society, they sally forth in the early morning and systematically pick whatever berries are marketable — blackberries, logan-berries, or mammoths. Each tray turned in means a punch on a hat-band tag, and at night each toiler is credited with the amount he has earned. At the end of the season he is paid the total

due, a small charge being deducted for transportation and extra maintenance in camp. Some years over five thousand dollars has been earned, a large part of which has been paid over to the boys. The service they render is the best the berry-growers have ever experienced, and the demand for this trained and finely controlled labor always exceeds the supply.

When opportunity offers, the boys are given chances for fun and frolic. A neighboring swimming-pool is freely used and many challenging baseball teams are readily accommodated. On the Fourth of July the camp is the scene of a celebration that attracts large numbers of the surrounding community. Military discipline is always kept up, flag-raising in the morning being greeted by a salute from the entire battalion, and the bugle-calls following daily from reveille to taps. After the drill there are games, contests and races most of the forenoon and afternoon. Baseball games between the home teams and with visitors arouse great interest, and the final tug-of-war is a climax of excitement.

Extra good meals are provided for the boys, and under supervision they conduct a refreshment stand where soda-water, ice-cream and candy are sold and charged to their earning account, the limit of individual expenditure being adjusted to probable digestion.

The sun having sunk behind the rolling, vine-clad hills and the day of pure enjoyment having passed, the boys, 140 in number, gather for the celebration of the historic day. A platform for the Sunday services and other gatherings, with seats for all the campers, was supplemented by as many more seats brought from the open-air dining-room and elsewhere, accommodating a large audience, and it was there to be accommodated. From far and near, men, women and children, of varied occupations and many nationalities, had gathered to join in the exercises and enjoy the fireworks that ended the happy day.

"America" was sung with spirit and fervor. Then a Sebastopol high-school boy, formerly a member of the "Aid," read the Declaration of Independence very creditably. This was followed by patriotic recitations of high character,

including Scott's "My Native Land" and Speeches by John Adams and Patrick Henry, so forcibly put that one could imagine he was hearing them at first hand in the original convention.

Then the vice-president followed the habit of some years in a talk to the boys on the meaning of the birthday celebration and its relation to possible patriotism to-day. This year he recalled an incident of the late war and told how Francis Scott Key happened to write the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Another song, and the exercises closed. Then came a quite respectable display of fire-works, concluded by the lighting of a huge bonfire, which cast its glow afar, and afforded a center for a merry throng of boys who sang and frolicked and had all sorts of a good time, until the bugle-call brought them into line on the parade ground, from which they soon sought their comfortable tents, and speedily all was still.

And to think that such liberty and such fine control, and so valuable a lesson are for the boys of an institution, which, when it was built, was provided with two lock-ups, one lighted, where ordinary transgressors were immured, and one quite dark, supposed to be necessary for more serious offenders. Surely the world progresses. Experience teaches, and kindness, firmness, reason and patience bring something more than restraint and punishment. They bring opportunity, the assurance of sympathy and actual help in leading faltering steps to some foothold on life's way to character.

Capital Punishment.

By a U. C. Senior Girl.

That the killing of man by man is a barbarism which is bound in time to be abolished is my honest belief. Some argue that we kill every day animals which have as much right to live as we. But have they? The animals we kill are either pests or animals necessary for food. Darwin has shown that if any species were allowed to reproduce itself to its fullest capacity it would overpopulate the earth. This leads to the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest. The higher the species,

the more advantages it has over those below it, tending to keep the number of the lower species limited. Therefore we have in our power all the animals of the earth. But just why are we higher than any other living organism? Because of our power to reason, to think about our thoughts. But we have also inherited, according to Darwin, many of the animal instincts, and one of those is the getting rid of our fellow beings by killing them. The killing of one member of a species by another of the same species is not as common as the killing by individuals of unlike species, but we see it done and know it is due to the animal nature lacking power to reason. But we who are endowed with this faculty have not the excuse of the lower animals, and should and will, I believe, in time, by this very power, contrive ways of settling disputes, punishing criminals, or even eliminating them, not by the animal's method of killing, but by man's way, through the mind.

There is a famous doctor in New York who is said to cure the most depraved drunkards by hypnotism. We must not think any man is past redemption. Each one of us is part of God, and if our lower natures have so far gotten the better of us as to practically obliterate the fact, even then we should not discourage but look to ways of relief. The world is relying less each day on the methods of savagry. A man does not now kill his neighbor for stealing his pig. We have become more civilized, and if we can help criminals, as is being done to-day by releasing pressure from the brain, let that be done. Otherwise, let them be put to hard work, for life, if the crime justifies it, but let us not add any more stains of blood to the human race, by the killing of our fellow men, but rather let us make our remedies those of saving and of mutual helpfulness, and so live in the spirit of true religion.

A Japanese Unitarian.

Interesting light on the influence of the type of liberal Christianity known as Unitarianism is afforded by a remarkable letter lately received by Dr. Horace Davis from a Japanese friend who many years ago came under his influence, and

that of Dr. Stebbins in the First Church of San Francisco.

The young man, Saichiro Kanda, was very teachable and appreciative and showed so much fineness of character and general ability that he was helped in his studies and became fitted to teach and preach. He returned to his native country and for over twenty years served as secretary of the Unitarian Mission. He was universally respected and very much devoted to his work. In November, 1910, he relinquished the position for reasons that illustrate the essential difference between Occidental and Oriental customs and conceptions of duty. The family home of the Kandas was Kushi-moto, a small town in the south of Japan. The head of the family was a cousin of Saichiro, who conducted a small bank and other minor enterprises. When he suddenly died of apoplexy a family council was held to determine upon whom devolved the duty and responsibility of continuing the business and especially to sustain the social influence and the position of honor which he had long sustained. He had two sons, 28 and 22, who were thought too young to take his place. There was needed an older person to be their adviser and to manage the family interests. By Japanese custom he must be a Kanda. A canvass of the family showed that Saichiro was the most acceptable, and a messenger, in the person of an uncle, was sent to Tokio to secure his release from the position he occupied. Mr. MacCauley, in charge of the mission, was asked to give his secretary to the family, and he reluctantly did so. Saichiro felt under moral obligation to his late cousin, in that he had always paid especial kindness to the elderly father and mother, caring for them in his absence in Tokio, but it was very hard to give up the work in which he was deeply interested. The salary he was to receive was less than a third he gave up, as in addition to his salary as secretary he received one thousand yen as guardian of a nobleman. He also was forced to sell at half its value a house he had built, and, harder still, he was obliged to leave his wife, stricken with consumption, in a hospital.

The business he undertook was foreign to his life and distasteful to him. He

had no home comforts and no congenial society in his new position, but, accepting it as his duty, he faced it. His wife faded away. Twice he visited her at the hospital and for ninety days before her death he attended her constantly. Later he himself was taken sick and for a time was well nigh helpless, there being no hospital in the small town, but he struggled on.

He is uncomplaining, but writes to his friend: "However, now I entered into the new enterprise, no matter how small its recompense may be, *I know nothing but to do my best*. This spirit I call a Unitarian, and it is my religion, which I have been taught by my dear old Dr. Stebbins and yourself. When I got back to my native town, Kushimoto, containing over five thousand population, I started to organize the Kushimoto Young Men's Association, having the aim of public education and moral improvement among young people. It was organized, with aid of town officers, in June, 1911. It has nearly eight hundred members, including ages from fifteen to forty. I was elected as the first president for two years and re-elected a few days ago for another two years. From last May we began its monthly public lectures. It is most poor association indeed. We have no headquarters and hall. We are using one of the public school-rooms as its office and an old shabby, dim theater building as its lecture hall. The people of this town are materialistic at large; they have no idea of spirit or God, or even Buddha, except very few persons. Consequently their moral and religious ideal is too low indeed. They are mere mammon worshippers. So I am too new to them as St. Paul was too new to Romans. Now I don't know whether I am able to lead out successfully or not, *but I shall try to do my best*, as my life rule. I think it is unwise to push in my principles too quickly at present. So I shall try to push my course slowly, yet steadily, wherever I go. I expect to represent your religious spirit. I believe this is the only method to fulfill my moral obligation to your kindness which you have shown me while I was wandering in strange continent."

Women of Our faith

Mary A. Livermore—1821-1905.

By Emma R. Ross.

"In looking over the list of great and gracious women of our country, it may be doubted if there is one who will be found fifty years hence more broadly to represent the spirit of the nineteenth century than Mary Ashton Livermore," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward. Yet the attendants in libraries look blank when her name is mentioned, as do many who pride themselves on their large intellectual acquaintance.

Let us begin with the child, for there are incidents which indicate the prophetic cast which strong natures take on even in childhood. "I have the blood of six generations of Welch preachers in my veins," is the significant testimony of this woman, who for years packed the largest halls and theatres of the country when she spoke—perhaps on "Immortality."

Though born in Boston, that center of Unitarianism, Mary Rice's family were Close Communion Baptists of the most strict kind. Before she was ten years old, little Mary had wakeful nights, fearing lest her younger sisters might not be eternally saved. She even woke her parents to pray for them. When asked if they should not pray for her also, she sturdily replied: "Tisn't any matter about me; if they are saved I can bear anything."

As a little girl even, she was the defender of the "unfit" against the harsh treatment of the other school children. She was judge, jury and executioner to the unlucky bully who attempted any insult to the dubious procession of ragged and unkempt children, who felt safe in her shadow. What wonder that later in life a friend said of her: "It is doubtful if there is another woman of our day who is more sought by forlorn and friendless women—women needing comfort, encouragement, assistance; women bankrupt in character, charged with crime, awaiting trial; women who are called "outcast" and who are on the verge of suicide, than Mrs. Livermore.

She had the best education the times afforded. She never lost her interest in the famous Hancock Grammar School,

from which she was graduated at fourteen. I have heard one of the teachers say that she always inspired the pupils by her little talks when she visited the school, as she often did even in her busiest years. After "finishing" at the Charlestown Female Seminary, where she afterwards taught languages for three years, she and a few others applied for admission to Harvard, but were unequivocally refused.

When Mary was seventeen years old, a beloved younger sister died, a girl of singular purity and loveliness, in character a natural saint; but, alas, she had not been "converted" and could not be saved. Mary's anguish was terrible and continued for years. The little sister was in hell, and she, Mary, who would have gone there in her stead as unhesitatingly as she would have stood between her and the school bully,—she could not lift a muscle or use a heart-throb to prevent this moral outrage. So much purity—so much punishment—how much God? There was no religious sense at hand to convince the tortured creature that God, the Father, loved the dead child and that His love was wider than the measure of men's minds—even her father's minister.

This incident is given somewhat in detail because so few complacent, born-in-the-faith, dyed-in-the-wool Unitarians, have any slightest conception of the needless anguish of the souls all about them, souls that entreat and implore, hearts that are broken with losses, and weary with dragging the crosses too heavy for mortals to bear. We know the truth that would set them free. Whatever Unitarian originated the phrase, "We do not believe in proselyting," let us hope he is now in the other life repenting of the evil wrought by that mischievous doctrine. We do not need to *proselyte*, but is is criminally cruel not to give our word of faith to quiet their fever and pain.

Two years as governess in Virginia failed to bring relief to Mary's tortured heart, but it made her an ardent anti-slavery advocate. On her return friends interested a young Universalist clergyman in her struggle, and he showed her

the way of blessedness and peace so well that she finally married him,—Rev. Daniel P. Livermore. They had a beautiful home life for over fifty years. (I have not been able to find when she became a Unitarian, but she did.) The harshest criticism I ever heard of their union was made by Mrs. Livermore herself at a Unitarian festival, when she said that Mr. Livermore found fault with her for reading the *Christian Register* backwards, beginning with the column of "Pleasantries" on the last page. Methinks she was not the only offender.

For many years Mrs. Livermore was occupied with her family, with helping her husband as associate editor on a religious paper in Chicago, with writing for magazines and newspapers, and with her work for fallen women, which she found, as have so many, a Sisyphus task.

The public history of Mrs. Livermore began with the Civil War. "In the long, heroic list of women workers, few did a better, braver, sounder work than she." During the whole war not a week passed that she did not publish somewhere two or three columns at least, showing what was needed, or cheering the weary, waiting ones at home. Largely through her personal effort women nurses were allowed at the front. When she found at one camp that eighteen soldiers died the night before from cold and starvation, the country heard of it.

In 1862 the Northwestern branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was organized, and an influential body it was. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. A. H. Hoge were its agents. Throughout the Northwest Mrs. Livermore traveled, arousing, instructing, energizing the people, until the great commission, with the precision of a Corliss Engine, got to work. She was ordered to make a tour of the hospitals and posts on the Mississippi River. This trip resulted in an organized attack on the scurvy, which was proving more deadly than the enemy's bullets. She sent reports widespread through the papers, and in three weeks thousands of bushels of potatoes, onions and other vegetables were sent by the home workers and the scurvy danger was averted. One time she took twenty-three wounded men to their homes.

Their descriptive lists were lost, no one had authority to discharge them, but she went to General Grant, who gave the necessary order and she took them the long weary way.

The great Northwestern Sanitary Fair was held in Chicago in 1863. It is conceded to be Mrs. Livermore's inspiration. This fair, three months in preparation, netted nearly \$100,000 and was followed by a series throughout the North.

In her "Reminiscences," Mrs. Livermore tells of her first public speaking. Some one failed or something, and she was trying to coach someone to speak, and was told: "Mrs. Livermore, you must do it yourself. You owe it to the 'boys.' You know their needs as none of us do. Tell the story yourself. No one can help them as you can." She began with everything black before her, but she kept saying to herself, "The brave boys, the poor boys; I must not fail them." And when she came to herself she had spoken for an hour and a half. Those who ever heard her lecture will know how eloquent that talk must have been.

All through the war she "mothered" the boys in blue. One year she wrote seventeen hundred letters for the sick and dying. Always the dying man believed in immortality and only one was afraid to die. One of these letters was partly dictated by the dying soldier, but the Great Summons came before he finished, and Mrs. Livermore added her own tender words of sympathy. The letter was the greatest treasure of the heartbroken mother and the frail young wife. It was passed to other mourning ones, till it fell apart and was then stitched together and copies made for the many who needed its words of comfort. Years after the mother drove eight miles to where Mrs. Livermore was lecturing to give her the wedding ring of the dead daughter-in-law, Annie, who had wished Mrs. Livermore to have it.

It would seem that this record was enough for one woman, but next month's story will show that she did not rest upon her laurels. There was with her the certainty of power and the later years of her life seem the record of a feminine Hercules.

Freda and Nellie in England.

(Continued from July number.)

By Annie Margaret Pike.

CHAPTER III.

HYSTED.

When they had spent some weeks in London an invitation came to Mrs. Haworth to go and see her other brother, who lived with his family at the little country village of Hysted in Essex. Mrs. Haworth was to spend awhile there with the children, and then to leave them behind with their cousins while she paid visits amongst her English friends.

It was now much warmer than on their arrival in England, the days were growing longer. Freda and Nellie looked forward to a very pleasant time in the country.

They went from Liverpool Street Station by train to Braintree, changing carriages at Witham. The journey only occupied a few hours, and they were soon being packed into the pony-carriage which their uncle had sent to meet them. Their luggage was to follow in a cart.

The trees were coming into leaf and all the countryside looked fresh and green. The celandines showed their shining yellow flowers here and there in the grass, and in some places early primroses could be seen.

A drive of a few miles along level roads brought them to the village of Hysted where the ground rose a little, and the road wound up between pretty cottages with bright gardens, past the gate of the old churchyard, and so on and out into the country once more. They stopped at a two-storied house covered with creepers, and standing in a large garden.

Aunt Emily and five cousins were on the steps to greet them, the sixth little cousin, the only boy in the family, was asleep in his cradle indoors.

How those seven girls laughed and chatted, and planned endless fun for the long summer that lay before them.

Their aunt insisted that they should have dinner before they went out of doors again, for she guessed that if they were once out it would be impossible to get them to come in for a very long time.

Phyllis, the eldest of the Jackson girls, was older than Freda, then came Eva,

older than Nellie, than Betty, Ellen and May, like steps of stairs.

Phyllis had black hair which she tried to keep smoothly brushed, but it had a rebellious way of waving at the temples, that Freda and Nellie, whose hair was quite straight, admired very much.

Eva wore hers in a long plait tied at the end with a bow of ribbon that was always coming off.

The three youngest had short curling fair hair.

Mr. Jackson was overseeing the completion of a large Manor House, and he left home early in the morning and did not return until after the children's bedtime in the evening, so they saw very little of him on week-days.

On Sunday morning baby John was left at home in the care of the maid, while all the rest of the household went to church.

With the three Hawthorns added to the seven Jacksons, they were a long procession.

On their way through the village Eva warned Nellie to beware of the "Dog-rapper" in church.

"I don't know what a dog-rapper is," said Nellie.

"Well," said Eva solemnly, "you know some people go to sleep in church, and the dog-rapper is a man with a long rod who watches from down near the door, and comes and taps them on the head to wake them up."

Nellie was not sure whether Eva was not making fun of her, but she thought it wise to keep very wide awake all through the long service. It was not at all easy to do this, for the day was warm, and the voices of the clergyman and the choir in the chants and responses had a sleepifying effect.

Little May rested her curly head against her mother's arm and went to sleep and no "dog-rapper" disturbed her; but then, Nellie reflected, it might well be that she was small and the back of the pew so high that he had not seen her.

Myrtle Cottage was a charming place to the two little city girls, and they spent many happy weeks there. They enjoyed feeding the fowl, and watching the cow being milked, and when baking day came round they helped to carry

the faggots that were used to heat the large brick oven in the bakehouse across the yard. Aunt Emily had a busy time in supplying bread enough for her big family. The stem of a stout sapling with a forked branch at the top was kept for pushing the wood into place, and as it was not needed on other days of the week for any purpose, the children were allowed to borrow it and take it with them on their walks. They used it as a bridge for crossing ditches and shallow streams. Phyllis or Freda could generally leap across, then the "faggot-stick" was laid down, and they on one side, and Eva and Nellie on the other held it in position, while Betty would sit on it and slide along slowly never very far at either side from the outstretched helping hands of the older ones. Many beautiful wild flowers were reached in this way which, without the invaluable "faggot-stick" could not have been gathered.

One morning as they were in a shady lane, they heard the sound of horses feet approaching, and a cherry voice hailed them as Mr. Heath came round the corner on his bay mare, "Nora." He was a "gentleman-farmer," and belonged to a very large family. All but himself were settled in more distant parts of the country, but he lived with his widowed mother at the Grange Farm near Hysted.

"Why, what have we got here?" he said in his loud hearty voice. "Two more little girls, I do declare. It's a month of Sundays since you children came to see my mother. Bring your visitors and come the day after tomorrow and have tea with her; and tell your mother I will drive you all safely home at bed time," and without waiting for an answer Mr. Heath rode on.

The children were in such haste to tell the good news that they rushed off home at once, quite forgetful of the precious "faggot-stick." The loss was not discovered till the next day and then a search party was organized. Phyllis and Freda at once volunteered upon it, being the best walkers, and feeling responsible as the elders of the flock; but alas, their search was in vain. A new "faggot-stick" had to be cut, and the children were forbidden to take it outside the bakehouse door.

The tea party at the Grange Farm was all that a tea party should be.

Seven little girls so besoaped and bescrubbed that Eva declared their faces shone like the polished fender in the drawing room, seven little girls with the whitest of white pinafores, and with jackets neatly folded over their arms to be worn when coming home in the evening, made their way up the drive to Mrs. Heath's front door. It stood wide open, and they had time to look at the sunny hall with its racks for sticks and whips and hats and coats, its stag's head with glass eyes that seemed to stare at them, and its rows of flowering plants in wire stands: before a door on the right opened and an old lady with gray side-curls and rosy cheeks came out and kissed them all in turn, beginning at the smallest.

They left their jackets and hats in the hall and followed her into the dining room, where tea was set out on a long table. There was a high chair next to the hostess for May. It must have belonged to one of those tall Mr. Heaths when he was a baby, Freda thought, for her cousins had said that Mrs. Heath had no grandchildren. Ellen was mounted on an ordinary chair with two extra cushions upon it to make it high enough, and Betty had the piano stool well wound up. The others were grown enough to manage with the leather covered dining room chairs, though Nellie found hers a rather slippery perch.

Strawberries were early that year, and they had strawberries and cream, served in pretty old china saucers, and eaten with silver spoons; and thin bread and butter, and home-made muffins and crumpets and cake.

It was not by any means a nursery tea, but just what would have been on the table if the Vicar and his wife had been the guests instead of seven little girls.

Mrs. Heath asked Freda and Nellie a great many questions about Ireland, and about four-leaved shamrock, and about potatoes, and she was surprised when they told her that in Ireland potatoes are not peeled before they are cooked, but are brought to table in their jackets and peeled by each person as used.

After tea they went out into the gar-

den and the older ones played "hide and seek" and other games, while Mrs. Heath told fairy stories to Ellen in the summer house, and May played with a big wooden doll in a blue sunbonnet that had been produced from some mysterious drawer.

Mr. Heath had gone to Braintree as it was market-day there, but before it was dark he drove up and took them all home as he had promised.

There were no stretches of woodland within a short walk of Myrtle Cottage, but there were several spinneys that made just the right sort of picknicking places for the children. There were trees enough to make it easy to imagine oneself in a forest, and yet there was no danger of the younger ones straying away and being lost. They were always within call, and Phyllis was thoroughly to be trusted to look after them.

Aunt Emily often packed a lunch basket for the party, and sent them off for delightful long summer days. She would give them a couple of loaves of her homemade bread, a pot of jam, a cup of butter, some pasties that were a specialty of hers, and plenty of lemonade, also of her own making. The pasties were about as large as the tarts that the greedy Knave of Hearts stole, but which he seems never to have had a chance to taste. They were different in one respect, for they were covered in and the filling was of chopped up meat, or ham and hard boiled eggs. Sometimes they had sausage rolls instead.

On these excursions the children would first choose a spinney, and make a camp there, gathering wild flowers and ferns and branches and decorating it with them; and when they were tired they would settle down comfortably and invite Eva to tell them a story.

Eva was always ready. Her supply of tales was seemingly inexhaustible. They were all romantic. The thrilling adventures of the luckless but surpassingly beautiful princess Lucilla made Betty sit, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, gazing in astonishment at her sister.

Ellen always clapped her hands when the gallant knight came to the rescue, as he never failed to do, and May had been known to burst out crying in misplaced

sympathy at the horrible fate of the villain.

One day Betty, encouraged by the applause that had greeted Eva's latest invention, announced that she had a story to tell them.

Freda and Nellie said they would like to hear it very much. Her own sisters were not so enthusiastic. Perhaps they had had previous experience of Betty's stories; however, nothing daunted by their lukewarmness, she began:

"Once I was running to Mrs. Heath's with a message from Mother."

"Oh!" said Eva, "you oughtn't to make yourself the heroine, Betty."

"But I don't," said Betty, "I wasn't the heroine. I was mother's messenger, she said so."

"What happened, Betty?" asked Freda as the child paused.

"There came a turkey gobbler out of the Heath's yard, for the gate was open, and he chased me, and I screamed and ran, and then old Abel came with his pitchfork, and he drove him away, and I cried, and Mrs. Heath kissed me, and gave me some sugarstick and a penny, and I forgot my message, and mother didn't scold me, and she washed my sticky face, and that's all."

"That's a good story," said Freda, "you got all the things into it. The princess in distress,—that was you; and the gallant prince,—that was old Abel, and the villain,—that was the turkey-cock."

"No," said Betty, "I was mother's messenger, I wasn't a princess; and old Abel was just old Abel with his pitchfork."

They all laughed at that and then Eva suggested that it was time to go home.

Old Abel lived alone in a cottage near the Jacksons' house, and was very kind to the children whenever he met them. It was not long afterwards that he died. One morning when Mr. Jackson opened the front door, he found the old man lying dead on the path. He had evidently been taken ill in the night and had come to ask for help.

(To be continued.)

"Father, would you advise me to buy a pair of skates, if—er—any one should happen to give me about \$3?"—*Life*.

Selected

Success for Boys and Girls.

[In the Portland *Oregonian* of a late date appears an interview with Dr. T. L. Eliot, by W. H. Warren, which presents so much of good counsel that we give it in full.]

Boys, you cannot be successful and drink intoxicating liquors.

Dr. T. L. Eliot, minister emeritus of the First Unitarian Church, President of the Reed Institute Board of Trustees and one of the grandest old-young men that ever lived in Portland or any other city, says so, and Dr. Eliot knows.

Dr. Eliot has lived so long in Portland that everyone—nearly everyone—knows him, and all who know him love him. He speaks from the ripe years of experience, and when I asked him how a boy or girl may be successful in life, he laid down a few simple rules, but the chief thought is "be unselfish, be patient and you will attain success."

Dr. Eliot gives no advice to the young that he does not take to himself. You can see that he has been a patient man all of his long life as you gaze into his face. His hair is white with the years, but as you talk to him you do not think he is "old," and he is not, for he lives not in the past, but in the present and future. He is as deeply interested right now in the many problems that confront the people as ever, and takes delight in advising and assisting in the various questions of the day.

Of course, I was not at all surprised when I asked Dr. Eliot "is it absolutely playing with fire" for a boy to drink intoxicants, and he said yes.

Still, as he answered, somehow I caught a new impulse and saw the danger that lurks in the cup.

Neither was I surprised when he said that no boy can be a very great success and smoke cigarettes, but I know that these words of advice, coming from such a man as Dr. Eliot, are worth countless thousands to Portland's youth, if but heeded.

"What are the requisites for true success for a young man or woman?" I asked Dr. Eliot.

"High ideals and patient effort to attain," he replied, with a smile.

There is nothing at all unusual about this reply, perhaps, but the words spoken by one whose life glows with success, is it not well worth while for every boy and girl in Portland and elsewhere to ponder over them? In this age of more or less "loose" ideals, when sordid commercialism seems to have fastened itself upon us, is it not splendid to hear such words from one who has spent his life in "patient effort to attain success" give a requisite so simple and yet so certain of accomplishment if followed?

"What advice would you give to a boy or girl, in order to insure happiness through life?" was my next question.

"Strive to make others happier and better."

A brief reply, but, when you ponder over the few simple words, you soon realize that Dr. Eliot knows full well that one cannot be happy without first adding to the happiness of others. Hence his answer, so characteristic of the man himself, for he has been a great factor in creating happiness for others.

The next question which I asked Dr. Eliot was one of the chief features of the interview, for I knew full well that anything he would say on this subject would be read by the multitude with great interest.

"Do you believe in early marriage?" was the question.

Now, Dr. Eliot has married, well, I have no idea how many couples, but so many that he has seen every side of the situation and he has a vivid realization of the sanctity of the relation and the solemnity of the vows.

"Yes," he replied, "when entered into for the highest purpose of making a home and serving one's race."

Therefore, according to Dr. Eliot, young men and women should have a very thorough knowledge of the seriousness of what they are about to do before "getting married." It is all-important that no mistake be made, but the sad fact is, he pointed out, that, too many times, young people enter into marriage suddenly, without any particular understanding of its solemnity. Soon comes the storm, with its disastrous results, ending in the divorce courts, and broken hearts and homes.

And then I asked him another question along the same line, "How can a couple avoid divorce and live happily together for long life?"

"By being unselfish, by mutual concessions, by religious consecration," was the wondrously-wise reply.

What a beautiful word picture did Dr. Eliot here paint of a truly happy married couple, living in contentment together through the long years of life. Nothing of selfishness, but all of unselfishness; no strife, but concessions, combined with religious consecration—not any narrow sectarian religion, but the broad kind, that takes in all that is good, for Dr. Eliot has none of the narrow kind in his make-up. All that he said on this subject, as on the others, he said from experience, for he has lived this life himself, a family of eight children having blessed his home.

And here is something for the girls to think over.

"No girl can be a success," said Dr. Eliot, "and neglect her home duties. No more can she do this than can a boy neglect his home and be a success. Both boy and girl must be obedient to their parents and must have love and respect for them. It is far from right for a boy or girl to think they can slight their little home duties and be able to grow into manhood or womanhood and attain success. It is certain that if a boy or girl neglects the home life and seeks pleasure, amusement or enjoyment elsewhere they will sooner or later be found drifting into places and participating in things that tend to degrade them. There is no place like the home for the boy or girl."

One of the most beautiful sentiments expressed by Dr. Eliot during the interview was that which he uttered in reply to the question as to what is the highest goal a woman can attain.

"The highest goal that a woman can attain," said he, "is, in general, the same as for a man, namely, to cultivate all her powers and use them to bless others. A woman should at all times, under all circumstances and conditions, be womanly, a messenger of faith, hope and love for God and to mankind."

Dr. Eliot is one of the "sunniest" men who ever radiated love and beamed forth

wholesomeness in private and public life in Portland, to which city he came more than forty-five years ago. They called him the "boy pastor" when he first appeared in this beautiful city, and, while he is past seventy-one now, he acts young and talks young, and his years only add to the weight of the wise words here given.

He is the dean of the Portland ministers, all of whom admire him for his gracious manner on all occasions. Always a busy man, he is never too busy to speak a kind word or to do a loving deed. Consequently, he was glad to take the time from his work to answer a few questions when informed that something that he would say undoubtedly would help some of the boys and girls who would read his statements.

A lover of all that is good and noble, Dr. Eliot has lived a most active life in Portland, having devoted his time most freely to civic affairs, both in the city and State. At various sessions of the Legislature he found time to assist in putting through laws for the general good of all, and to this city he has given years of faithful, painstaking labors.

Dr. Eliot was pastor of the First Unitarian Church until January, 1893, when he retired, but he was elected minister emeritus, and on numerous occasions since occupied the pulpit, and he always puts his old-time vigor and enthusiasm into his sermons.

He has ever been active in municipal affairs, his tireless energy being generously poured out to help others. He served on the Park Board for years; he put in ten years as president of the Oregon Humane Society, where he showed forth his gentleness and accomplished much for the good of the cause. He is interested in art and is a director in the Art Museum. He served as County Superintendent of Schools from 1871 to 1875; gave of his time to the Public Library and Prison Board; acted as a trustee of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society for twenty years, and also as trustee for the Childrens' Home. In fact, there is scarcely any good thing in which he is not now or has not been in the past actively interested.

Dr. Eliot has put his stamp indelibly

upon Portland. He is a part of it, and I do not wonder that he is interested in boys and girls and that he is anxious that they shall live long and be happy, as he himself has. A man who has lived so close to nature, who has been so engrossed in the lives of others cannot but be a success, and it was because Dr. Eliot is acknowledged by all to be such a success that I sought to get from him a few ideas to give through the *Oregonian* to the youth of Portland and Oregon, especially, and to others generally.

Certainly Dr. Eliot's wise counsel is golden. If closely followed by a boy or girl, they cannot fail. But, if they do follow his advice they will have to sacrifice, as he has sacrificed all of the frivolous things of life, if it is proper to use the word "sacrifice" in this connection. At any rate, while Dr. Eliot believes in healthful recreation, amusements of a high order, and athletics that go to make thorough men and women, all that tends to retard progress and to cripple the growth of all the faculties, must be "thrown overboard," as it were.

I know that Dr. Eliot has had a "good time" in his life, but not an idle, unavailing life of "amusement," for he shows it. He looks the part and, in saying that no boy can succeed who drinks intoxicating liquors or who smokes cigarettes, Dr. Eliot is not attempting to take from the boy some worthy pleasure; he is endeavoring to impress upon the boy of today the fact that science says all stimulants dwarf the growth of both mind and body, and with this established, one can easily see that the kindly man of rich experience is seeking only to save the boy from sorrow and point out to him the danger.

Certain it is that one so loving and so thoughtful for the welfare of others would never seek to deny a boy or girl any pleasure that would add to their joy in life or that would help them to better and more rounded lives.

You will note that in this article nothing is said of money. I said nothing about it and Dr. Eliot did not; I knew that Dr. Eliot has always been more deeply interested in other things and so the money question did not enter into this interview. Any boy or girl who

follows the advice given by him, however, will lose nothing in a financial way, for every bit of his advice leads to care, saving and economy.

So, without doubt, Dr. Eliot's advice if closely observed, will lead to certain success for the boy or girl.

Socialism and Christian Science: A Contrast.

On July 6th Rev. E. Stanton Hodgins of Los Angeles spoke on "Seeking the Kingdom of God." After naming Plato's Republic, Francis Bacon's New Atlantis, Sir Thomas More's Utopia, the French Revolution, and the whole democratic movement of the eighteenth century as secular counterparts of the faith in and the seeking for the kingdom of God set forth in the Bible, he turned to two modern movements—Christian Science and socialism, in which, he declared, we have to-day's manifestation of the world-old faith and longing. In contrasting them, he said in part:

"Of these two movements one assumes to be religious and the other does not. I doubt if one is any more truly religious than the other. Christian Science says, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand and always has been at hand. This whole universe of life is perfect in every respect. There isn't a flaw in it anywhere, for it is of God and God is complete. The only thing that is wrong anywhere is mortal mind.'

"The socialist, on the other hand, says, 'No; things would be all right inside if they were only right outside. The source of all evil is in the evil conditions. If our economic and industrial machinery could only be organized aright, so that justice and equity and liberty would obtain, man would very soon respond to those conditions and would cease to do evil and learn to do well.'

"While these two movements overlap, the contrasts are most striking and instructive, if we study them for instruction and not for carping criticism. One appeals to the rich and successful; the other to the poor and unsuccessful. If you attend a Christian Science service, you find the meeting place most elegant. Everything is artistic and pleasing. The people come gloved and dressed in the

most faultless manner. They speak in modulated and softened tones, and you see studied poise everywhere.

"Attend a socialist meeting and note the contrast. It is usually in some ugly, stuffy hall. They come slouching in with a sort of studied neglect in their whole appearance. Every movement, every look and every gesture is a challenge. The meetings move on with halt and jerk and countless interruption. Debate and discussion and repartee is the joy of their company.

"Each of these conditions is in perfect accord with the philosophy of life underlying it. The Christian Scientist must make himself and everybody else feel that the world is just right as it is.

"The socialist, to be true to his philosophy, is moved by directly opposite feelings. He wants to prove to himself and to the world that everything is dead wrong. So he, consciously or unconsciously, assumes an attitude of abused and battered-out wretchedness, whether he really feels it or not."

Peace.

There is no speech nor language to express
The secret messages of God, that make
Perpetual music in the hearing heart,
Below the voice of waters, and above
The wandering voice of winds, and underneath
The song of birds, and through all varying
tones
Of living things that fill the earth with sound,
God spake to her, and all she heard was peace.

So when the Master questioned, "Dost thou hear?"

She answered, "Yea, at last I hear." And then
He asked her once again, "What hearest thou?
What means the voice of Life?" She answered
"Love!"

—Henry Van Dyke.

World Family.

With all our English cousins
And my own dear Uncle Sam,
I've got so many relatives
I scarce know who I am;

Maybe these children on the screen,
Beside the mantle-piece,
Are my little Japanephew
And my little Japaniecee.
—George O. Butler in St. Nicholas.

"Give me health and a June day and a book and I will put to shame the pageantry of Kings."—Emerson.

From the Churches.

PORTLAND, ORE.—With sincere regret we saw the close of the course of instructive lectures on "The History of Unitarianism and Its Scriptural Justification," by Mrs. T. L. Eliot, and also those inspiring lectures on "Civic Improvement," by Mr. Arthur E. Wood, of the Reed College, and we are now awaiting with interest the announcements as to the special Alliance activities for the coming year.

The World's Christian Citizenship Conference, the long heralded gathering of eminent Christian scholars and teachers from many different countries to consider and discuss all the varied phases of Christian endeavor and uplift, convened here on June 30th and continued in session for one week.

The Unitarian pulpit was filled on June 29th by the delegate from Asia Minor, Dr. Haigazian, president of Konia College, an institution that is doing a wonderful Christian educational work among the Armenian and native boys and young men, and who gave us a most interesting description of the good results which are being accomplished by this and other similar educational institutions maintained in that country by the various American missionary agencies.

On the following Sabbath, Rev. Howard Ives, also of the conference, was invited to preach for us.

Rev. W. G. Eliot, our pastor, again yielded the privilege of his pulpit, introducing Mrs. Ada E. Sheffield, of Cambridge, Mass., who spoke to us on Sunday morning, July 13th, upon the work of the State Board of Charities and Corrections of Massachusetts.

The minor church activities are omitted during the summer months, excepting the morning Sabbath service, which is unusually well attended, considering that it is the vacation season.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The usual summer vacation for the month of July will this year be extended to include August, as Rev. Mr. Dutton could not take up the work till the first of September. Letters from him express the zeal and courage with which he will assume his duties. He recognizes the high traditions he will

be called upon to sustain, and that his task is not an easy one, but he is eager to seize the opportunity for service and anticipates satisfaction in the hard work he expects. The various church societies are enjoying rest and being fortified for extra activity later on.

Mr. Dutton expects to arrive in San Francisco on the evening of September 1st. He announces as sermon topics for the month of September: "The Goal of Our Effort," "The Passion for Reality," "The Pearl Merchant" and "The Meaning of God."

The Society for Christian Work will reassemble after the summer vacation on Monday, August 24th, the business meeting to be at 2:30, and at 3 the social gathering, which will be devoted to "Vacation Echoes."

LOS ANGELES.—The last days before vacation were saddened by the death of Dr. Burt Estes Howard, former minister of this church. Services were held Monday, July 14th, at 10 A. M., and the Auditorium was filled with those who knew and loved him well. There was nothing harsh or gruesome, just a simple, restful service. Rev. Mr. Hodgins spoke true words of cheer and uplift, and the exquisite music of the choir opened the Gates of Peace. The trustees, past and present, attended officially.

Were there no other monument to Dr. Howard, the family might well be proud of the clear-eyed, clean-souled young men who came from Stanford as body-guard. The local students also served as a guard of honor. To have won the love of these young hearts and to have given them the inspiration of high ideals, is a crown of glory for any man.

The church will re-open September 14th, but the busy Alliance has planned several picnic afternoons at the homes of members.

Mr. Hodgins's sermon topics were: "The Kingdom of God," and "Our Year's Work Together." This closes the first year's topics in the three years' course outlined last fall. Both minister and people are well pleased with the venture and look forward to the coming season with earnest joy, when some of the great personalities of the past will be considered.

Books

[All books reviewed in the PACIFIC UNITARIAN are on sale at, or may be ordered through, the Pacific Unitarian Headquarters, 376 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.]

THE FAITH OF THE INCARNATION. By Clay Mac-Cauley, A. M. Kelly & Walsh. Yokohama, Japan.

Our representative in Japan is a student as well as a missionary of the reformed type. He has thought and studied for many years on Christianity, its beginnings, its development and its metamorphoses, and he has done well in presenting to the world of inquiring readers his conceptions and conclusions. He dedicates the book in grateful remembrance to "two friends and teachers of my youth—Frederick Henry Hedge, profound expositor of 'the faith of the incarnation,' and Edward Everett Hale, 'inspiring example of the brotherhood of man.'"

The book is divided into four parts—"Beginnings of Christianity," "Evolution and Metamorphosis of Christianity," "Emancipation and Modern Development of Christianity" and "Modern Christology." The first two parts comprise about four fifths of the 429 pages, and form a valuable summary of the historical facts, impartially and sympathetically presented. They present the results of close study and give a comprehensive view of the processes by which Christianity reached the position it had attained at the time of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

The first chapter of book three is devoted to the period from 1500, when philosophy was separated from dogma, and reason was placed above church authority. The development of rationalism and the union of philosophic idealism with Christian faith are treated in the two succeeding chapters, and chapter four treats of the part played by modern Unitarianism in the evolution of Christianity. The summary is of interest as presenting his point of view, from which the world sketch is drawn—"Unitarianism, as one among the forces which are prophetic of a form of Christianity which shall realize for mankind the full religious consciousness of Jesus Christ, and, therein, satisfaction of man's longing for union with God."

The final chapter treats of the consciousness of the Fatherhood of God, and the Realization of the Brotherhood of Man, concluding with the Modern Expansion of Social Service, Social Service under the Christ Ideal, the Present Social Awakening of the Churches, the Christ Ideal, and Man's Motive and Goal.

THE SUPREME REALITY. By Samuel R. Calthrop, L. H. D. American Unitarian Association. \$1.25.

The American Unitarian Association has rendered a good service in making available this strong word from the vigorous veteran of the church at Syracuse. In his preface the author says his word is mainly for the plain men and women who really want to know of the surrounding universe. He expresses the fear that if they are to rely on the last word of philosophy, they may find to their despair that little

can be understood. Even Professor Jacks of the *Hibbert Journal* confesses that he cannot understand at all the latest light that Oxford (his own university) has thrown on the universe. Dr. Calthrop is firm in the belief that with the aid of science, plain people can know much more about the universe than they now think possible, "provided always that they are willing to trust their own common sense, when that speaks plainly and clearly."

"The Supreme Reality is the universe itself, is the sum total of things, things visible and invisible, things material and things spiritual." He devotes his first chapter to a general consideration of the great theme, combining, as in the subsequent chapters, the testimony of science and religion. He writes with clearness and strength and with a fine unifying spirit. In his mind there is absolutely no conflict between science and religion. They are complementary forms of truth and must move together.

One of the finest chapters of the book is on "The Preacher of To-day," wherein faith is made the chief consideration, and it is shown that all the discoveries of science as well as of religion have been made by faith, which is in fact "the indisputable condition of fine performance." The chapter on "Prayer" contains a helpful suggestion. Prayer changes no laws, but it changes the relation of God to the soul, "just as opening the window of a hot, close room changes the relation of the outward air to the room. It simply gives it the opportunity of free entrance. Before, it did what it could. It tried to enter under the door and through the chinks in the window-frames. It prevented, even by this inadequate means, the people inside from being absolutely stifled. But when the window was opened from the *inside*, then it had an abundant entrance. The law of the atmosphere was not altered a jot by the opening of the window. "Just so, prayer opens the windows of the soul so that God can enter in larger measure."

"God Inside His World" and "The Soul in History" are especially fine chapters. A great need of to-day is a robust faith, and this book exudes it on every page.

"TWIXT LAND AND SEA. By Joseph Conrad.

New York. George H. Doran Co. 12mo. Cloth. Price, net, \$1.25.

The three stories contained in this volume are tales of barbaric coasts, where life is revealed in its essentials, stripped of its artificialities. They treat of human character as it develops, for better or worse, when brought into contact with untamed beings, intense heat and the alluring treachery of the tropics.

The stories are told ostensibly by three captains of ships. In the first one, "A Smile of Fortune," there is a queer tropical harbor adventure; in the second, "The Secret-Share," a new captain undertakes the hazard of hiding in his own suite, off barbaric coasts, a mate who has escaped from another ship after killing a man; in the third, "Freya of the Seven Isles," a brutal Dutch commander blots out the tropical romance of a Danish maiden and an English rover.

[For the PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

THE NECESSARY EVIL. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York. Harper & Brothers. Price \$1.00 net.

This play expresses just what the author thinks about the social evil. There are four people in the cast—an old musician, his daughter, an innocent girl, who has been an invalid most of her life; his son, a young "man of the world"—and a woman. The son comes home from London to be present at his sister's twenty-first birthday. The family have a little quiet celebration—just a birthday cake with candles and a talk about old times. Then the woman comes in from the street—a magdalen who speaks for all the magdalens of the world, and despite shocked protests, the interposition of conventional barriers, tells the young girl all she needs to know, and appeals to her and her kind for help. Innocence is the best thing in the world, she tells her, but it should be a force, not a fetish. All this is done in a perfectly natural human way, with complete avoidance of vulgarity or banal sentiment.

"THE MODERN CITY." By Dr. Morgan. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"The Modern City, a study of municipal life both in Europe and America, a new book by Dr. Morgan, is in process of publication by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. This book was written by Professor William S. Morgan in collaboration with Professor Horatio M. Pollock, Albany, N. Y. The reader of Funk & Wagnalls, an expert in municipal affairs said in his report to the publishers: "The authors of this manuscript have written a remarkable book. . . . It is the result of very careful, painstaking and honest study, and it would be a contribution to the growing literature on the subject of municipal government which would not fail to do good and to reflect credit alike upon its authors and publishers."

FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By Max Farrand, Professor of History in Yale University. New York and New Haven, Conn. Yale University Press. Price \$2.00 net; postage 20 cents extra.

One new constitutional amendment adopted, a second submitted, and several others agitated, make the Constitution of current interest today. It is therefore timely to know how the original Constitution was made so enduring that it took a civil war—or something almost equally powerful—sustained public opinion, to amend it. The present book is thus most opportune, as a clear, concise account of the making of the Constitution. The author knows whereof he writes, since for over ten years he devoted himself to the collecting and editing of all the available material on the subject. Although the members of the Federal Convention were so successfully secretive that their discussions have until recently formed little part in history, Professor Farrand has been able to make clear what they tried to do and what they actually accomplished.

Sparks

"Alas!" cried the angel of peace. "How can the dream of my life ever be realized with all Europe against it?" And Echo mockingly responded: "You're up against it!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Fond Mother—Everybody says he is such a pretty baby! I'm sure the poet was right when he said that "heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The Uncle (unfeelingly)—But he should have added, "So does everybody else."—*Life*.

Henry Ward Beecher is reported to have once said to the sexton of Plymouth Church: "If you see any one sleep in church, rush to the pulpit and wake me up!"

A little boy not well versed in the "Shorter Catechism of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster" was asked the familiar question in that book of child-terror, "What is the chief end of man?" Not knowing the prescribed church answer, he could only reply with a child's good sense: "The end that's got the head on."

At a college dinner the guests were discussing the careers of two men, one of whom had been made a judge, the other a bishop. Said one guest, "I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge at the most can only say, 'You be hanged'; but a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'" "Yes," remarked another, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

The father of the family had gone away for a few days and that evening when the remainder of the family sat down to supper, little 5-year-old George was given the privilege of serving. He performed the ceremony nicely and his mother, to compliment him, said, "Children, does George serve well?" "Yes, indeed," piped John, his 7-year-old brother, "he's a regular chip off the old block-head!"

"Yes, I will be yours, on one condition."

He—"That's all right. I entered Yale with six."—*Yale Record*.

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Samuel A. Calthrop

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

God our Father; man our brother

Vol. XXI

San Francisco, September, 1913

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The power that enlightened men and women most desire, the power to represent a given ideal in human action and to make it operative in the lives of others, comes into the soul by the quiet and unconscious process known as spiritual growth. But this growth, and the power accompanying it, cannot be forced, nor can it be taken for granted, as so many in this age easily and ostentatiously assume. It is an enlargement of the powers of the soul due simply to the choice of right environment and exercise of the human spirit. The new and better day for the human spirit dawns slowly and silently. No one can pry up the sun with the lever of superficial attainments and personal ambition. The powerful souls of all times have been, without exception, the men and women whose spirits were stripped of all selfish and unworthy ambitions, who, in fact, sought power least of all. There have been some others who for a time seemed to be mighty spirits—men of genius and daring—but in the end some crisis proved them to be puny souls who really contributed nothing to the world's betterment. There have been a few who, like Jesus, could really scorn position and power and fame, who were so on fire with the enthusiasm of a great ideal encompassing all mankind that the thought of "my power" was indifferent or even obnoxious to them. These are the real souls of power, the dynamic of human advancement, the source of moral and spiritual forward impulse for the world, the real fighters of the race so powerfully equipped that

one such can put a thousand of the selfish and unworthy to flight. What does your life stand for? No one else may know now,—though the world is likely to know some time,—but you ought to know and probably do. Is your chief object in life just to see how much you can “make of yourself”? If so, choose larger and finer material! Try humanity at large, and begin at home. See what your ideal of life will do if put into action in the lives of others, not for what honor or pay or patronage you can get out of them, but for what peace and comfort and greater happiness and goodness you can put into them. And never think again of what you can make of yourself. Go to work in, and with, and for the great human mass and stay with the task until you are called to a higher one. The world, some day next century, will pass true judgment on your worth and your power, and no matter what the verdict, if you are a true soul, you will be glad enough that you need not endure the embarrassment of hearing earthly plaudits or blame.

There is a certain contentment and complacency of the soul resulting from the consciousness that one has been good and has acquired some virtues. How pleasant to feel that one is better than one used to be! There are certain old temptations that were hard to master once, now so easily conquered! The bitter feeling one fostered toward certain “enemies” has given way to a divine indifference! Old rough edges so characteristic of the unfinished personality have been polished off and we are so much nicer than we used to be!—oh, very much nicer and more agreeable to our neighbors and friends; we are sure of it and can feel very comfortable about it. The fact is—as we review the

past—we have grown in grace, a great many graces, and we know, as our friends know, that we have come to be really and substantially nice, good!

Of course every soul ought to grow in grace in strength, and no intelligent being could be unconscious of the added strength as the years and the battles of the spirit make their contributions to character. But underneath the complacent enjoyment of one's own acquired goodness there sometimes stirs the suspicion that being strong and good after all is not so splendid a thing as getting strong and good. The struggle itself is the better part of living. We were weak and selfish and unwise, but just the fight to overcome the weakness and selfishness and un wisdom was the very essence of fine living. And now that we have overcome, have acquired the wisdom of dearly bought experience, we would fold our hands in peaceful contemplation of ourselves. We would, but we must not! There is no vice of humanity that in the long run is more destructive of the virility of the race than this vice of complacent contemplation of one's goodness. It is the broad and slippery downward pathway along which many a good soul, many communities of fine and high quality slump into weakness, uselessness, oblivion. It was important, of course, that you should overcome the old temptations and learn how to be strong and fine of spirit, but that was only the little beginning of a great task given you to perform in this life, only the working tools wherewith you should accomplish a far greater thing than being good. If the same bitter struggle whereby you learned to overcome has not gone on as the essence of your life,—not an unhappy struggle, but vigorous and strenuous working and fighting,—then be sure that

you have missed, are now missing, the best of life. Good, you may be; but see to it that your goodness is not close kin to the soft virtues of a certain class once severely arraigned by the greatest of judges for complacently leaving many things undone!

A. M. S.

In our last issue there appeared the very significant story of a Japanese Unitarian, in which in a private letter he related a trying emergency in his life and said simply, "I know nothing but to do my best. This spirit I call a Unitarian, and it is my religion."

In so far as his deduction is justified it affords cause for congratulation. If the spirit of Unitarian teaching animates the human breast with the desire, the purpose, the determination "to do my best," we may feel deeply thankful and press on for the wider acceptance. What better proof of right relations and lofty idealism can be given? Can there be any higher result of religious faith and feeling than this condensed creedal statement? What more can one do than his best and what state of being and consecration of purpose can more nearly accord with the will of God than this simple surrender of all conflicting motives and goals to the one purpose of doing one's best.

The progress of the ages has led to a higher recognition of doing. "Professing" religion is lightly regarded unless followed by consistent deeds, and belief is judged by the life it inspires. Being good is proven by doing good, and a state of mind or heart must be expressed in terms of action or it stands discredited. The man who does things is the man we respect and follow, in all lines of human effort.

The ability to do is not alone the great practical desideratum; it is the final end of all thinking, planning and preparation. To know is of little real advantage unless it adds to power to do and the value of education is increase of efficiency in doing.

To do is often our only solace. Overwhelmed by difficulties or oppressed by all that calls for being righted, the only real satisfaction we can find is in doing what we can and leaving the rest to God.

The greatest and strongest feel their helplessness equally with the weakest. Lincoln after the dark days of the second defeat at Bull Run, his great heart wrung with suffering and sympathy, went away by himself for prayer, and coming back, said, "I have done the best I could. I have asked God to guide me, and now I must leave the result with him."

To do our best is simple in statement, but it is not easy of accomplishment. It is not to be taken as a glib disposal of difficulty or duty. It means an unceasing determination to push on to our ever-increasing best. It means dissatisfaction with the conventional, the good-enough of those ready to compromise. It means nothing less than the highest, the ultimate of ability and effort. Such a standard in a man's heart is religion at its best, and for it there are no substitutes.

The duty of discrimination is ever with us, and we may not dispose of mixed questions by shutting our eyes and swallowing whole whatever is offered by those we are not sure are trustworthy. Here is the great, helpful organization known as the Y. M. C. A. It has in many ways broadened and grown and become a tremendous force for good—full of enthusiasm, a leader in

social reform, and in protecting men and establishing righteousness by practical methods. It is a work to be proud of and it is supported and fostered by liberal men of every creed. At its organization forty-four years ago, its foundation was laid on pretty rigidly orthodox lines. No one was eligible to full membership who was not a member in good standing of some evangelical church. Just how strictly that was to be construed has been left in comfortable doubt, but at the conference held last June in Cincinnati all ambiguity **was swept away**, and now it is authoritatively settled. It is reported that the evangelical standards of the association include a belief in the "verbal inspiration of the scriptures," the "deity of Christ," and the "vicarious atonement." Furthermore, the conference voted that only such teachers, in all their training agencies, as declare themselves in sympathy with these standards, shall be eligible.

This is a frank avowal of exclusiveness on a theological test, and seems reactionary and directly opposed to the true spirit of Christianity that draws men together in a fellowship based on common humanity, united for effective service for the glory of God and His kingdom. One thing may be deduced—the Unitarian Church need not feel that it has no further work to do.

It is illuminating to find that the art of compacting wisdom reached so high a stage at so very remote a period of history. Man must have been on the earth a very considerable time even to have accumulated sufficient experience to yield the raw material for condensation of expression that five thousand years and more can hardly improve. It shows, also, that human nature is a pretty persistent quantity, that changing civilizations scarcely modify.

In the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris is a papyrus roll discovered about the middle of the last century, an Egyptian writing of the eleventh dynasty, about 2500 B. C., but being a copy of a document of the fifth dynasty, dating back to perhaps 3600 B. C. It is as didactic and sententious as the book of Proverbs, and the imagination is lost in picturing the people to whom it was addressed and the history that must long have antedated it. The wisdom of it all, the truth back of it and the desirability of heeding the council are undimmed by the centuries. It fits California to-day as truly as it then did the dwellers by the Nile or the shepherds in Mesopotamia. These are some of its maxims:

Be not thou puffed up with thy learning; honor the wise, neither withhold thou honor from the simple.

The gates of art are closed unto none; who-so entereth thereat, though he seek perfection, yet shall he not find it. But the words of wisdom are hid, even as the emerald is hid in the earth, and adamant in the rock, which the slave diggeth up.

If one rail against thee and flout thee, answer him not again, but be as one that cannot be moved; even so shalt thou overcome him. For the bystanders shall declare that he who being provoked, holdeth his tongue, is greater than he who provoketh, and thou shalt be honored of those who have understanding.

Be diligent and do more than thy master commandeth thee: for the slothful servant shall be discomfited, and he that is idle shall be chidden.

Hide not thy path; let not thy way be hidden; though thou stand in the council of thy master, declare the truth that is in thee.

A recent editorial in a secular journal, discussing the poorly paid clergy, contained the sentence: "It appears that Unitarians, who deny the divinity of Jesus, pay their clergy higher salaries on an average than any other denomination, topping the scale with \$1,221 per annum. The Southern Baptists are at the tail of the procession, with an average of \$334 a year." It is to be hoped that the statement of fact is more accurate than the phrase qualifying "the Unitarians." The average

non-Unitarian would gain in enlightenment if he would daily devote a few minutes to study of the dictionary, till he could intelligently differentiate between "divinity" and "deity." This has nothing to do with the case of inadequate pay, and at any rate no good Unitarian can be proud of the annual average of \$1,221. The kind of preaching we require deserves higher recognition.

London has lately held an important Congress of Medicine, which considered the subject of public health in a very broad manner. The chief impediment to the development of possibilities of improved health and well-being was wastefulness, and one of the greatest sources of waste was expenditure on armament. If this waste could be prevented gigantic sums would be released for the reforms waiting to be financed. In his valedictory message the president made a plea for international peace. The importance of the serious menace to the future of the race through the prevalence of the hideous forms of disease due to sexual immorality was fully admitted. The government has promised a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject, but it was asserted that the call comes specially to the Christian Church and to all preachers of righteousness to dedicate themselves to the work of renewing the power of spiritual ideals in the hearts of men. There is no other department of social effort where the appeal to prudential motives is so limited in its scope. It is religion alone, with its inexhaustible faith and compassion, which can guard the innocent.

Professor Josiah Royce, not so many years ago a modest member of the faculty of the University of California, is receiving world-wide recognition. A late number of the *London Inquirer*

devotes its leading editorial, double-leaded and four columns long, to his last book, "The Problems of Christianity," lectures delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston and at Manchester College, Oxford. The general comment is favorable, but the reviewer stops short of fully endorsing Royce's substitution of the community for the individual life as the supreme end of Christianity.

C. A. M.

Peace—Be Still.

By E. S. Goodhue.

If you should feel like saying something harsh,
About a friend of yours who didn't do
Exactly as you wished him to,
Don't say it, but just think upon
Something he did which you approved of
In the happy days ago!

If you should feel like being very rude
To one who seeks an entrance at your door,
Proving himself a bore,
Just swallow your annoyance; say
You will be glad to help him if
He comes another day!

If some small thing should anger you at one
Who has your gratitude and love as well,
And you should be inclined to tell
Him all you think and feel,
Just let your anger cool a little—
Pause, and the wound will heal.

If a small hand should pull your inkstand down,
Spilling black ruin on the Smyrna rug,
Don't fume; just give the boy a hug,
And teach him then and there that ink
Is not to spill, but used expressly
To make people think!

If She should come and ask for kisses when
You're very busy with a plot,
Just give the little pet a lot,
And leave your villain to his fate;
The time to love her's when she needs it;
Let trifling matters wait!

If business should be important, and
Time seems too short to speak a tender word
To her who once your dull life stirred;
Stay longer than your want, to-day;
Enfold her, and repeat it all—
In the same loving way!

Some day as surely as the years go by,
And dear ones pass on to the other side,
Gladness will in your heart abide,
Knowing that Love had ruled your will;
That always ere the fatal word—dear
Love said, Peace—be still!

THE DOCTORAGE, HONOLULOA, HAWAII.

Notes

Services at the Fresno church will be resumed by Rev. Thomas Clayton on Sunday, September 7th.

Rev. N. A. Baker spent a good portion of his vacation on the ranch of one of his former parishoners near Eureka. Services in Alameda will be resumed the first Sunday in September.

Dr. Rubenkam, lecturer for the Chicago Ethical Culture Society of Chicago for the past ten years, occupied the pulpit of the Long Beach church on August 24th, taking for his subject the translation of the Spanish drama, "The World and His Wife."

The Unitarian Club of Alameda resumed its meetings on August 9th and was addressed by Captain William I. Day, superintendent of the California Prison Commission, who spoke on prison reform, and in particular advocacy of an industrial farm as an adjunct of a properly conducted prison of the reformatory type.

Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Henning were tendered a farewell reception in the Santa Rosa church parlors on August 1st. They are spending some time in San Jose. Their plans for the future are not wholly determined.

Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Sargent have had a most enjoyable trip East, visiting relatives and friends at various points. Mr. Sargent has occupied several pulpits, including one in Boston. He resumed his ministry in Eureka on August 24th.

Rev. H. A. MacDonald of Hood River has created no small interest in local religious circles this summer by the "get-together meetings" that have been held at his instigation between the citizens of White Salmon, Hood River and Underwood. The congregations of the three mid-Columbia districts have met on alternate Sundays at centrally located points in the different districts, the residents and their families mingling after the open-air sermons and participating in Sunday picnics.

On the evening of August 20th the Alameda Unitarian Club gave a ladies' night meeting. The topic was forest preservation, and interesting moving pictures of forest fires contributed to the elucidation, showing the methods of the Forest Service in fire-fighting.

Mr. George W. Stone, of Santa Cruz, whose mayoralty terms has expired, has been appointed by Governor Johnson as a member of the State Board of Education. Mr. Stone made a good mayor and accomplished some important reforms, but he found that transgressors are not the only class whose ways are hard.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco is to erect a noble edifice on the site of the building restored after the fire. During the construction the society has accepted the hospitality of the Temple Emanu-El, a very capacious auditorium, but no larger than is needed to hold the congregations that gather to hear Rev. Charles F. Aked.

Mr. Charles Keeler, of Berkeley, has returned from his two years' tour around the world and taken up life where he left it. On the evening of August 29th in Unity Hall, under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary, he gave a recital of "World Wanderers' Songs." In his travels he journeyed through Japan with a rickshaw man, meeting many of the Buddhist priests in their temples. He addresses a sonnet to the Indian poetess, Sarojini Naidu, and entertained her guests with a recital of songs amid the romantic surroundings of a moonlit lake in the heart of India. He gave a reading to a group of English and Americans while in Italy at the villa of Savanarolo.

Some amusement has been caused in Belgium amongst irreverent people by the Pope's having publicly promulgated a dispensation for all Catholics who attend the Ghent Exhibition, releasing them whilst there from the obligation of fasting on Fridays. The promoters of the exhibition are consequently able to offer a double pleasure to their sight-seers.

On August 8th many of the associates and friends of the late Samuel Pike Hall gathered at his home in Oakland to join in the funeral service conducted by Rev. A. M. Smith of Berkeley. Mr. Guy C. Earl, on behalf of the bar, paid a high tribute of respect for the memory of the well-loved jurist. Judge Hall and his family have long been connected with the Oakland church, and his sudden death is deeply deplored by the entire community.

Dr. George Crosswell Cressey, formerly in charge of our Portland church, who for the past six years has been minister of the Unitarian Church at Brixton, England, has resigned his charge and returned to his own United States. At a meeting of his congregation on the 21st of July very kindly expressions of regret, reinforced by "a purse of sovereigns" were a pleasing feature of his departure.

After a pleasant year abroad Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Goodridge, of Santa Barbara, returned to their home on August 18th and on the first Sunday in September Mr. Goodridge will again fill his pulpit, which has been supplied by Rev. Theodore C. Williams during his absence. During the last year Dr. and Mrs. Goodridge have visited the principal countries of the old world. While the tour was intended principally as a vacation, Dr. Goodridge devoted considerable time to antiquities in Rome, where they passed last winter. The return from the continent was made by way of England. Mr. Goodridge expresses himself as glad to be back. His many friends will surely be glad to see him.

The Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M. A., has been appointed a lecturer on the Billings Foundation by the American Unitarian Association to visit Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Ceylon, and India during the autumn and winter of 1913-14. It is expected that he will spend the month of September in Japan, October in China, November in the Philippines and Ceylon, and December and January in India. The object of Mr. Sunderland's lecture tour is to

carry the message of modern religion in the progressive, non-controversial and constructive form in which it is held by Unitarians and other liberal Christians, to thoughtful minds in the Orient—with the belief that a common ground of sympathy, mutual appreciation and co-operation ought to be and may be found between the liberal and progressive forms of Christianity and the venerable historic faiths of the East.

The Senate of the city of Hamburg has just decided to raise the tax on dogs. This is so much resented by fourteen hundred dogged citizens that they have pledged themselves—by Sollemn League and Covenant, be it noted, as is the fashion—to take steps to secede from the State Church should the law pass the Hamburg legislature. It appears that as taxes in support of the State Church are levied on citizens who have not formally seceded, the fourteen hundred hope in this way to recoup themselves for the extra outlay caused by their dogs. Clearly in Hamburg there are difficulties in the way of "trying it on the dog."—*Christian Life* (London).

Very strikingly did Dr. Horton, the well-known Congregationalist minister at Hampstead, say in a recent sermon: "Christianity is a very simple thing, absolutely unofficial, unecclesiastic, unsacerdotal. There is nothing about it stereotyped, nothing formal, nothing antiquarian, nothing legalistic. Christianity is a spirit and a life. Directly the attempt is made to shape this spirit in some cold and crazy form of human stupidity or tyranny or superstition, then Christianity disappears. If it is to live, those things must be broken and repudiated. The whole of Christianity is this—a spirit of perfect love and trust towards God, a spirit of unflinching charity to one another, a spirit which is made by a life, and that life the life of Christ. It is so simple, so obvious, that I believe there is not a human being upon earth who, if he knew what Christianity is, could ever reject it.

San Francisco's vote of 51,649 for and 13,720 against the issuance of bonds to extend the municipal railway was a remarkable and very significant instance of popular conviction that the people can be trusted to do some things that the professionally wise have held in doubt. In four of the thirteen districts the vote was seven to one. In the whole city about four to one, double the required majority.

Rev. Charles Pease, former minister of the Congregational Church of Long Beach, occupied the pulpit of Rev. Franklin Baker on the evening of July 27th, speaking on "The Liberal Church and Its Opportunity." He spoke with great frankness. He said: "There is apparent to any observer to-day who is honest with himself a rapid demoralization of Christendom, and a widespread decadence of religion. The demand is therefore imperative that the foundations of faith be laid anew. This constructive work does not consist in opening up again the old controversy about the person of Jesus. It does consist in the re-discovery of Jesus' point of view. This is the prime task of the liberal church, because it is the rediscovery of the divine law of life and not the result of belief in a doctrine of divine person. As the liberal church offers the medium most adaptable to the juster view of Jesus, so it offers the best opportunity for the definition of the limits of faith and knowledge."

The Reverend Charles Pease, formerly in Congressional Fellowship, having satisfied the Fellowship Committee for the Pacific States, has been admitted to fellowship and is hereby commended to our churches and ministers.

(Signed) THOMAS L. ELIOT,
EARL M. WILBUR,

For the Pacific Coast Committee.

Rev. and Mrs. Clarence Reed are greatly enjoying their European vacation. The past month has been spent in and around the British Museum. Modern painting is the object of special study, and "The Gospel," by Rembrandt, will be set forth in our next issue.

Events

Reopening of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco.

Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton and family arrived in San Francisco on Monday, September 1st, coming over the Canadian Pacific by leisurely stages. He will occupy the pulpit on September 8th, speaking on "The Goal of Our Effort."

The following clarion call accompanied the bulletin for September, mailed to pew-holders and those assumed to be interested in the church:

The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco appeals to all its members and friends to join in cordial welcome and loyal support to Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, who comes to us with full consciousness of the responsibilities assumed and with a strong purpose to help us to sustain the honorable traditions of the past.

He believes in the future of the church, by virtue of its need to the individual and to the community. Let us uphold his hands and accept his leadership, that we may, with increased interest and strength, more fully meet our opportunity and obligation for service.

Mr. Dutton is interested in the work of the Sunday-school and in the encouragement of the young people as a vital part of the church organization, and it is proposed to strengthen our Sunday-school and to make it of real service in religious education. Mr. Clarence E. Todd being unable to further serve, has resigned the superintendency and Mr. Murdock has resumed charge. He strongly urges the co-operation and assistance of all interested.

On Friday, September 19th, at 8:30 P. M., an informal reception to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, by the trustees of the church and the officers of the various allied societies, will be given in the parlors. Cordial invitation is hereby extended to all who have ever been connected with the church and to all who are in any degree interested in its present activities or future possibilities. Let there be a full response, that closer fellowship may be promoted and that the forward movement we confidently anticipate may at once begin.

A Memorial to Père Hyacinthe.

One of the most impressive features of the late International Congress in Paris was the unveiling on July 19th of a monument to Père Hyacinthe Loyson in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. The memorial consists of a bust of the famous preacher placed upon a base of granite, with a medallion of Madame Loyson in the center and bearing several inscriptions. Of these, one is from a letter written on his marriage day, "To act as if there were nothing in the world

but one's conscience and God." Another reads, "My soul dwells in such regions serene that I can feel myself at once a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew or even a Moslem. These differing forms of religious belief are variously beautiful; none is absolutely true; under them all I find one faith in a personal and living God." Watts' motto, "The utmost for the Highest," is also recorded on the memorial. A number of wreaths were placed upon the monument, including tributes from the German Protestantenverein and the World-Conscience Society. Several addresses were delivered, including one by Rev. William Sullivan, who said that as an American he was honored by having to speak on behalf of that country which was not only a sister republic of France that Père Hyacinthe loved, but the country with which he had the closest and the tenderest associations of his life, for from it came his devoted and brilliant wife. Both their republics were free; but there is a higher freedom than can be conferred by societies, governments or law; there is a freedom of the inner spirit greater than any charter or constitution can grant. In the freedom of the spirit thus conferred, Père Hyacinthe stands before us, eminent, glorious and courageous, with a measure of self-sacrifice that amounted nearly to martyrdom. He knew how to keep the spirit of religion when the old beliefs had collapsed; he could remain religious though disillusioned, because he knew how to be the rebel against an unjust authority and yet not to be insubordinate to his conscience, and because in the dark, amidst the wreck of life, he could keep his eyes steadfastly fixed on life's ideal values. It was no exaggeration to say that Père Hyacinthe has place in the communion of saints and takes his station among the spiritual leaders of humanity, because he had this courage of the spirit and because revolt from unjust authority did not make his spirit bitter. So with the hope that this good life would create in other lives an enthusiasm as pure and noble as his own, they commemorated this man, leaving that monument to his memory and themselves braver, nobler, purer because they had stood above his dust.

Sixty Years Old.

Pilgrim Sunday-school of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco was organized two weeks after the completion and occupation of the church building on Stockton Street near Sacramento, on August 4, 1853. Sunday, August 17th, was the nearest day to the anniversary and was the occasion of an informal celebration. A few friends brought flowers and shrubs for decoration, and instead of the usual lessons, there were addresses and more music than usual.

Mr. Murdock, acting superintendent, spoke briefly of the day and its significance, with some reminiscences of early events. As illustrating the continuity of family interest, one teacher in the school to-day is granddaughter of one of the teachers on the day when the school was born. On the first Sunday there were eight teachers, of whom three were men, and twenty-nine pupils, of whom eight were girls. For the first years the average attendance was about eighty. The school reached its maximum in 1864, when its attendance was about 350.

The first excursion of the school was in 1854, when it went to a place called "The Dell," somewhere not now recognizable, near Lone Mountain. The excursion was by busses over a toll road. After a happy day they "arrived safely in town." The next year the school marched through the streets to Jackson-Street wharf and embarked on a steamer for the wilds of Oakland.

He briefly referred to some of the birthday celebrations of the past and to what he hoped might be the vigorous old age of the dear old school.

After a spirited song, he introduced Rev. N. A. Baker of the Alameda church, who talked interestingly of children and their work.

Mr. Horace Davis, who joined the school a few months after it started and had been connected with it ever since then, gave a bright and impressive talk, some of it dealing delightfully with the past, and some of it right up to date, dealing with the life of the very children before him. He held their interest, stirred them to laughter, and moved them to earnest resolve. It was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. Murdock spoke of some of the pleasant experiences in a long time of service. Early in his term he noticed an attractive, faithful teacher, a universal favorite, and he was not surprised when she married. After a few swift years she brought her little son and daughter and they became pupils in the school. More years passed and the daughter, who had followed in her footsteps, brought her two children, and they were in the school to-day, and one of them would do her part in the anniversary celebration.

Miss Evelyn McGaw then played, simply and pleasingly, a piano solo. More bright songs, a reverent closing services, and then dismissal, each pupil being given a bunch of sweet peas as a souvenir of the birthday.

The Paris Congress.

The sessions of the International Congress at Paris seem to have been deeply inspiring. Our American delegates contributed their full quota. Rev. Dr. George R. Dodson spoke on "The True and Ultimate Basis of Morals." Rev. C. F. Dole urged that deep down in the primitive nature of man something is found which is working towards social service; man did not make it, but it was always there; it was of the universal nature, or what we mean by God, otherwise there must have been a time when it was not. So we were coming to see that ethics and religion are one; that the ideal interests of man form his real personality, and that it is the reality of God in which eventually the reality of man inheres.

Rev. William Sullivan and Dr. Lee S. McCollenter of Tufts College spoke on "Religious Liberty and the Creeds of Christendom," and Rev. Frederick Beebe, of Boston, preached a sermon on "Walk Humbly With Thy God."

At the close of the morning service on July 19th the congregation assembled at the great monumental group to Admiral Coligny, which stands within the enclosure facing the Louvre. A memorial wreath was placed upon the monument and an address was delivered by Dr. Wendte, who spoke of the indebtedness of religious liberals to

Coligny, and rehearsed his services in the dark days of Huguenot persecution.

On Sunday evening a meeting in favor of international friendship and world peace was held at Pastor Wagner's church, and under his presidency. It was gratifying to note the appreciation of the German speakers, especially of Professor Martin Rade, of Marburg, in view of the uncertainty as to the effect which might have been produced by a public announcement in the district that German peace advocates would be present. Pastor Monod spoke at great length, and other notable contributions were made by Dr. David Starr Jordan, of California, who briefly discussed the international interdependence of science, civilization and business; and by Dr. Carpenter, who described the work of the Anglo-German Federation of the Churches in response to a desire that something of the sort should be attempted in France as well. He did not know how far the experiment would be possible on a larger scale; but everything now was being internationalized, and why should not this relationship also take a wider range and endeavor to bring into the fold of religion the organized forces of Christianity in all countries? The question involved the good-will and sincerity of their Christian professions; and on the maintenance of peace it was the duty of all the churches to speak with united emphasis and to combine their forces.

For Monday morning an excursion had been planned to Chantilly, where an interesting hour was spent in the chateau erected by the celebrated Prince of Condé at the end of his military career in the seventeenth century, and where he devoted himself to science. The chateau was left in trust for the people, and is now used as a museum. The visitors returned by special train to Paris at noon.

There remained only the banquet on Monday evening at the Hotel Lutetia, and this function brought the Congress to a close. Covers were laid for between three and four hundred guests, and Pastor Wagner once more presided. The more notable leaders of the Congress were present.

John Swett.

At his home near Martinez on August 22d, at the ripe age of 83 years, John Swett, deserving of the name accorded him, "Father of California's School System," breathed his last.

On the morning of the 25th a brief service was held at his home, and later a public memorial service was held in Oakland, Rev. Bradford Leavitt officiating and Mr. Joseph Leggett, an associate and friend of many years, delivering an appreciative eulogy.

Mr. Swett was a native of New Hampshire, born on a rocky farm, gaining his early education in the district school, teaching at seventeen, working on a farm and attending an academy alternately until his graduation at the Normal School Institute. He came to California in 1853 and after a brief experience at the mines of Feather River and on a farm at San Jose, he was made principal of the Rincon School in San Francisco, and held the position for nine years. He was then elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, holding the office for five years, and laying wisely the foundation of the free school system of the State. After this fine service he was for four years principal of the Deuman School, and during the following twenty-eight years was successively Deputy City Superintendent, and principal of the Girls' High and Normal School. He then retired to his farm in the Alhambra Valley, but the next year was elected City Superintendent and served four years, so that he gave five years to the State and thirty-six to the city—all in the interest of sound education. The extent of service of such a life is simply incalculable. He kept his interest in educational matters to the last and his influence will be extended through his highly valued publications.

He was closely identified with the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco during the time of Thomas Starr King, and served as superintendent of the Sunday-school from February, 1862, to March, 1864.

For many years he has lived in the country on a farm near Alhambra, Contra Costa County. He was successful

as a viticulturist, and especially in producing a fine unfermented pure grape juice. Of late years his sons have greatly relieved him. He was accorded universal respect as an educator, and often was invited to address institutes and gatherings of teachers.

One of San Francisco's best schools is named after him, and at the dedication of the new John Swett building, a year ago, he made a fine, vigorous address in the open air.

A few weeks before he died he was visited by many of his friends on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday.

Mr. Swett was a man of strong convictions, of upright character and great friendliness. He was universally respected and all Californians delight to honor him as one who rendered good service in perhaps the most important fields of human effort.

The Mission Play.

California is rich in a past of romantic interest; her history has a background of peculiar charm, in which Spanish splendor and religious zeal mingle in brilliancy and beauty. The missions, as ruins or restored, are all that remain in physical form to remind us of those thrilling days, but happily the musical names given by navigators, discoverers and settlers in those early days give us a character and distinction, and the traditions of the padres and the gallant soldiers, who, with them, possessed the fair land, are an inheritance that we may well cherish.

It was a happy thought that came to a citizen of Southern California, touched by the tenderness and beauty of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, when he imagined that the story of the missions might be presented sympathetically and with fidelity and beauty. To be done adequately and effectively, the theme must be patiently and thoroughly studied, and the pictures must be lovingly painted. It was long before the right person was found to write the drama and clothe it with fitting pagantry, but no one who has seen "The Mission Play" as presented for two seasons at San Gabriel and now staged at the Columbia Theater in San Francisco

can doubt that the choice of Mr. John S. McGroarty was fortunate.

A very large company is required to present the play, and the perfection of characterization is marvelous. Mr. George Osborne seems to be Fray Junipero Serra, and all participants give the effect of having been absorbed into friars, soldiers, Indians and Spaniards of the period. It is a wonderful presentation, impressive to the last degree, beautiful in form, rich in color, dramatic, but in no degree theatrical, and of value in restoring a picturesque historical period and in holding up a fine, heroic, consecrated personality — the hero of the founding of the missions, the father of California.

The first scene is laid at the San Diego Mission, in the dark days when Serra and a handful of followers awaited the return of Don Gaspar de Portola and his party from his search for the Bay of Monterey. Almost despaired of, they finally came, maimed, foot-sore, half-starved and discouraged. The expected ship from Mexico with supplies for the command and the padres has not come. Portola favors abandoning the mission and returning to Mexico. It seems the only thing to do, but Junipero Serra implores for 'one day more, in faith that the ship will come. He declares that if they forsake California God will forsake them. Portola asks if any of the Indians have been baptized into the church. Serra replies, "Not yet, but they will come," and even as he speaks a group of the natives bring a little child and he is impressively received as the first fruit of the missionary effort. Portola still insists on sailing, but Serra eloquently protests and ends by falling on his knees and beseeching heaven that the ship be sent them. As he still implores, the long awaited ship rounds the point and approaches the harbor. In triumph and rejoicing, with renewed faith and determination, the curtain falls on the first act.

Fifteen years elapse and the second scene is the Mission of Monterey, at the height of the mission power. Friars from all the missions are in attendance on the way to mass within the church. A very large company of all types of residents of the era pass across the

stage, set as the collonade, forming a beautiful picture of harmonious color and presenting vividly Castillian charm, gallant caballeros, picturesque Indians, and priests with piety and power contesting for supremacy. After the mass the friars gather around their head, at table, and in turn each reports in brief the work of his mission, summarizing converts and cattle, grain and buildings in a manner that expresses a marvel of accomplishment.

A scene testifying to the place and power of the church introduces the humiliation of the commandante, Riviera, who comes to the mission with an armed escort to take an Indian girl. Serra, in a powerful defiance, rebukes spurns, and expels him. Then follows a significant reception of the neophytes, where each presents samples of handwork or skill, showing how much had been the gain in the arts of civilization. After this comes a fiesta, with dances by the Indians and by the native Californians of Spanish type, very attractive and picturesque. There are songs and merriment and a delightful realism that blots out a century and shows what California really was before the gringos came.

The third act is in quite another key, showing the missions in their ruin. Seventy-five years have elapsed; but one character is brought forward. The first baptized child, a stripling in the second act is now very old and keeper of the ruins at Capistrano. The glory is departed. His daughter, to whom he tells the story of the decline, a beautiful and gracious senora of the period, who visits the ruins, and four starving Indians, who bring from the hills the body of the padre for burial in consecrated ground, are all the characters that appear. The picture is pathetic and sad. Sorrow and gloom have settled on the land. While true to history in a sense, it seems to unduly emphasize the wrongs to the church. The secularization of the missions by Mexico may or may not have been defensible, but in any event the domination of California by the church was sure to be lost. For better or worse, these fertile acres were to be settled by people of a different type, and the wealth of the land could

not be held in the coffers of any ecclesiastical body. The civilization of the mission days was picturesque and there was much in it to admire, but we can cherish all that was noble and be unstinted in our admiration for such a man as Junipero Serra, and still be glad that the missions to-day are monuments of an age that has past, and not the dominating power in the fair land in which we live.

Contributed

Light Upon the Highway.

By Richard T. Fischer.

Should any pessimistic gloom steal across the threshold of our faith, let us repel it at once. It has no place there. If discouragement or disappointment come creeping into our hearts, let us pluck them out as we would noxious weeds. They have no right there. While there is room for improvement in our ranks, while there might be a larger and fuller acknowledgment of noble and heroic effort and sacrifice by many of our pioneer workers, while there perhaps ought to be a deeper appreciation of the blessings of our liberal faith, a deeper devotion and consecration to the lofty ideals and hopes which in us lie,—yet let us not make ourselves gloomy or waste precious time in pessimistic conjecture or idle reflection.

Let us rather stand erect. Let us look about us and let us begin to count our many little blessings day by day. What joy, what inspiration and incentive energizes a man's heart as he notes the many changes, the many improvements which are multiplying in all avenues of human activities! What new hopes are born within us as we bear witness unto the ever-enlarging and rising life! New ideals, new vision, new aspiration, new hopes and desires leading and impelling us ever onward and upward. Are we not actually passing through a "modern renaissance"? Do we not find ourselves in the midst of a "new awakening"? Are we not living in a most propitious time, when old things, old shadows of things, of institutions, old influences, old methods are

passing away to make room for better things? And is not that alone sufficient cause for rejoicing? Who could be pessimistic in the midst of this promising life?

And yet, may not we of the liberal faith, as progressive liberals, as progressive thinkers, as scientific seekers and searchers after the divine realities of life, after the deeper realities of truth, after the holier and essential realities in religion,—should not we especially rejoice to note the passing away of theological shadows and perversions, which once bound and fettered the very souls of men? Should not we rejoice at the breaking of the new light? At the slow and gradual awakening of the rational faculties and of the influence of reason with faith in religion? What strength should become rekindled in our hearts! What courage should reassure our deepest religious convictions when we thus behold the working of a "mighty heaven," quickening the whole mass of humanity into cleaner and more reasonable conception and understanding of the deeper and the higher purposes, aims and objects of life! What joy is ours, as we behold from our vantage ground the gradual formation of the triumphant army of progressive advance!

What an invincible resolution should possess our hearts and souls to carry forward the banner of light, leading into fuller and richer freedom, leading into a fuller realization of religion pure and undefiled! Religion that shall combine the knowledge and facts of science, the light of reason and of faith, with the beauty of art, in the promotion of the holiest hopes and highest interests of life! Religion that shall include in its scope and utility every interest, every condition of life! Religion that shall make man a "possessor of truth," rather than a "professor of creed! Religion which shall lead to the knowledge of the laws and purposes of life; which shall lead man into the knowledge of the divine and immutable laws of the universe; in which he may read the ways and the will of God! Religion which shall bring man into a rational understanding and conscious

realization of the divineness, the universality, the oneness and eternality of God; which shall make full and complete revelation to the seeking and prayerful heart of God's infiniteness, of God's divine and all-inclusive love, of God's divine and infinite fatherhood!

Upon this eternal rock of divine fatherhood religion must establish the equally divine truth of human brotherhood. Upon the eternal truth of God's divine paternity religion must establish man's divine sonship. Upon the eternal truth of Nature's divine eternality, of Nature's divine and immutable law, of Nature's divine and eternal order, upon the eternal unity and oneness, religion must establish, not only a scientific philosophy of immortality, but of conscious identity, of conscious at-one-ment of the human soul with the infinite and universal All. As a ray of white sunlight combines the three primary color motions, so also must the pure white light of religion combine the essential elements of truth, wisdom and love.

For is not religion the holy light of truth within the soul of man? Is not religion the begetting power of love within his heart? Is not religion that dynamic and impelling force which makes for righteousness, for progress, for perfection, for freedom? Religion is to set men free from the bondage of besetting limitation, from the errors and superstitions of a traditional past; from the shadows of fear and of idolatry. Religion is to be a "Light" upon "the royal highway of becoming"; a light by which all shadows of darkness, of ignorance, of poverty, of superstition, of war are to be overcome; a light that shall reveal the fullest and richest beauty and blessings of life, of love, of peace; a light upon the upward path of divine attaining, which revealeth in ever-increasing measure the higher spiritual or divine possibilities of life, by revealing in ever-enlarging degree the divineness of man—man, through whom God's will and purpose is to find fulfillment here upon earth. Through man to God, through the Son to the Father, is the way of spiritual fulfilling, is the law of evolutionary development.

Do we not behold the coming of the divine man, of that super-man? Can't we behold him from afar, slowly climbing the upward path? Let us hasten to our task. Let us rejoice in our privilege. Let us, by the light of our liberal faith, make smooth the path, make straight the way, for the fuller manifestation of that divine humanity which is the temple of the living God, for that higher form of society, for that more truly Christian civilization wherein the richer blessings of the abundant life shall enrich the lives of all humanity. As true workmen of God, let us fulfill our fair visions of faith by work. Let us spread the light of truth; let us preach the gospel of love; let us apply principles of scientific construction to all the needs and demands of our time, in the promotion of "good will" toward "all mankind," in the furthering of the spirit of peace upon all the earth. As religion is the highest expression and most blessed experience of life, even so is life—the conscious spiritual life—the highest purpose of religion. So in the name of our religion let us enter more fully upon the development of the highest interests of our common and collective life.

[FOR THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN.]

To the Ancient Hills.

By Richard Warner Borst.

Thy rounded grace in seas primordial
Was gently formed; thy smoothness slowly
worn

By myriad falling tears of oceans born
In sunless eons, whose unceasing call
Was, "God, let there be light!" But when the
pall

Of that long night arose, and flashed the
morn

Of animate life in the dim east, and torn
In twain was that first veil,—was this the all?

Nay! In the aboriginal face there shone
The eternal yearning, and as tribes increased
And thousand-sandaled legions o'er thee
sped,

And heels of mail came thundering and were
gone,—

Through all the din the cry hath never
ceased:

"Lord, in the night our little lives are
led!"

EUGENE, OREGON.

Unselfishness in Man and Microbe —Our Excuse for Being Good.

By Delacourt Kell.

(Read before the Outlook Club of Pomona.)

I have been asked to read a paper before our Outlook Club, and there are two special reasons why I am unable to show any just cause or impediment against my doing so. The first reason is that I have always thought and said that it would be a good thing if we heard more often from members of the club itself, even if we are not quite so wise and entertaining and worth hearing generally as some of those who so kindly come and talk to us. An occasional paper or talk from a member of the club to his or her fellow members should, at least, be more productive of social vitality among us than for us always to be talked *at* by one who delivers a message from outside. Believing this, then, I feel that it is not for me to back out when asked to practice what I have preached, and I must leave it to the sense of duty in other members to cause them to follow my example.

The other reason that I spoke of which makes it difficult for me to show cause why I should not read a paper is that when I would have fallen back on my lack of qualifications to handle a particular subject, I was told that I might choose my own subject. Now it seems to me that if a member of a club which exists almost solely for the purpose of discussion is told, in that generous way, to look round the broad horizon of all that affects, for good or evil, this pleasing, anxious being that we call human life, and he finds that there is not a single subject out of all that vast multitude of subjects on which he feels competent to speak, it is up to him then and there to resign his membership of the club. He might turn out to be quite useful as a member of some sort of a *doing* club—perhaps a sewing club, or selling club—but as a member of a *talk-ing* club he has no warrant for existence.

Looking round, then, on this large and generous field of subjects for discussion, it struck me that it might be a good thing to go to the root of the matter

and see if I could not find in the very name and object of our club a pointer as to the kind of subject to take up.

Why do we call ourselves the Outlook Club? On what do we look out, and for what purpose do we look out on it? What look we out for to see? A reed shaken by the wind, or something that has a higher meaning for us? When each of us leaves the deck of the ship of which he is the sole owner and captain—the good ship Breadwinner, the fluttering, ineffective pleasure yacht, the direct and soulless man-o-war, the plodding, humble, necessary tramp—whatever name his circumstances, abilities, leanings or aspirations may have given to the vessel in which, as Emerson says, he sails with God the seas—when, I say, as the clock strikes half-past six on Sunday evening the captain leaves the deck and climbs up into the crosstrees of this room, this lookout, for what does he scan the horizon?

Well, we scan it, I take it, to study how to set our course in order to attain the object of our voyage. Is there a ship bearing our way, we look to see whether she be friend or foe. Perhaps she flies a signal of distress, perhaps a black flag with a skull and crossbones. We must change our course accordingly, to help or flee. Perhaps it is land that we make out from the mast-head. The gleam of breakers will tell us to avoid the reef, or the well-known landmarks guide us to come into port greatly, with all sails set and no fear of taking the ground.

In this Outlook Club, then, it is human life on which we look out. And it is not quite true to say that our subjects are as boundless as life itself. We confine ourselves to certain aspects of life. We look to see no reed shaken by the wind. Pure diversion, curiosity, entertainment—all of them excellent things, and necessary—are not the things we meet to discuss or enjoy here. We scan the horizon—is it not?—for such things only as may have a bearing on our course—will help up, as I said, to come into port greatly or sail with God the seas.

And what does all this amount to when you come to dig down into the heart of it, to quit metaphores and come

to cases, to reach bedrock, to put the proposition into the simplest language in which it is possible to speak to man or child?

Just to be good. That, after all, I think, is what we come here to learn. The words are not mine. I got them from one of the colored jubilee singers who entertained us the other day—a little piece he gave as an encore. We come to learn, if it be vouchsafed to us, as much of the truth as it is in our nature to hold, in order that, knowing it, we may shape our conduct so as to act rightly. In other words, again, we come here to learn just to be good.

Just to be good. It sounds wonderfully simple. At first sight one would think that almost anybody would know all about that, even if they didn't practice it. But is it so simple? How many of us, off-hand, could give a scientific definition of goodness? I wouldn't venture to try to do so myself. A couple of years or so ago I might have made an attempt at it, but that was just after Dr. Smith had lent me a very philosophical work on "The Nature of Goodness," and since then I am afraid my notions of goodness have grown somewhat hazy again.

By a scientific definition I mean a definition that would include everything that goodness is, and that would not apply to anything but goodness. Unscientific definitions there are a-plenty. The poet Keats says that truth is beauty and beauty truth. Others have followed his lead by saying that goodness is also truth and beauty goodness. The Christian Scientists tell us that good is the same thing as God. Well, it seems to me that this is all very unscientific and quite unhelpful—does not get us anywhere. If all these things are the same thing, why have so many different words to describe it? As a matter of fact, they all have certain qualities in common and certain qualities they do not share. God, for instance, is not a quality, and has surely personality if the word God means anything more than a blind force. Goodness, on the other hand, has no personality, but may be a quality even of a thing that is evil in itself.

For instance, we talk of a "good, hard knock." Well, if you are the person giving the knock, and you give it, say, to a mosquito, it may be conceded, perhaps, that goodness is apparent throughout the whole transaction. It is good for you to have gotten rid of an annoying insect, it is good for society at large that the insect should have been cut off in the flower of its prime and deprived of the further chance of parenting a progeny of blood-suckers. And even in regard to the mosquito himself, it might quite reasonably be argued that, if hard on the individual mosquito, it was good for the mosquito race that his life should have stopped right there. In some of the great swamps of Africa and South America countless billions of mosquitoes have existed for countless centuries—have lived and loved and fed and played and reproduced themselves a billion fold—without one of them ever tasting one minutest thousandth part of a drop of blood, human, mammalian or avian. It is obvious, then, that blood-sucking for them is a luxury, a useless habit like smoking, or chewing gum, just tacked on to life to make it more complicated. It were better far for the mosquito race that these blood-fiends or sueto-maniacs should be manneuted, so that the others, being innocuous to man, might be left in peace.

So we do seem to find that in this case of the mosquito and the human hand, the good, hard knock may indeed be considered good in all its bearings. But suppose you are some highly meritorious person—a father of a family, say, or a member of the Board of Trade, and the good hard knock is administered by a brick falling on your head. The goodness here is quite unapparent when considered in relation to the world at large. And neither of the two chief actors in the little drama, the brick and the member of the Board of Trade, can possibly derive any benefit from the performance, and one, if not both of them, are fairly certain to derive harm.

It is obvious then, it seems to me, that there are at least two points of view from which we must judge of goodness. A thing may be good in relation to itself

alone. Thus the *hardness* of the knock in both cases was *good*, considered as *hardness*. It was a thoroughly, perfectly, excellently *hard* knock. Or a thing may be good in relation to other things or persons, as the actions of the Samaritan were good, considered in relation to the man who had fallen among thieves. These actions of his—the dressing and binding up of wounds, the setting upon an ass, and so forth, were not good intrinsically—if they had been performed on a dead man, if they had carried no benefits to the man that fell among thieves, they would have been valueless—not good at all. It was the fact of their being adapted to benefit another that made them good.

And so we come to the kind of goodness that we are more especially studying in the Outlook Club—that kind which derives its goodness ultimately with sole reference to its relation to our fellow creatures.

Just to be good. Is it any good just to be good? And if so, to whom or what should we go to learn how to be good?

Well, if we are members of a church, or of some body of believers in any system or morality, the affair seems easy. The minister of the church or the high priest of the religion, or the leader of the school of morals will tell us what to do. That is what, in one way or another, they are paid to do. The minister of the church, for instance, will probably tell us that we must look to religion to answer these questions. Well, unfortunately, there have been many religions since man first *got* religion—since the first abysmal brute-man felt within him the quickening of that which has destined to develop into "curiosity about God." And though a good many of these religions have concerned themselves with the kind of goodness we are investigating, that is to say with ethics, with morality; a good many there have been that have either not concerned themselves at all with true morality, or have even led their followers away from it.

Again, if we are soldiers, the affair once more seems simple and easy at the first blush. Go to your captain and ask him what you are to do to be good. He will tell you that the only object of a

soldier's life is to do his duty as a soldier, and if he does that he will be sure to be doing right.

Well, Kennedy, the author of "The Servant in the House" has written another spiritual play, in which the captain of the soldiers who nailed Christ to the cross is discussing this very question with one of the soldiers.

"After all, sir," says the soldier, "duty is duty, isn't it?"

"Yes," answers the captain, "it doesn't seem to be very much else. For instance, it doesn't seem to be love or neighborliness or pity or understanding." He goes on to show that everyone who has had any part in what they have just done—the humblest listener who had carried information to the priests, the priests themselves, the law-givers, the captains and the soldiers, had all been just doing what they conceived to be their duty—what was supposed to be their duty. "What sort of devil's duties are there in the world," he asks, "when they lead blindly, wantonly, wickedly, to the murder of such a man as this?"

It is obvious then, that at any moment in a soldier's life he must be prepared to bring his conduct before some higher tribunal than soldierly duty, and if that tribunal condemn it, to choose between death, the usual punishment of refusal to obey a soldier's orders, and just being good. For the sense of duty is not necessarily goodness. I think we shall find its rudiments away down in the animal kingdom, even among the microbes. The sense of duty is but one of the roots of human goodness—one of the instincts from which human goodness and unselfishness and self-reliance have been evolved.

And what, then, is this ultimate tribunal, this higher authority than captain or king or priest or judge or lawyer? Surely, a man's conscience. And is a man's conscience infallible? Why no, but it is the best guide to goodness that we have. It will lead us right in a very useful proportion of cases, and if we study all questions with an open mind, earnestly seeking the truth in our Outlook clubs, in the writings of good men, and in our own thoughts, we may surely hope that as we correct and inform our

conscience that proportion will increase, and our conscience become more and more a reliable guide.

And now I am getting to the question I really started out to talk about. What is the origin of this conscience? Why should we *want* to be good? And are we humans the only living things that have such a desire, or tendency, or instinct? Is goodness, the form of goodness that tends to self-sacrifice, truly a divine instinct implanted in the heart of man, or do we find some seed or trace of it lower down in the hearts of our humble brethren, along with the other qualities for the beginnings of which evolution had taught us where to look?

If it be a solely human attribute, divinely implanted, should we not look to find that religion, which is everywhere recognized as the manifestation of the divine intercourse with man, had always been the unerring guide in the matter? Yet whenever religions have taught their votaries to slay and burn and torture their fellow-men have there not always been some among these votaries who have been better than their religion—has there not always been a native goodness growing wild in the heart of man which would shield and rescue even a heretic in defiance of the very tenets upon which salvation was firmly believed to depend?

Goodness, self-sacrifice, is universal in man, whatever his religion. It is independent of religion, as it is independent of the search for happiness. Many strong votaries of religion have done wicked things, and many good people are unhappy and many people who are not good are quite happy. I do not believe it is possible for any person to make himself good just because he believes that if he is good he will be happy. The desire for goodness is an instinct that lies far deeper than that. It is divinely implanted if you like, but it was not implanted in the heart of *man*. Henry Drummond, in his book, "The Ascent of Man," by far the most important book, to my mind, that has arisen out of our knowledge of evolution, has shown that it was implanted in the hearts of living creatures far down among the very beginnings of life. The coming Kingdom

of Heaven that Christ taught will be entered upon when all have become good. But when life first appeared upon this planet it held the title deeds of that kingdom in its feeble hands.

For let us follow Dr. Watt's advice and go to the ant, and consider her ways, even though we be not sluggards.

In the ant then, humble insect though she be, we shall find this goodness, this instinct of self-sacrifice, fully, almost morbidly developed. To the ant, self-seeking is unknown. Devotion to the community is her sole apparent incentive to action. Unceasingly she works, but that is nothing. Activity is probably pleasant to her. The point is that she works not for herself, but for the community. Does she eat? It is not for herself she eats. The very contents of her crop are common property. She will distend herself with honey-dew till she is a mere globule of sweetness. But not in gluttony. When fully distended she does not crawl away and sleep it off, like a boa constrictor or a human toper. She does not consider herself as an individual at all. She is just a food supply, just groceries, just a jar of honey-dew, and as such she retires to the larder, hangs onto the ceiling of some gallery where she may regurgitate the contents of her stomach and feed therewith the passing workers who are too busy to go out and forage for themselves. Does an ant fondle her child? It is not really *her* child, but the child of the ant-nest, a communal child from an egg laid by the one queen mother whose sole duty it is to lay eggs. Does a swarm of giant ants invade the ant-nest? Blindly she rushes to the attack, allowing herself to be torn piecemeal in its defense, fighting fiercely against hopeless odds.

And how is it then, with these apparently noble qualities, that she has developed into nothing higher than an ant? It is because, I like to believe, this sense of duty has gone no further than a sense of duty; this obsession of self-sacrifice has missed the one important factor that makes for advance towards the Kingdom of Heaven. The ant knows not love, and without love she is as sounding brass and a tinkling symbol.

If, in her ceaseless errand about the business of the community, she has no sympathy for herself, considered as an individual, neither has she sympathy for her fellow-ants, considered as individuals. Does she come upon a fellow-ant lying wounded in her path, she will pass over him, without malice but without regard. If he were dirty now, it would be her duty to clean him. That is part of her communal work. Ants have to be everlastingly cleaning each other. But merely sick or wounded to death! The ant-heart has no chord that can vibrate to that appeal. It is not for the communal good, apparently, that wounded ants should be fussed over and have communal time spent on them. A sick or wounded ant is better dead. It is cheaper to breed another sound one.

And that is why, I take it, the ant has remained an ant, though its brain be, as Darwin says, the most wonderful atom of matter in the universe.

(To be continued.)

Every movement must have an ideal. What is the ideal of our Unitarian churches? It is faith, hope, and love. Faith in a Father, who has made men, and, therefore, loves and cares for those He has created; who will enter into men's minds, wills and affections; will give them clean thoughts; enable them to conquer bad habits; and inspire them to noble deeds. Hope in the great destiny of man and gratitude to our God for it. Love for every man, woman and child He has made, even for the very worst. This is our ideal.—*The Christian Life*.

Courage.

The courage to be just; the courage to be honest; the courage to resist temptation; the courage to do one's duty: this is the moral courage that characterizes the highest order of manhood and womanhood—it is the courage without which no great, permanent success in life is achieved.—*Samuel Smiles*.

Notice.

To the Young People and Friends of Young People in our Pacific Coast Parishes:

"From hand to hand the greeting flows," and this year you may send good cheer, full measure and running over to the earnest young Unitarians in the East who are striving to make our faith a nation-helper.

The Young People's Religious Union is the clearing-house for our young people's religious work. To make its splendid visions come true, it must have funds. Therefore November 6th to 8th, the National Union gives its eighth biennial bazaar in Boston. Two years ago the Pacific Coast table, set up for the first time and with only half of our parishes contributing, cleared for the fair nearly one hundred dollars.

This year we hope all the parishes will contribute, through young people's societies, individual young people, and well-wishers of young people. Just a little from each one and our table will be a visible sign that "the seekers of the light are one," that there is no East, no West, but a splendid unity.

Small articles peculiar to the West will be best. Kelp figures (many of them), rose beads, little boxes of fruit, or cactus candy, collections of stones, small Japanese or Chinese oddities, photographs, checks, and crepe paper flowers all are good. The poinsettia has been chosen as the bazaar flower.

Write to the Pacific Coast director with questions, or telling what you wish to do personally, or hope to have your group of young people do. Don't leave this for some one else. Make it your business.

Have your packages reach Boston by November 1st, addressed to Miss Jennie E. Moseley, chairman Pacific Coast Table, Room 11, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and write her beforehand what she may expect.

Yours for truth, worship, service,
EMMA I. ROSS,

Pacific Coast Director Young
People's Religious Union.

Address: Miss Emma R. Ross, 231 So.
Bunker Hill Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Suggestions to Teacher.

Conducted by Dr. William S. Morgan.

The following question coming from a minister is a type of many similar appeals which reach me:

"I am preparing a Sunday-school curriculum, which shall be comprehensive in its scope. One of the courses I have in mind is 'Civic Righteousness.' I wish the course to dwell on the application to the daily affairs of men and women of the principles brought out in the earlier courses on the prophets, the teachings of Jesus, etc. Will you be good enough to suggest some good books to be used as text and reference books, and suggest some phases of the subject which you think should be particularly emphasized?"

I am in the habit of answering such queries by calling attention to "Studies in the Gospel of the Kingdom," published by the American Institute of Social Service, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. These studies are Sunday-school lessons arranged with ability and placing in the hands of the students an intelligent survey of the subject under discussion. Take, for example, the lesson on Child Labor; it treats of (1) the ethics of work, (2) the facts as to child labor, (3) child labor legislation, and (4) what the church can do. Such topics as wealth and capital, housing, civic corruption, public utilities, socialism, immigration, foreign relations, the race question, prison reform, intemperance, marriage, etc., are similarly dealt with.

In teaching civic righteousness in the Sunday-school it is well to start with the city or the village in which the school is located. Municipal problems are the nearest and most vital. Any one who may be seeking for starting-points along these lines may read with advantage Bulletin No. 20 in the department of social and public service, published by the American Unitarian Association. This is written by Dr. Carol Aronovici, director of the bureau of social research of Rhode Island, and is entitled "Knowing One's Own Community." The village or city from the viewpoints of the physical, æsthetic,

educational, governmental and moral aspects affords ample and profound study for any Sunday-school class.

The educators of the world are awakening to the realization of the need of moral education. The second part of the report of the Congress for Moral Education held at the Hague a year ago has just been received. It is inspiring to consider these 1,287 pages, written in French, German, Dutch, and English. The educators tell what is being done and what can be done to lift human beings to a higher plane of ethical living. The subjects under discussion in the several divisions of the Congress will indicate the comprehensive work which the papers cover.

First division—Moral education considered from the viewpoint of denominationalists, of religious people not attached to any denomination, and of those who consider morality as independent of religion; moral education considered from the social and national viewpoints; the formation of the will; moral education considered from a practical viewpoint.

Second division—Physical education; physical training as a means to character building.

Third division—Adolescence; moral education in training colleges, including schools for military men; character building in family life and society at large; character building of young people at educational institutes, which are not dedicated to the usual primary education.

Fourth division—Abnormal children; character building of abnormal children.

Verily, the religion of salvation by character is possessing the educators of the world. When from our educational institutions shall go forth men moral, equipped with a trained will, heightened moral sentiments and judgments, the result of long years of training, we shall find a nobler and better world; the kingdom of God shall be at hand.

Luther's advice to a young preacher was: "Stand up cheerfully; speak out manfully; leave off speedily." — *Standard*.

For the Children

Freda and Nellie in England.

(Continued from August number.)

By Annie Margaret Pike.

CHAPTER IV.

OUSETHORPE.

When Mrs. Haworth returned to Hysted to fetch Freda and Nellie, she found two rosy-faced country children, instead of the pale little daughters she had brought over from their city home in Dublin a few months before.

From Hysted they went on to Ousethorpe to see some cousins of hers who kept a girls' school there. These ladies lived in Queen's Square with their father, who was totally blind. He was a merry old gentleman in spite of his blindness, and he always smoked a long-stemmed clay pipe. He made many jokes with Freda and Nellie. At table he sat next to his daughter Anna, who carved the meat at dinner, and if he knew it were a leg of mutton, he would say to Nellie, "I know you are hungry. Nellie, for I heard you racing about this morning. Would you not like the first cut? Then he would feel for a plate, and hold it out to Miss Anna, saying, "The first cut for Nellie, if you please." Anna was quite used to the joke, and she would make one cut in the meat, and the old gentleman would hand down the empty plate for Nellie. At first Nellie did not know what to think or to say, but she quickly understood that a cut and a helping are not the same thing, and that the first helping from a leg of mutton needs two cuts.

A favorite dish in the Jowett household was Norfolk dumplings. Sometimes they were served before the meat course with a rich brown gravy, and sometimes they were brought in afterwards and were eaten with butter and sugar or with syrup.

Miss Anna was the eldest of the three sisters and she managed the housekeeping. She was the only one of the three to wear a cap. She had had a slight stroke of paralysis, and her face was a little twisted in consequence, but that made no difference to Freda and Nellie, who loved her at once, and were quite ready to call her "Aunt Anna," as she

told them she should like them to do.

Miss Dora was next in age and was short and stout. She taught the scholars and interviewed the parents.

Miss Jane, the youngest sister was slender and pretty, with fair waving hair and blue eyes.

The children felt less at home with her than they did with motherly Miss Dora. She also taught in the school. Miss Jane was engaged to be married to a Mr. Seward, who was a frequent visitor at the house, and who was very popular with all the young people there.

Mrs. Haworth was pleased with the school and thought that Freda and Nellie would be happy there, so when she returned to Ireland the children remained with their Queen's Square relatives as scholars.

They quickly made friends amongst their schoolfellows. Helen Franklin, one of the day pupils was one of the first of their friends, and it was not long before her father, who was a widower, called to ask Miss Jowett to allow the little "Paddies," as he called them, to come and eat potatoes and herrings at his house. Miss Dora laughingly told the children what he had said. They understood it in its literal sense, and great was their surprise therefore to find, not potatoes and herrings, but a regular English supper on the table on the evening of their visit.

The Franklins had a book shop and they showed Freda and Nellie many beautiful picture books. One of these had views of the country around Ousethorpe. Some of the pictures were of a ruined castle, and it reminded them a little of the one they had seen at Conway on their way to London. Later on they had the pleasure of visiting Castle Rising with some of their new friends, but the account of that must come into another chapter.

"Swopping" scraps was one of the favorite amusements of the girls at Queen's Square. Odd pennies were saved up and spent on sheets of pictures showing dogs' heads, flowers, cats or birds, all in the brightest of colors, and then in the few minutes between the arrival of the day pupils and the beginning of morning school a brisk exchange went on. The scraps, as the

pictures were called, were used as Bible marks, and it was necessary to carry one's Bible into the schoolroom with great care to avoid a general scatteration of the treasures.

All the boarders attended the beautiful church of St. Ethelburge in company with the Misses Jowett. The church stood in the "Tuesday Market" Place, and was a very long building. I do not think Freda and Nellie understood very much of the services, and they always dreaded the Sundays on which the Litany was repeated, for they had to kneel all the time and they got very tired; but it was some compensation to watch the people coming up the aisle and taking their places. They could then count their acquaintances.

One of the curates interested them very much. He was short and had very long arms, which he swung as he walked, and he always held his head down—"Just as if he were looking for pins on the carpet," Nellie said.

On market days great boxes full of wriggling eels stood in rows in the Market Place outside the church. There was a second market place in Ousethorpe, and that was where traveling shows set up their tents when they visited the town.

Freda and Nellie went to one of these and saw the marionettes. It did not matter to them that the wires, by means of which the funny little figures were moved, could be seen. The children were quite willing to ignore them and to believe, for the time being at any rate, that the squeaky voices really did come from Joey and his companion figures.

The play they saw was called "Joey and the Ghost." Joey lies down on his bed, and the light is turned low, and just when you expect to hear him snore a hideous white figure rises up at the head of the bed, which is well away from the wall, and waves a skinny arm over him. Joey jumps up and the ghost vanishes. Joey tries to go to sleep again. The ghost tips the bed over and Joey falls out. Then Joey talks to the audience and tells them what a shame it is that a poor fellow can't have a wink of sleep in peace. Then he hunts all around the room, but of course finds

nothing, so he lies down once more, and this time snores loudly. Then the ghost slips in again and once again tumbles Joey out on the ground. This time he will not go to bed any more, but runs away, and then the lights are turned up and another play begins.

There were merry-go-rounds, too, but Freda and Nellie left those to the boys, one of whom, their friend Freddie, told them that he had had twenty-four half-penny turns the evening before, and that he did not believe he should try again just yet.

A little way beyond the Market Place were docks and grain warehouses, and during the time the children spent at Ousethorpe there was a great fire in that part of the town. For weeks the smell of the burning and smouldering grain was noticeable even at a distance. When it was safe to do so they went to see the ruins, and picked up lumps of molten glass that had poured from the windows and cooled into fantastic shapes.

The making of bead rings was an employment that gave them many pleasant hours on holiday afternoons. A dear little old lady lived just around the corner from the school, and she had given the little Irish girls, on one of their many visits to her, a beautiful assortment of small glass beads, so they were able to make a large variety of rings. These were not simply rings of single beads strung on a thread, but were much more elaborate affairs.

The way to set about making a band ring is this: Get two fine needles and thread them, one at each end of the same thread, then string on three beads as far as the center of the thread; then three more, but now both needles must be used, the second one being put through the beads in the reverse direction from the first. Now the two sets of three lie side by side, and if the process is repeated often enough a band ring is the result. When enough beads have been strung to fit the finger fasten the last three securely to the first three. Freda and Nellie often made handsome ornaments in the center of the band by increasing and diminishing the numbers of the beads and varying the colors to imitate a variety of precious stones.

They distributed the rings they made amongst their girl friends, and bejeweled fingers were all the fashion for a long time afterwards.

There were some charming old gardens behind the houses, even in the principal streets, and one day Miss Jowett took Freda and Nellie with her when she went to look through a house that was vacant, to see if it would suit some friends of hers who wished to move. While she was inspecting the rooms they played in the garden under a magnificent chestnut tree, whose rich red blossoms made it a mass of beautiful color. When Miss Jowett came downstairs they all went next door to call on the lady who owned the house. She was very old, and very thin, and very cross looking the children thought; and she said that she would never let the house to any family with a man in it, for she was sure she should hear him, even through the dividing walls, pulling off his boots at night. The children thought her a very queer old lady indeed, and were glad to get out into the street again.

On their way home they stopped to make an appointment with a woman who sometimes did cleaning at the school. The woman's husband was a housepainter, and the woman explained that she could not undertake to do any work away from home just then, for, as she said: "You see, miss, my pore 'usband is in bed with 'is 'ead."

Freda and Nellie were by this time able to understand aitchless sentences, but they thought it would have been a more serious matter for the man if he had been in bed without his head.

On certain days in the month excursion trains were run from Ousethorpe to Hunstanton, and the Misses Jowett often took advantage of these to give their boarders a day at the seaside. They seldom went along the cliffs, but kept to the beach from choice.

In those days children wore long cotton blouses called "garibaldis." Freda and Nellie had striped garibaldis caught in at the waist by leather belts, and they wore large yellow leghorn hats, trimmed with twisted brown and yellow

ribbons, with long ends hanging down at the back.

The girls were often allowed to bathe. On the first of these excursions Nellie, not having a bathing gown of her own, was lent one. It was many sizes too large. She waded gaily out into the water, holding it up with one hand, but just then a larger wave than usual caught her and swept her off her feet. The big gown tangled her up, head and all, and it was a very frightened gasping little girl that prompt sister Freda dragged to the surface.

On another occasion their friend Freddie was one of the party. He, of course, wished for a donkey ride, so a smart looking steed was chosen, and they set off, the barefoot donkey-boy running behind, waving a stick and shouting to make Neddie go faster. Freddie found the pace a little quicker than he liked, so when they came underneath the pier he tried to slacken speed by grasping an iron bar that stretched across just above his head; but Neddie was not so easily checked. He raced on, and his rider was left swinging in the air until an old sailor who was near lifted him down.

On clear days at Hunstanton the children thought they could distinguish Boston Hump on the opposite shore, and many were the jokes and puns they made when the tale of King John and his loss of the royal jewels in the Wash was told to them. They were quite sure they would not send their rings "to the wash," even if they were made of glass beads and not of gold and emeralds and rubies and diamonds like King John's.

(To be continued.)

Peace Found.

I cast my lot with these,
The churches of the Open Way. For me
Henceforth no other way is possible,
And in them I will shelter, finding peace.
I war not 'gainst the rest who still hold fast
The creed of Paul, Augustine, Calvin, Knox!
I only claim like freedom for myself
That I may live my life as they lived theirs,
holding as true that which is truth to me.

—"The Heretic," by H. W. Hawkes.

Selected

Prayer a Vision of Better Life.

By Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin.

Every being that has attained to self-consciousness—that has become human—feels that he is not sufficient unto himself. He feels that there is some power beyond himself on which he is dependent. He feels the desire to know more of this power and to bring himself into closer relations with it. This is the permanent element in all prayer. It pervades the rude incantations of the savage as well as the refined meditations of a Thomas à Kempis and an Emerson. The form of expression is the measure of refinement to which the subject has attained. In the savage it takes the form of rude grovellings, bloody sacrifices and self-torturings. In the musician it may take the form of a great composition: in the artist it may find expression through a painting or cathedral. In the poet it beats itself out in the combined words and music of an "In Memoriam" or "Eternal Goodness." The true prayer is the unwritten poem that everyone carries about in his own soul. It is the vision of the better life to which everyone aspires in his better moments.

When Thomas Henry Huxley was in America, and he and some of his fellow scientists stood on the bridge that spans the gorge below the falls of Niagara, he was heard to say in reverent accents "Let us pray," and they stood in silence with bowed heads. Huxley had one of those great cosmic souls that respond to the divinity that is manifest in the mighty phenomena of nature. As he stood contemplating this wonderful exhibition of power his cosmic emotion welled up and overflowed at the sight that confronted him. The divine within throbbed and thrilled in response to the divine without and he longed to give it expression. His entire life was a prayer of this kind; it was deep answering to deep, it was the life within answering back to the life without.

There are other people who can look at the falls of Niagara, or who can stand on the rim of the Grand Cañon without an emotion, but when in the presence of

a great work of art God seems to speak through them and they answer back with all the reverence of their being. With others it is the harmony of a great musical composition that stirs them to the depths and causes them to feel that they are communing with deity. Again it is the things that suggest the sublime sacrifice of the man of Gallilee that make others most worshipful. In all these experiences we have true reverence and the true prayer, and no one has any right to exalt his particular experience above the others and claim that his only is true prayer.

Is prayer answered? Yes, all true prayer is answered. Not in the sense that laws are set aside and specific results are obtained in response to supplication. The real prayer is not in the asking for these things, but in the desire to know the truth and to bring one's life into harmony with it, in the desire to bring one's life into harmony with the great on-sweeping purpose of the universal. Just as a single grain of sand cannot be moved without the entire material universe responding to it, so one cannot have a thought or an emotion without the spiritual universe responding to it. The universe responds to my heart's sincere desire and I am brought into closer harmony with the soul of things, and in this way my prayer is answered.

Hawthorne on Longfellow.

The following review of *Evangeline*, contributed to the *Salem Advertiser* by Nathaniel Hawthorne in 1847, was recently found pasted into an early edition of the poem. It was modestly signed H., and so far as known has not since been printed:

EVANGELINE; by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, 1847. This poem has a historical foundation in the removal and dispersion of the inhabitants of the French province of Acadie in 1755, by order of the British authorities. The event is one of the most remarkable in American history; and the story of *Evangeline* and her lover is of itself as poetical as the fable of the *Odyssey*, besides that it comes to the heart as a fact that has had actual place in human life. A young maiden is separated from the youth to whom she is betrothed, and conveyed to a different province; she spends her whole subsequent life in efforts to

rejoin him, unavailingly, till, in old age, she finds him on his deathbed in an alms-house. It is a theme, indeed, not to be trusted in the hands of an ordinary writer, who would bring out only its gloom and wretchedness: it required the true poet's deeper insight to present it to us, as we find it here, its pathos all illuminated with beauty,—so that the impression of the poem is nowhere dismal nor despondent, and glows with the purest sunshine where we might the least expect it, on the pauper's death-bed. We remember no such triumph as the author has here achieved, transfiguring Evangeline, now old and gray, before our eyes, and making us willingly acquiesce in all the sorrow that has befallen her, for the sake of the joy which is prophesied and realised within her.

The story is told with the utmost simplicity—with the simplicity of high and exquisite art, which causes it to flow onward as naturally as the current of a stream. Evangeline's wanderings give occasion to many pictures both of northern and southern scenery and life; but these do not appear as if brought in designedly, to adorn the tale; they seem to throw their beauty inevitably into the calm mirror of its bosom, as it flows past them. So it is with all the adornments of the poem; they seem to have come unsought. Beautiful thoughts spring up like roses, and gush forth like violets along a wood-path, but never in any entanglement or confusion; and it is chiefly because beauty is kept from jostling with beauty, that we recognize the severe intellectual toil, which must have been bestowed upon this sweet and noble poem. It was written with no hasty hand, and in no light mood. The author has done himself justice, and has regard to his well-earned fame; and, by this work of his maturity—a poem founded on American history, and embodying itself in American life and manners—he has placed himself on an eminence higher than he had yet attained, and beyond the reach of envy. Let him stand, then, at the head of our list of native poets, until some one else shall break up the rude soil of our American life, as he has done, and produce from it a lovelier and nobler flower than this poem of Evangeline!

Mr. Longfellow has made what may be considered an experiment, by casting his poem into hexameters. The first impression of many of his readers will be adverse; but, when it is perceived how beautifully plastic this cumbersome measure becomes in his hands—how thought and emotion incorporate and identify themselves with it—how it can compass great ideas, or pick up familiar ones—how it swells and subsides with the nature and necessities of the theme—and, finally, how musical it is, whether it imitate a forest-wind or the violin of an Acadian fiddler—we fully believe that the final judgment will be in its favor. Indeed, we cannot conceive of the poem as existing in any other measure.

Nunc Dimitis.

By William Greenleaf Eliot.

(Written on his seventy-sixth birthday,
August 5, 1886.)

Fain would I breathe that gracious word,
Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace.

When may I humbly claim that kind reward,
And cares and labors cease?

With anxious heart I watch at heaven's gate—
Answer to hear;

With failing strength I feel the increasing
weight

Of every passing year.

Hath the time not fully come, dear Lord,
Thy servant to release?

Be still, my heart! In silence God doth speak
Here is thy place; here, not at heaven's gate;
Thy task is not yet finished; frail and weak.
Doing or suffering, steadfast is thy faith,
Thy service is accepted, small or great;
If daylight fades, work while the twilight lasts.
His time is thine—or soon or late,

Joseph Pennell's View of San Francisco.

This is how Joseph Pennell saw San Francisco, as he tells the readers of the *New York Times*:

There was a city finer than Tangier—but just like it in effect; a city higher than Siena—but just like it—the sweep of its mountainous streets—only a million times more impressive; and like Siena, even to the great crowning mass on its highest hill. But unlike poor Boston, it did not vaguely remind one of something else; it was more imposing, more inspiring, more amazing than any of the things it reminded me of and all the work of the last six years. In San Francisco the people unconsciously have made a great pictorial, paintable city of their own, something utterly different from New York, Philadelphia, Washington—something equally impressive; and, though they know everything else under the sun, they do not know that. They never stop telling you how much finer it was “before the fire.” I know it is finer now, only they do not see it. And when I showed them how fine it was they said I exaggerated.

Unrest a Dream.

Give me, oh God, to sing this thought. . . .
Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's love and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream.

—Walt Whitman.

Christians and Heathens.

By a Heathen.

It was Carlyle who first dared to hold before "exclusive" Christendom the Heathen Mahomet as a prophet of Humanity. And along with him came Emerson who took down the pet idols of Christendom "from their holy pedestal in such a way that the very act was a consecration." But they were like voices crying in the wilderness. Christendom is still exclusively self-centered. What with Foreign Missions and Comparative Religion Official Christianity is rarely found to recognize the worth and beauty of anything non-Christian.

Not long ago a Christian Weekly referring to the unsanitary conditions of the *Kalighat* grounds in Calcutta wrote of "Hinduism and Filth." Is it not too late in history to talk this way? Why do Christian writers when they talk of evils in non-Christian lands invariably attribute these evils to the religion professed by the people of those countries? Are there no evils in Christendom? Do we seek to identify Christianity with the evils rampant in Christendom? Who that has gone to Europe and America has not found the Drink Devil reigning in places high and low? Is not a great *Christian* Nation responsible for the drugging and demoralizing of *Heathen* China? And how many are the *Bloodhounds* of war *Christened* year by year? *Christening* a battleship—what is it but christening murder and slaughter? Why not call these Christian Intemperance, Christian Slaughter and Christian Exploitation? But, of course, you cannot talk that way about Christianity and Christendom for they carry upon them the label of "Civilization!" * * *

Is it merely narrowness of vision and culture or moral obliquity on their part who, starting with the presumption that Christians are superior beings and Christianity the panacea for all ills, would sit in judgment on India and India's Religion? The treatment accorded to Indians in Canada, South Africa and Australia is too well known now for us to believe any more in the inherent superiority of Christianity and Christendom. No veneer of platitudinarian preaching

would either cure us of our heathen vices or draw us to Christianity and Christendom.—*The World and the New Dispensation, Calcutta.*

Sayings of the Sages

Do not be afraid of missing heaven by seeking a better earth.—*Henry Drummond.*

Wait not till you are backed by numbers. Wait not until you are sure of an echo from a crowd. The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.—*Channing.*

Let us learn to think little of our action when we have seemed to do best, yet work as we can in our place and calling—work as talent and opportunity are given us.—*F. H. Hedge.*

Christ is the realized idea of our humanity. He is God's idea of man completed.—*F. W. Robertson.*

High hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease and start on some faithful march of fresh service.—*Martineau.*

Those who have withstood the severest temptation, who have practised the most arduous duties, who have confided in God under the heaviest trials, who have been most wronged and have forgiven most.—*Channing.*

Travel as a friendly man wherever you go; make new friends; trust men as often as possible; be glad at every glow of kindly feeling that warms your heart; look for good and not for evil in all kinds and conditions of men. Find out their best thought. The humbles may teach you something. Praise whatever is good. Carry the signs of a new free-masonry. You shall make fast the ties which bind the world; you shall put an end to war.—*The Rev. Charles F. Dole.*

From the Churches

EUREKA.—The minister's vacation of eight weeks closed with his return August 22d. Regular services were resumed August 24th, with Sunday-school and preaching service in the morning and the People's Platform lecture in the evening.

The church was opened July 27th, when all enjoyed a service conducted by the former minister, Rev. Nehemiah A. Baker of Alameda.

The Alliance Branch resumed its regular meetings the same week that the services were resumed, and made plans for a church supper and other activities extending through September.

The adult class in Sunday-school is resumed under leadership of Senator William Kehoe, and begins the study of James Freeman Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief."

The work is resumed with enthusiasm on the part of all the loyal supporters of the church, and the year promises to be one of much progress.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A two months' vacation in the church is unprecedented, but the trustees concluded not to resume services till Mr. Dutton was able to begin his ministry. The Sunday-school, as usual, resumed on the Sunday following the reopening of the public schools, and has been fairly attended.

The Society for Christian Work and the Channing Auxiliary devoted their first meetings to vacation reminiscences and greetings. Plans are well laid for a season of renewed activity. In addition to the regular meetings this month all the allied organizations will join with the church trustees in a general informal reception to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton on the evening of September 19th.

The Men's Club will give a ladies' night on Thursday, September 11th, which will be addressed by Mr. Clarence M. Smith, a San Francisco business man, who has recently visited the principal cities and countries of Europe, as representative of the Chamber of Commerce in investigating rural and banking conditions. He will speak on his observations and experiences.

Sparks

Maud (earnestly)—"I want to ask you a question, George." George (also earnestly)—"What is it, dearest?" Maud (still earnestly)—"If you had never met me, would you have loved me just the same?"—*Sacred Heart Review*.

A curate, who, preaching about Zacchæus, said that the tree he got up represented "the Church." Next day one of his hearers said, "I was very much interested in your sermon yesterday; I was listenin' very attentive for what you didn't say." "Oh, and what might the application be that has occurred to you?" "Why, Zacchæus had to come down out of that tree before he could go with the Lord Jesus."

A zealous vicar remarked: "The Church of England lifts her head,—a light-house to the world," on which a Methodist promptly replied: "Church of England a light-house, is it? What do a light-house do? Why, stands 'pon the rocks, callin' out to the ships: 'There's danger 'ere! Keep away from me.'"

Called upon for a "few remarks," an after-dinner speaker was still in the midst of his oratory half an hour later. Finally one of the weary banqueters wrote something on a bit of paper and passed it across the table. The recipient read it, smiled, and passed it down the line. It came close to where the orator stood. Thinking it might be for him he picked it up and glanced at it. Then he ended—forgetting his peroration. The note read: "This is what Sherman said war was."

Maud—They say that Jack has wooed and proposed to no fewer than ten girls. Ethel—Yes, and he's breathed the same vows over and over until they are thoroughly vitiated.

"Name this child," he said. Smith started: "Henry Aberdare Kitchener Witherspoon Leslie—" "Sh!" And the clergyman raised his hand with gentle dignity and beckoned the old sexton. "John," he whispered, "you had better fetch some more water!"

"I can't live without your daughter." Well, can you live without her father?"

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Phillips Brooks

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THE PACIFIC UNITARIAN

God our Father; man our brother

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Editorials.

There are many encouraging indica-
tions that, in regard to vice and the great
wrongs that are rooted in low or loose
conceptions of social relations, civiliza-
tion is developing a conscience that is
fairly entitled to be called new. The en-
actment of such measures as the Mann
white slave law shows this and the con-
victions under it show that the courts
are moving on and occupying higher
ground. The fear of punishment is not
the highest form of deterrent influence,
but it is sorely needed for those uncon-
trolled by right feeling and a sense of
decency. It is not out of place to seek
for ultimate causes and to finally look
to prevention, but we may not neglect
the help of direct punishment for flag-
rant offenses. That which is tolerated
is encouraged and arguments are useless
where passion and not reason controls.

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And yet how ineffective is control
from without compared with control
through the will, when that is possible.
Is it wise and is it just to assume that
the source of wrong-doing is mainly, or
in a comparative sense largely, in ma-
terial conditions? That insufficient
wages have their part in encouraging
immoral life is to some extent true, but
it is generally in connection with false
standards of living and a craving for
some form of forbidden enjoyment. To
assume that a little more pay will hold
to virtue one who values it lightly is a
wicked fallacy.

Much more to the point is a strong
public sentiment holding men to a single
standard of morality and protecting
women from the horrible results that

follow the selfishness of a man who thinks of nothing but his momentary satisfaction.

Back of so much suffering and injustice and wrong is the miserable mania for indulgence. It would seem that the besetting sin of the age is the acceptance of enjoyment as the end of existence. We seem to live for our pleasures. The life of simple rectitude that accepts enjoyment as naturally a part of it and finds pleasure in things that are not seasoned with the spice of wickedness seems old-fashioned and out of date. There is a tremendous lure for spicy enjoyment and a passion for taking risks. Prudence is a virtue at a discount. Homes are mortgaged for automobiles and joy is sought where it ought not to be found.

And this is not by reason of a depraved taste so much as of a weak will. Most people who are extravagant and who follow the beckoning of pleasure beyond the limit of safety are well aware of what they are doing and risking. They are simply too weak to do what they know they ought to do and to forego the doing of what they very well know they ought not to do. It is the natural temptation of an age of luxury meeting a weakened power of resistance. The hardy virtues are the more needed when the conditions that favored them have passed away.

The father of one of the young men convicted before Judge Van Fleet was a very poor boy. He worked his way through the high school by rising very early and selling vegetables. His struggle made him strong and he holds an honorable place in life. His son was doubtless bred to indulgence. Never needing to deny himself, he never learned self-control, and his life is wrecked, and several others, probably much more valuable, are sacrificed with

it. Poverty is not the greatest misfortune of life. It may be turned into a blessing. The danger of to-day is a surfeit of things, weakness of will, and poverty of spirit. C. A. M.

Our coldly scientific age is inclined to look with suspicion upon anything that cannot be reduced to material fact or is not deduced from facts experimentally established. This is especially true within a realm of ideas and interests where ignorance, superstition, false premises, and impossible deductions have obtained for the sake of feeding and fanning the flame of religious hope and fancy. It is child's play, in the schools of the times, to point out the impossibilities and irrelevancies of the "traditional faith," to show what social and intellectual environment of past ages was responsible for the origin and promotion of an unreasonable faith. Having performed this feat of historical criticism the scholar is inclined to believe that the case of religion is disposed of, and it is given summary dismissal. Henceforth, for him, biology, sociology, psychology, the long list of school disciplines are interesting, attractive, important; religion is not. But that is because he is not a real scholar. He has been caught in the swing and drive of a high-speed educational process for certain practical ends, most of which may be expressed ultimately in terms of money. He has never given his own spiritual nature either analysis, culture or criticism. Why should he, when this spiritual cult is so obviously a relic of ages of barbaric superstitions and ignorant assumptions? There are many fine scholars contributing much to the world's knowledge and progress who have been so occupied with the purely scientific and material aspects of modern life that they have quite failed to

see that faith and the language of faith are very different and distinct things. The latter reflects the spirit, the outlook, the temper, the ideas of a given time. This is ever and necessarily true. But the former, faith, the attitude of the human spirit that turns with yearning and hope to a higher and better and wiser Power, this never can be completely eradicated from any human spirit, and the man who attempts to deny or stifle this faith strikes at the foundations of his being. Faith may, to-day, promulgate a whole body of doctrine which is nothing more nor less than the attempt to express itself vividly in the language of the times. But the language will change, as the conception of the world order changes, and, to-morrow, faith will speak a new tongue and its doctrine will take on a very different color.

But faith abides, the same faith, in essence, never being aught else than the cry of the human soul for a diviner light and leading, the yearning of the human heart for the peace and assurance that come from Him who is the source of life and the goal thereof, and the belief that, in some degree, this light and peace have been found. Our most exacting sciences may not compass and command the principle of life. No more can they fully comprehend, manipulate or dispense with the fundamental sense of the divine which abides in the human spirit.

A. M. S.

The opening words of a widely circulated pamphlet of the Y. M. C. A. state boldly that the organization is "unsectarian." This would be interesting if true, which it is not. Only recently at its annual gathering the edict went forth strongly relative to the maintaining of the old evangelical basis of faith requisite to a voting membership. No

one objects to this standard if the fact is not blurred. When the Y. M. C. A. declares itself unsectarian, it virtually denies the Jesus Christ it worships in its Sunday meetings. It is, moreover, not enough to say the use of the word "unsectarian" here has reference to evangelical churches. The interpretation of "unsectarian" must be taken in its universal sense. As a matter of fact, the Y. M. C. A. is unsectarian in one thing only—that it will accept money from all. The sheep and the goats may browse within its doors, and the goats may derive certain nutriment, but without accomplishing the impossible, through accepting dead dogma the goats may merely peer at the sheep as they enter the sanctum sanctorum. The Y. M. C. A. does much good. Why cannot it also be honest?

Every now and then some Unitarian protests against the machinery of the denomination. Our message is supposed to spread and shape itself in some cosmic combination of concomitant atoms, without any sending out of the disciples to preach it. This is more than Jesus did. Or rather it is much less. The danger in the Unitarian denomination is not that there will be too much machinery, but too little, and this comes about from the very nature of Unitarianism itself. Meanwhile machinery will not make a message, but machinery will make a message more effectively planted, especially if the machinery is up to date. The sower that went forth to sow scattered some seed upon stony ground. It is not so with machine drill. Every seed goes into good ground. It doesn't scatter.

A club or a lodge is not a church by another name. The organization that calls itself a Unitarian Church, if there

be such, and overlooks this is a whited sepulchre. Certain club or lodge features may be enjoyed, but these are entirely secondary to the real purpose of a church. So, indeed, are all manifestations of social service by a church secondary, in another sense, to its main function, since social service is or should be one of the results of worship. The act of worship is essentially and primarily an appreciation of God. This is seeking the kingdom of heaven, and to do this is to have all things added unto us. These things are not necessarily what the world calls wealth or success. One is the vision of service, and the catching of the distant call yet clearer and louder, until the reply goes forth: Lo, here am I; send me.

Unitarianism needs Unitarians with enthusiasm for its theological tenets. It is much more important to teach the nobility of Jesus from the Unitarian standpoint than to have apparent theological peace with our neighbors, and in nine cases out of ten compromise our actual views. The day of theology is not past. It has hardly begun. Let some so-called orthodox minister preach a sermon with which a Unitarian is largely in accord, and the whole theological world is straightway announced, by Unitarians, as accepting the Unitarian view about Jesus. Orthodoxy can never accept the Unitarian appreciation of Jesus and still be orthodox. And so long as orthodoxy does not come out in the open in this regard it is not Unitarianism. It is only by the emphasis of our differences that we are to have an understanding of relative positions so as to inspire a true respect in theological disagreement. Any ideal of life and any ideal of God is not just as desirable as any other. Good-will may be or should be a common divisor for

all beliefs, but the beliefs themselves will always be vastly superior, one to the other, or at least varying in intensity and adequacy.

Why do we not have more enthusiasm about saying: "I am a Unitarian"? Why do we not feel it incumbent upon ourselves to spread abroad what the teachings of a theology at one with the universe has meant to us? Why do we not realize the great field that awaits the laborer who reveals modern knowledge to sweep away superstitious tradition? If our philosophy of life has helped us, why do we not try to help others? It may be that we simply lack religion. Philosophy is not religion. Morality is not religion. Theology is not religion. Religion is something which goes beyond all these, while it includes them. It is not only a zeal for God, but it is also a zeal for souls. There is no hesitancy because a name or a denomination may not be all comprehensive in its workings or statements of faith. Religion uses the tools at hand, for in it all there is the divine compulsion to tell the good news, the gospel. And this gospel, first of all, has to do with the relation of God to many.

F. A. W.

Public opinion is often slow in registering approval of movements seeking condition in advance of those that prevail, but it finally responds if the reform sought is not too long a step and the demand for it is both strong and persistent. San Francisco has long enjoyed an unenviable reputation for tolerating vice in association with pleasure. In the early days a quarter of the city near the water front became the resort of the lawless and discredited to an extent that equaled the disreputable coast of North Africa along the Mediter-

ranean where Barbary sheltered the refuse of the Nation, and "the Barbary Coast" became associated with the name of San Francisco as something distinctive and wickedly attractive. That it held much of danger and was a source of corruption and demoralization has always been felt, but until lately it has been accepted as an evil too strongly entrenched to be eradicated.

There is a great deal of nonsense held in social solution to the effect that a seaport city must expect to be easy in allowing freedom to its guests. Real friends of the sailor, like Walter MacArthur, repudiate this claim and stand firmly for cleanliness and decency. There has steadily gained ground a conviction that commercialized vice is both a disgrace and a mistake and that San Francisco must at whatever cost remove the blot on its escutcheon and proclaim that pleasure and joy can be and must be kept clean and wholesome. The ranks of those who stand for decency for its own sake have been reinforced by those who feel that vice does not pay. It is felt that if the city is to grow and harbor a great people it must become known as a safe city to live in and a good place in which to raise a family.

And so after much agitation and consideration the police commissioners have decreed that the Barbary Coast is to be redeemed. The indecencies will cease to be and will no longer, to our discredit, be paraded as among our chief attractions. The elimination is one good step toward cleanliness and decency, but it must be followed by others. The Ocean beach must be included and the public dance must be dissociated with the sale of liquor before we can enjoy any large measure of self-respect.

Senator Works has introduced a constitutional amendment prohibiting the

sale, manufacture and importation of distilled liquor. This is a radical measure but is in many respects the most sensible temperance proposal that has been made. It strikes at the acknowledged danger center. There is need of discrimination, and to treat light wines and good beer as of equal menace with strong alcoholic liquor is to many minds intemperate indulgence. A very simple amendment would effect a great change. It would be known as Article XVIII and would read:

Section 1. The sale, manufacture, and importation of distilled liquor containing alcohol, except for mechanical, scientific and medicinal purposes, under proper regulation by Congress, shall be prohibited in the United States on and after a period of three years next succeeding the ratification of this article by the legislature of three-fourths of the States.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

As we go to press, too late for extended notice in this issue, comes word of the death of Francis Cutting, one of California's representative pioneers and a devoted and bountiful friend of the Unitarian cause on the Pacific Coast. His large gifts to the Pacific Unitarian School for the Ministry have been constant, and with those of another liberal friend, have been the source of its life and growth. An appreciation of Mr. Cutting will appear next month.

The announcement by telegraph of the enthusiastic acceptance by the General Conference of the invitation of California Unitarians to hold the 1915 session in San Francisco is a source of great satisfaction and gives cheer and courage.

C. A. M.

The Preacher's Paragraphs.

By William Day Simonds.

I used to wonder why people who go to Europe have so little that is interesting to relate upon their return. Now I know. We Americans "do Europe" as we "do" everything else on the run, and thus accumulate a multitude of confused impressions, often of slight value to ourselves or our friends.

In an absence of seventy-two days from "my city Oakland," I traveled over 16,000 miles, an average of 225 miles each and every day, including Sundays, through more than thirty States, countries and provinces, visited about two score large towns and cities, with historic places, palaces, picture galleries, etc., thrown in for good measure. What wonder if the whole is like a swiftly-moving panorama, outlines and misty views, with little that as yet is clear, distinct, and so communicable. Yet one claim the Preacher honestly makes: the journey was taken seriously as an educational opportunity, and now that it is all over he does not see how much better use could have been made of the time and money so kindly placed at his disposal. "Don't shoot the pianist, he is doing the best he can," was the considerate caution posted in a Leadville saloon in the pioneer days. So don't expect too much of a narrative of one hurried tour made in one swift summer.

One thing astonished me, and perhaps this is all I shall find room for in this month's paragraphs, and that was the number of false impressions I had gathered from my reading concerning foreign lands and people. A few months ago one of our magazines contained an article upon America written by an educated Englishman who had never visited this country, in which he confessed that with the exception of Boston and New York he entertained no clear conception of our American cities. Chicago in his mind was a place where hogs were slaughtered, while Denver and Indianapolis were names to him, and nothing more. Very like to this is our thought—even after considerable study

—of places and countries we have never actually seen. Seeing is knowing in a very real sense. Almost from the beginning of the journey I began revising impressions and opinions, substituting for the half-knowledge the truer, until I sometimes felt that travel is the only educator.

The first false impression cleared away relates not to America or Europe, but to the ocean that separates them. In some way, I hardly know how, I had come to think of the wide Atlantic as a kind of pleasure sea, which men crossed in these days without much labor or anxiety. The papers tell of New Yorkers taking a "run" over to London, and of steamers that cross the "pond" in four days. It was quite an awakening to discover that now in this good year 1913 the average steamer requires from nine to twelve days in making the passage from Quebec to Liverpool, or from Antwerp to Boston. The wide Atlantic is still wide, and to navigate it is no holiday affair. During six of the nine days consumed in the passage to Europe our good steamer, "Tentonic," was enveloped in a dense fog, some of the time in actual danger from huge icebergs, and all of the time requiring expert seamanship to insure safe voyage.

Standing on the deck of this fog-shrouded vessel, I thought of the fisherman's prayer, "O God, be merciful; our boats are so small and thy ocean is so large." A new sense of the sublime courage of Columbus and the early discoverers sank deep into my soul. Here I was upon a modern ship made staunch and safe by all the acquired skill and science of man, even wireless telegraphy, that latest marvel of man's tireless brain, warning us of danger hours ahead: moving over a course known and mapped for years, and yet there was no little anxiety among our five hundred passengers. Our good captain watched upon the bridge unremittingly for thirty-six hours, thus earning our thanks and admiration. Surely this sailing the Atlantic is serious business even now when science holds the helm and safeguards life and treasure.

How, then, had Columbus that audacity of courage which held him to his course for seventy-one days over a trackless ocean to an unknown land. Perhaps I can be forgiven for dropping into rhymeless verse in honest effort to celebrate the dauntless hope that spurred my hero on through all those years when wise men laughed at his bold dream, and through all those seeming endless days in which he gave, as Joaquin Miller tells us, his one stern command, "Sail on, sail on; sail on, and on"—

Great was thy faith, my Hero,
When thou didst dare to tread
The mansion's tessellated floor,
And braving there a monarch's frown,
Plead for thy right of way
Across the deep—from shore to shore
Of ocean's wild, unknown expanse.

Great was thy faith, my Hero,
When on the Pinta's deck,
And praying for a "sight" of land
So long delayed, thou turnst away
From caution's faithless speech,
From bruited fears of hireling band,
And through the darkness sailed on.

Great was thy joy, my Hero,
When thou didst see afar,
Nearing on outstretched wing,
Birds of the shore. To truant hearts
Sure proof of land at last.
Then, thy didst raise thy voice and sing
To ocean's God thy praise.

Great is our joy, my Hero,
That through dark, weary years
Of toil, thy faith failed never;
For midst the darkness and the storm
We seek a land unknown,
Toward which we sail by faith—if 'ere
To us the soul's dear home dawns clear.

God of the Open Air.

Thou, who has set Thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set Thy altars everywhere—
On mountain heights,
In woodland valleys, dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And in the curving capes of every stream—
Thou who has taken to Thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee
In Thy great out-of-doors!
To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,
God of the open Air!

—Henry Van Dyke.

Notes

The Woman's Alliance of Santa Ana is meeting regularly and working faithfully in preparation for the coming bazaar.

On September 17th Mr. Max Thelen, of the State Railroad Commission, addressed the Unitarian Club of Alameda on the work and purpose of the commission. He ought to take satisfaction in the enviable standing the body has attained.

Rev. Arthur H. Sargent is back at work in Eureka, urging the gospel of helpfulness and counselling his followers to use the means and opportunities at hand.

The Seattle church has established a kindergarten department for the Sunday-school. The exercises will be continued during the church service, so that fathers and mothers with small children can attend church and be able to enjoy it with an easy conscience and the assurance that the little ones are in good hands.

The church at Salt Lake is to be ministered to by Rev. John Maliek, a minister who of late has been engaged in the practice of law in Kansas City, but who turns from his practice to again take up the ministry.

The enterprising women of the San Francisco church manage to offer the public entertainment of a high order at very low prices. On the afternoon of October 11th Miss Rose von Schmidt will present "Peer Gynt" in connection with Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite" rendered by the talented Pasmore sisters; all for fifty cents.

Rev. Paul M. McReynolds, of Pomona, used his education to good advantage, putting himself in the way of health, rest and strength by sojourning with the Indians on the reservations of San Diego. He returned refreshed and reinvigorated, increased in weight and health, and also with a mind well stored through an interesting study of the history, customs, language and point of view of these real Americans. A series of lectures will later extend the knowledge of listeners.

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin, of Los Angeles, preached at Long Beach on the evening of September 8th, speaking on "The Modern Movement in Religion."

The ladies of the Oakland church gave a reception to Rev. William Day Simonds on the evening of September 11th, and he entertained the company by an account of his travels and experiences during his recent trip to Europe as a delegate to the Paris Conference.

The Unitarians of Long Beach are to purchase a fine site for a church at Fifteenth Place and East Ocean Avenue, and it is hoped by the aid of the American Unitarian Association to erect a building in the near future.

Rev. Arthur B. Heeb, of Stockton, preached at the Philomathean Club House on September 21st and the *Independent* printed a generous portion of his sermon on "Whither Are We Going?" He declared the spirit of Jesus to be self-sacrifice and urged his hearers to answer the profound question by deeds of helpfulness. Through the burning desire of the spirit, humanity will go forward and the kingdom of God shall be among men.

The Los Angeles *Tribune* of September 14th says: "The First Unitarian Church, which has been undergoing extensive repairs during the vacation season, will begin a series of sermons to cover the entire year on the subject, 'Great Personalities,' in which he will speak of the history of the Christian civilization. The Rev. Mr. Hodgkin is the only local pastor to outline so extensive a series of sermons.

Rev. Marshall Dawson has assumed the pastorate of the new Unitarian Church at Vancouver, B. C., preaching his first sermon on September 7th. During 1912 the church had a great impetus given to it by the services of the Rev. Matthew R. Scott, who, to the great regret of his congregation and friends, was obliged to return to England owing to serious illness. Under the leadership of Mr. Dawson, together with the fact that they occupy their own building, the congregation feel confident that the future of the church is assured.

The reopening of services at the Unitarian Church of Pomona on September 8th was marked by a Sunday-school rally with speeches from old and young, numbers of birthday offerings and reorganization. Mr. McReynolds preached a sermon on "The Necessity of Theology to the Religious Life," the need of clearly defined beliefs or reasons for the faith within, and announced a series of "Doctrinal" sermons beginning next Sunday with the theme "Jesus' Idea of Himself and His Mission."

A very enjoyable reception to Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge was held in Unity Hall, Santa Barbara, on September 3d. A large gathering, not confined to his parishioners, gave proof that Mr. Goodridge is considered common property among the good people of his city, and that everybody was glad at his home-coming.

Rev. J. D. O. Powers, of Seattle, does not share the distrust and disapprobation of fraternal organizations which some ministers have lately voiced. The forms may need correction, but the principle is commendable and the cure for the ills of fraternalism is more fraternalism. "Given a land that we love, liberty beyond the liberty of any other people on earth, and more than the most of us can use wisely, homes for our people and a fraternal spirit that touches all humanity, the past hundred years has proved a Renaissance the like of which the world has never known. And we believe with all our soul that this great intellectual period is to be followed by another reformation founded on the life, spirit and teaching of the gentle Nazarine."

A correspondent of an Oakland paper writes from San Francisco: "There is another new pulpit orator in town. Reference is had to the Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, formerly of Brooklyn, who assumed active charge of the First Unitarian Church, Geary and Franklin streets, last Sunday. In thought, earnestness and graceful eloquence, his first sermon convinced an audience of an exceptionally high grade of intelligence that the new minister gave much promise of good work in a field and church once dominated by the famous Starr King, the learned Dr. Horatio Stebbins and the mentally strong and vigorous Bradford Leavitt.

Contributions.

To the Editor of the Pacific Unitarian:

In an editorial in the PACIFIC UNITARIAN for September there is a slight inaccuracy, all the more noticeable because it is so rare a thing in those columns. May I take the liberty of calling your attention to it?

Of the Young Men's Christian Association it is said there: "At its organization forty-four years ago, its foundation was laid on pretty rigidly orthodox lines. No one was eligible to full membership who was not a member in good standing of some evangelical church."

Now the Y. M. C. A. was organized sixty-nine years ago instead of forty-four. It was organized in the year 1844 in the city of London by George Williams, a young clerk in a large dry goods establishment of that city. Nor was there any sectarian or theological test applied to the membership in the beginning. It was not long, however, before the membership in some places was divided into active and associate, and the "test of membership" applied. But in 1869, twenty-five years after its organization, at a convention of the associations of the United States and Canada, held in Portland, Maine, the matter was definitely settled so far as that body of associations was concerned. This was done under the leadership of Mr. Moody and his associates. Thereafter there could be no admission to that body of associations unless the "test of membership" were applied. The management of its affairs must be in the hands of the active members, who must be members of evangelical churches. Also they defined the term "evangelical churches." Associate members can pay their dues, take a bath and look on.

If, as is now reported, a belief in the "verbal inspiration of the scriptures," the "deity of Christ," and the "vicarious atonement" is explicitly required, that only goes to show how widespread is the rejection of those distinctively evangelical doctrines, and what desperate means some people are willing to employ to retain them. The popes are not all in Rome.

To the Editor of the Pacific Unitarian:

As the season returns at which a host of young men and women are leaving home for college, may I again call the attention of our ministers to the opportunity which the occasion offers? There are Unitarian churches in many college towns, the ministers of which are eager to be of service to students, especially to those from liberal households. Too often our boys and girls enter college without notice of their presence being sent to the college town minister, and it may be months before he finds them.

It is greatly to be desired that Unitarian parents and ministers should see that each student departing for college carries a card of introduction to the college town ministers, or is preceded by a letter informing that minister of the new-comer's name and intended address. It would be a most brotherly act of helpfulness to our college town churches if every minister in the denomination should make a list of all the boys and girls in his church who are going this fall to an educational institution at a distance, and should write at once the few necessary letters of introduction. Indeed, this ought to be the most obvious of routine parish duties. On behalf of our college town churches, as well as of our young men and women, may I not ask the prompt co-operation of the brethren?

I should like also to remind the young men and women of our churches who may be coming to Boston to study that the Boston churches are glad to welcome them; that the Young People's Religious Union is making an especial effort to get into touch with our young people coming to Boston from a distance, and that King's Chapel has this fall employed a graduate of Smith College, Miss Ruth Lawrence, with especial view to her being of service to young women coming to the city. Young people coming from a distance to Boston are invited to send their names and addresses to Miss Torr, secretary of the Young People's Religious Union, 25 Beacon Street; or young women to whom Miss Lawrence can be of any assistance may address her at the King's Chapel House, 102 Chestnut Street.

HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

Santa Ana, Cal.

FRANCIS WATRY.

The Prospect.

(From address by Rev. C. S. S. Dutton at the Unitarian Club.)

What is the prospect? I say the prospect is fine, the prospect is challenging. About the worst thing I see in the prospect are some dead or indifferent and torpid Christians—liberal and orthodox,—but everything else is all right. The faith is all right, the future is all right. We are getting elementary agencies as our allies on every hand. I speak particularly of our Unitarian point of view. The trouble is we are so used to being waited upon by all these public servants we do not bestir ourselves at all, and there is danger as of those who sit in the midst of wealth—that we shall dwindle while they increase.

We have been vindicated on the lines that our forefathers chose. The older thought is imperiled and enfeebled with the widening of the suns, and it is coming to occupy our position. It cannot help it, because liberalism long ago squarely identified itself with the natural reason and the free conscience and unfolded soul in every department of thinking, feeling, and living. There is not a trammel on us of doctrine or polity, nothing that hinders us except our own ineffectualness and impotence. We are a free people, and others can but come into our freedom; they cannot enlarge the bounds of our freedom. Now, if the older thought has reached the limit of liberal truth along these ancient lines, all hail to it and God-speed to it. Do you think it has? Do you think we have finished our task in those directions? Possibly we may have; but it is a restless, yearning, unsatisfied, struggling, hungry and ignorant world in spiritual things as I know it and see it, and there is very much to be done there yet.

But turn onward and outward and forward to the future and see what science is doing for us. It has unfolded a universe and made us for the first time understand what such great terms as "infinite" and "eternal" mean; what "energy" means when put into picturesque statement and illuminated by the imagination.

When we traverse the regions of

astronomy, when we move through the field of light and thrill with the swiftness of its vibration; when we go back into geological ages and grow up again with the world as children together, when we understand in part the marvelous shaping of this great, beautiful and blessed earth on which we stand, then are we thrilled with psalm, then are we attuned to prophecy, then do we settle into prayer, then do we rise to action with a power that the world could never confer before. When we look into the life of things, whether animal or vegetable, what exquisite beauties, what delicate adaptation, what myriad and marvelous mechanisms are there disclosed.

When we trace men's long and timid career in early efforts at society, at morality, at religion, at science, what a wonderful panorama! How we throb and pulse with him in his new enterprises and his latest discoveries! And all this is but the noon of science. And what has it done? It has unfolded the volume of the world, entertained us with its miniatures and pictures, made it a real thing to us, taught us that it is filled with mind and throbbing with life and animated with purpose as well as with power, that leads to perfection, as we personally, in our own experience, are aware.

What is philosophy doing for us? Through its new humanism it has rediscovered man. It sets him in the world of natural forces as a potent creator. The very thought gives giant's power to religion.

And take ethics. There was a time when ethics could all be written in precepts, when it was a kind of individual moral cook-book—if you wanted anything you got the recipe and dressed it up. Now nothing is traditional or conventional, nothing is simple; it is all complicated. Even in personal life we have to be original and make our own discoveries and ventures.

But take ethics in business, take ethics in the relation of law to the delicate and subtle questions of the day; in the relation of diplomacy and international policy throughout the world; and there never was such a call for acumen in ethics, for intuition of moral truth, for

superb self-sufficiency in ethical judgment—one man against a world of evil customs—as there is to-day. Ethics in relation to science fighting for its life, and ethics in relation to art fighting for principle and purpose, gaining dignity and decency everywhere,—are not these splendid opportunities for the modern interpreter? He is not to tell you to be good, but to tell you how to be good, what to do to be good, and to point the truth and send it home to you, to let you see in detail, and not in broad, fine generalization what your duty is. He has to know it and feel it, and make you know it and feel it. It has to shine from him as heat and light from white hot steel. And it is no light task for him, and it is no light task for his hearers. It is a privilege, but also an obligation of great weight and responsibility. It is something new, and it is as large compared with the ancient ethics as the new heavens are compared with the star-spangled dome of prehistoric times.

Now, to sum up and not to take too much of your time, what has our liberal faith stood for and what does it stand for to-day in increasing measure? Now, surely it was born rational; it was not wholly informed, but it was born rational. It attained ideals in its earliest manhood which it does not need to abandon now, and which require all the courage and comprehension it possesses. It has played no insignificant part in leading thought and it has made pretty satisfactory endeavors to apply its thought to life.

Channing made us the great challenge. He said it ought to be the leading trait of a Unitarian, his distinguishing mark, that he labor with all his powers to elevate and educate the oppressed classes of whatever condition. He said it ought to be given in all our auxiliary institutions, ought to be the main business of our association—to undertake this redemption of man in his intellectual, moral, social, spiritual and religious nature. He said we should brightly and conspicuously wear that stamp, that our task is nothing less than the regeneration of the world. Theodore Parker was identified with that thought and that movement in theology, which now has moved all theology up to his fighting

line. These are rare privileges to possess as our inheritance; they are a summons to the destiny which we are to go on to and reap.

And now what is the word of the age in regard to religion? This idea easily sums itself up in three things: This is an age of scientific advance, of historical criticism, which is another branch of science; of humanitarian effort and of individual perfection, which task is always with us. The great teachers on every side seek to welcome and develop science; that is one great thing—our duty toward Nature. To promote the schemes of social emancipation—that is another great thing—our duty toward man in outward relations, and in developing spirituality; not in morbidness and mawkishness, but the manhood of man, the manliest thing in man—that is our task always set for us as individuals or persons. This is the appeal of the future to us. It comes in the shape of a new social spirit that is now laid upon us, and, as Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth and men sprang up, so are champions springing up in every section of the world pledged to settle the rights of man, to teach him his privileges, to train him to his duties, to lead him into his deliverance. That, I believe, is the work of the twentieth century—that man of every class shall be given his rights, and his first right is to live a human life, and then this shall be extended to beneficent and just relationships of nations toward one another, and then will the task of the century, in the morning of which we are, not only be outlined but achieved. This is the future for us: to accept and promote science and apply it to the ethical and spiritual life, to identify ourselves with social causes wherever apparent and bring them to their full, complete fruition in all just expression, to stand for that complete democracy which is the last demand of idealism, to fight as champions of the the God of Righteousness every form of oppression—economic, social, or political,—and consecrate ourselves to that form of spiritual religion without which these words are enkered in blossom and worm eaten at the root, but with which the strength of God flows through them and keeps the truth forever green.

The Debt of Christian Hymnody to Earlier Jewish Literature.

By F. L. Hosmer.

The debt of Christian hymnody to the Book of Psalms, the "hymn-book of the second temple," is well recognized and acknowledged. It was through the metrical version of the Psalms, first by Sternhold and Hopkins and later by Watts, that the English hymn proper gained admission to use in the church service. There are now in all our hymn-books hymns of seventeenth-century English authorship, which at the time of their writing had no chance of hymn-book adoption. They were then regarded as "mere human composures" and having no place in the solemn worship of God.

But the wider indebtedness of Christian hymnody to the poetical passages of ancient Jewish literature outside the Book of Psalms is not so generally known and realized.

It may be of interest to note a single instance as contained in the third chapter of the Book of Habakkuk, of which Driver says, in his "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament": "It consists of a lyric ode which, for sublimity of poetic conception and splendor of diction, ranks with the finest which Hebrew poetry has produced"; and he ranks it with the "Song of Moses" (Ex. xv) and that of Deborah (Judges v). George Wither, in his "Hymns and Songs of the Church" (1623), has given a metrical rendering of the whole chapter, quaint and most interesting. But a passage of the chapter, near its close, has been borrowed and embodied in hymns by several well-known hymn-writers. A comparison of these borrowings is rather interesting. The passage referred to is as follows (American revised version):

"For though the fig-tree shall not flourish,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no food;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah,
I will joy in the God of my salvation."

—Hab. III, 17-18.

It will be noticed that here "food" takes the place of "meat," which at the time of the King James version had that more general meaning, as, e. g. in Jesus' words, "my meat is to do the will of Him who sent me," and like passages.

Charles Wesley, in his hymn beginning "Away, my unbelieving fear" (1742), thus renders the borrowing:

"Although the vines its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,—
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise."

This is not one of the best, and "the bleating race" is a bit naive and a concession to rhyme.

Mrs. Barbauld, in her fine and wholesome hymn beginning "Praise to God, immortal praise" (1772), is better:

"Yet should rising whirlwind tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit;—
"Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—
"Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the later rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;—
"Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, where every blessing's flown,
Love them for thyself alone."

This hymn, in whole or (more usually) in part, is now to be found in nearly every hymn-book. Emerson includes the whole hymn in his "Parnassus," a marked indication of his own liking of it.

Yet, more compact and perhaps best of all, is Cowper's rendering in his hymn (1779) beginning, "Sometimes a light surprises the Christian while he sings":

"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fruit should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice."

A well-known minister among us includes this hymn in his innermost heart-collection of hymns, and confessed to the writer that perhaps this loved passage from Habakkuk was the mainspring of its appeal. The editors of the "Unity Hymns and Chorals, Revised and Enlarged," have taken what to some will doubtless seem the audacious liberty of rendering the second line of the opening stanza of this hymn, "The pilgrim while he sings." But why not? Is such experience confined strictly to those who bear the "Christian" name, and not also a fact of universal religious heart? And, besides, is not "pilgrim" a more poetic and picture-like figure in this journey of life?

In closing this article, it may be of interest to add George Withers's phrasing of the passage in his rendering of the whole chapter, already referred to:

"Bloomless shall the fig-tree be,
And the vine no fruit shall yield;
Fate shall then the olive-tree;
Meat shall none be in the field;
Neither in the fold or stall
Flock or herd continue shall.
Yet the Lord my joy shall be,
And in Him I will delight;
In my God, that saveth me,
God the Lord, my only might:
Who my feet so guides, that I,
Hind-like, pace my places high."

Some other hymn-writers have made like borrowing from this old-time Hebrew prophet; but the foregoing represent, I think, the more notable and worthy instances.

Five Minutes With the Lilies.

By Francis Watry.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow." How familiar the sound of these words! How, indeed, do they grow? And what profit is there in considering their growth? Let us see.

1. They accept the situation. Wherever they happen to be, they settle down and stay. There is with them no dissatisfaction that makes for restlessness. They are not disturbed by feverish calculations of how much better they could do elsewhere, nor do they envy other lilies the richer soil or the more favor-

able situation. Whether they find themselves on the edge of the desert or in a lonely swamp, they send down their roots and unfold a blossom as beautiful and charming as if they stood in a millionaire's garden. They trust the Power that put them where they are. The calm beauty of peace is upon them.

Herein is a lesson we all need to learn. We are too apt to think that circumstances make a man. Consequently we fret and fume and become restless and rebellious against what we consider our hard lot in life. We dream of great things to be achieved elsewhere until we pull up our roots and seek what seems a more favorable situation. Admitting the thought that the world has been unkind to us, and that we have not had a fair chance in life, will tend to embitter us and lead us to cherish a grievance against God and man. Nowhere can we learn a more excellent way than by considering the lilies.

Of course, this does not mean that we should fold our hands and be satisfied with things as they are. We are more than lilies, not less.

2. Lilies work, but are free from worry. Jesus tells us that they do not toil. But you know the difference between work and toil. Lilies are busy workers. They send down their roots, defying every obstruction. Their stems battle with the storm. But in connection with their work there is no worry. They work to the very limit of their power, and there rest in peace. They do not fret over the things that the future might possibly have in store for them. Soil, sunshine and shower supply their present needs, and they are content. They do their present duty and trust God for the morrow.

We are inclined to worry too much and work too little. We are afraid of the future. It looks dark and forbidding. It seems big with all manner of possibilities. Want and disaster, sickness and death meet us on all hands. We are troubled about too many things. No doubt present ills and future problems should occupy our thoughts. Only when we have done our duty to the very limit of our power have we any

right or reason to stop worrying. But when we have done what we can we may safely and wisely leave the rest with God. It is a grand and noble thing to be privileged to do our share of the world's work. But when that work is done, it is a grander and nobler thing to trust God for the future. Find a life full of patience, peace and power, and one of the sources of it all is work without worry.

3. Lilies turn common dust into beauty. Apparently they get very little. Nature gives them only the common dirt, breathes around them only the common air, sunshine and shower. The commonest weed is favored with the same things. But the lilies take these common elements, purify and refine them, and out of them fashion a flower of surpassing beauty so that it could truly be said of them that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Have you ever thought of it, how nature makes its finest things out of its commonest elements? What is a rainbow, for instance, but sunbeams broken to pieces among falling raindrops? Nor does the artist ask for costly materials on which to paint a masterpiece. Great authors do not need gold pens with which to write. Lincoln wrote his Gettysburg address on a piece of brown wrapping paper. Some of the most beautiful lives have come out of temptations and trials, sorrows and tears.

So when we complain of not having better materials with which to do our work, it will be well for us to remember that it is not finer materials that we need so much as a more faithful use of the materials we have on hand. One's circumstances may be narrow, opportunities few, education limited, trials many, service hard and disappointing, and yet out of it all may be fashioned a beautiful and helpful life. It is possible to do what the lilies do—turn common dust into beauty.

4. Finally, lilies seek the things that are above. They lift their faces up toward the sun. They climb up toward the stars. They seem to have visions and ideals that are divine. Beginning with that which is natural, they attain unto that which suggests the spiritual.

Well might Jesus say, "Consider the lilies, how they grow."

If we wish to root ourselves rightly in life, work without undue worry, and change the common dust of our insignificant lives into beauty, we must "look up, and not down," and find our pattern in the mount. Like the lilies, we may seek what we shall eat and what we shall drink and what we shall put on, but, like them, without undue anxiety. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," is as good counsel in the twentieth century as it was in the first, for it is as true now as it was then that "all these things shall be added unto you."

Unselfishness in Man and Microbe —Our Excuse for Being Good.

By Delacourt Kell.

(Read before the Outlook Club of Pomona.)

In his "Ascent of Man," Drummond has clearly shown that Nature is not all selfish, as she is so often accused of being. Side by side with the selfish law of self-preservation, which has led to the survival of the fittest individuals, has been working all along the still more important law of the struggle for the life of others, which has led to the survival of the fittest *type*, the fittest race, the fittest nation.

Touch the nest of wasp or bee. Its denizens will swarm about you, sacrificing their lives in stinging you. The individual bees or wasps derive no benefit from stinging—incontinently die, in fact, for the stinger remains in the wound it has made and its former owner dies inevitably. But the heroism of the stingers has taught you to respect a wasps' nest in future: the race of wasps is benefited and that race or strain of wasps which numbers among its members the most heroic stingers will be the most likely to survive.

And is it not so with human beings also? At first sight one would say that self-sacrifice was obviously the reverse of self-preservation. That the individuals that showed the greater tendency to self-sacrifice would be most liable to

die out through the action of that very quality. And the individuals do die. Father Damien died among the lepers for whom he sacrificed himself. Men and women on the Titanic died who might undoubtedly have saved themselves. But how about the nation that breeds this breed of self-sacrificing men and women. Do nations become weak and decadent through an excess of self-sacrifice among their individuals? Rather, I think, the contrary. The nations that have ceased to breed self-sacrificers, and have taken to breeding self-seekers and self-indulgers are the nations that are marked for decay and death. It is ever the Cross of Christ that remains towering o'er the wrecks of time. The pyramids survive, it is true, but they only mark the spot where the civilizations died whose selfishness and cruelty made their erection possible. The civilizations that lived were those that bore witness, however imperfectly and feebly, to those rules of life that raised the cross on high. England, France, Germany, these United States—do we not believe that except they adopt or conform to a true morality there is no permanent place for them among the nations?

But it is far down below such comparatively highly organized creatures as the communal insects that we find this instinct of self-sacrifice, this tendency towards goodness, this struggle for the life of others, playing its part among the fundamental underlying principles and laws of life. The simplest form of life yet discovered is the single cell, though Prof. Schafer believes that its beginnings will ultimately be found in a formless slimy mass. But taking the single cell as our starting-point, we find that as long as the cells remained single and independent there could be no progress—no evolution to higher forms. The first step towards progress is for a few of these cells—even two or four or eight of them—to join together in the form of a mat, or ribbon, or little raft of cells, forming a club or colony. For according to well-known biological laws, it is only in combinations, whether of atoms, cells, animals or human beings, that any real advance along the path of evolution can be made. We ourselves may be con-

sidered as aggregates of interdependent cells—interdependent, yet many of which can live an independent life of their own, on occasion. In fact, it is now established that portions of mammalian tissues can be kept alive indefinitely apart from their own or any other body.

And so, above these one-celled organisms which live and move and have their being—which feed and subdivide and reproduce themselves—all without aid or co-operation from others of their kind, we find a borderland of forms which may be considered either as colonies of one-celled individuals, or as many-celled organisms. Each cell may exist—does exist, for part of its life—as a separate individual, caring for itself alone, or it may exist as a member of the collective organism. As an individual, it follows the law of self-preservation by assimilating food; as a member of a collective organism it passes on some of this food to its neighbor. Or its portion of the communal labor may be to aid in locomotion; or again, its work may be to reproduce, not only itself, but the other kinds of communal cell also.

And so between the single cell and that aggregate of cells which forms a human being, you shall find every stage of association: the loose adhesion or grouping of independent individual cells, with no great apparent benefit to each other; colonies of cells each member of which is an individual, yet which lead a communal life; and cells like those of our bodies, which cannot truly be looked upon as separate entities at all. And always you will find this fact. The moment cells cease to become single, and enter into any kind of association, that moment a divided duty appears. Each cell will have the instinct not only to look after its own individual nourishment and reproduction, but also to look after its duty to the community. And it is to the development of this latter instinct, this performance of a duty owed to others, that we owe, I believe, the highest forms that self-sacrifice has attained.

Among the individual members of a sponge colony will be found those whose duty, tendency, instinct or desire it is to monotonously beat the water with a whip-like hair or cilia, creating a current

in the water which shall bring particles of food that way for the benefit of all the members of the colony. Right here, I believe, in that little mass of jelly beating the water so faithfully with its microscopic whip, we have the beginnings of the self-sacrifice of a Father Damien,—the first feeble, quite unconscious struggle just to be good.

And even before the cell-colony stage—in the tiniest protoplasmic cell, which has hitherto occupied itself entirely with the selfish processes of nutrition—there comes a time in its life when it must choose between two things—self-sacrifice or death. For it has grown too large; its circumference is too great for its simple processes of nutrition to reach its most central parts. It must either die or sacrifice its individuality by splitting into two. From nutrition—the struggle for life—it must proceed to reproduction, inseparably connected with the struggle for the life of others. For in all forms of reproduction there is self-sacrifice—a portion is set apart, added to, and given away to form another life. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

And from these beginnings of self-sacrifice, of goodness, in the single cell, through the cell colonies, through the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we can easily trace it up to the higher animals and man. Nowhere is it absent. There are two strands always found in the stuff of which life is made—self-ism and other-ism—selfishness and self-sacrifice.

The flower puts on its beautiful form and coloring—blossoms and decays and dies. The biologist, usually considered the most unpoetical of men, sees in it the eternal sacrifice of maternity. All its beauty is but a means to an end—and that end the life of the seed it leaves nestling in the little casket it has provided and furnished with all things fitting for the newcomer. Co-operation, division of labor, the struggle for the life of others, is again prominent among the social animals, those that live in flocks and herds. Every such animal must recognize a duty to the herd as well as to itself, or the herd would cease to be a herd. And the social animals are in

overwhelming preponderance over the unsocial.

The cat, as Rudyard Kipling says, walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. But the cat and the great cat tribe are exceptions. The elephant, the buffalo, the deer, the sheep, the wolf, the horse, the dog, the seal, the hippopotamus, the goat—all these are nothing is not social. And, as Darwin says, "those communities which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best."

"Sociability," says Prince Krapotkin, "is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle."

Now you may tell me that the insect, in giving up its life, the cell, in performing its allotted task; the deer, standing sentinel while its comrades are feeding; does not count the cost nor weigh results. At most, it follows a mere blind instinct, with which morality has nothing to do. Well, we are told that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." To the materialist, the noblest example of human self-sacrifice might appear to be due to the automatic predominance of the strongest motive. To the believer, the determining cause of even these first faint foreshadowings of altruism would appear to be the Spirit of God. But to one who, like Walt Whitman, is not curious about God, there is surely a comfort and an inspiration in the thing itself, apart from all beliefs and theories about first causes. He may go round the dusty battle-plain of shouting captains, engaged in the wordy warfare concerning what God may be, and come to where, beyond these voices, this divine law has been awaiting his discovery.

For surely it is an inspiring thing—a most hopeful thing for the future evolution of living beings—whether they appear to us as part of a great scheme or as a mere "fortuitous concourse"—for the future development of man and whatever may come after man—that we should find so low down in the scale of life this altruistic product and ally of life—at once a cause and an effect of life: that down "in the mud and scum of things," where, surely, if there is any meaning at all in the distinction between spiritual and ma-

terial, we should look to find the material kingdom free from all trace of spiritual tinge, we should still come upon this law, this instinct, this guiding force or tendency, firmly installed as a deep, underlying source of conduct, already conquering selfishness and the selfish law of preservation of the individual. Have we not here a guarantee that the foundations of man's divinity are well and deeply laid?

As Henry Drummond says, "Nature always works with long roots." Our sense of duty, of the necessity of self-sacrifice, is "embedded in the ancient past."

This, then, is the result of my scanning of the horizon—the observation that the lookout man you have sent aloft to-night has thought important enough to report to you. The *origin* of the desire to be good is not be looked for in man, but in the microbe. God did not first create man, and then breathe this divine aspiration into him. The desire for goodness is not a *result* of the attainment of humanity. It has been present all along as a *cause*, by far the most important cause of the gradual production of man, and the higher, better being that shall surely come after man, from the gelatinous living mass which Professor Schafer tells us once represented all the life there was on the earth.

And why do I consider this thought out of Henry Drummond's book important enough to bring to your notice, at the risk of your telling me that I might have found you something more original? How will it serve for the avowed object of the lookout—to help us to set our course so as to come into port greatly or sail with God the seas?

Well, it will depend on what beliefs you hold, on what beliefs you find missing in your mental outfit. Say that you are a member of some church, or that, at any rate, you find yourself firmly and comfortably and finally suited with a system of morality, a religion, and a belief in God. You have no need, then, of finding any reason why you should energize to try to be good. It would never occur to you to question life on such a simple matter. Well then, at least, the thought that God did not withhold this gift, this part of his own nature, until

man had appeared upon this little earthly stage of ours, but has used it all along as a golden thread in his design, will surely be of some help to you in your aspirations towards the knowledge and love of God. For, if you believe in God, then to see this Struggle for the Life of Others, this desire to be good, making and moulding us through the long ascent of man from microbe is surely a sight to thank Him for.

But besides those of us who are sheltered within the comfortable folds of religious or ethical faiths, there are, as Christ said, other sheep. In a town like Pomona, peppered with churches till "you can't rest," one gets the habit of taking it for granted that most people have "got" religion of some sort. And perhaps that is more or less true of country districts generally. But it is very far from being true of the big centers of labor where the people who swell the census figures to their ninety million lead their toilsome, sordid, and hopeless lives. I do not know what the figures are in the United States, but I have no reason for supposing that it is a more godly country than England. And in England, according to the latest statistics, the churches are in touch with only about one out of every three of the population.

Now it is among these other sheep, amounting then, apparently, to about two-thirds of our civilized communities, that I find the great usefulness of this message of the true origin and explanation of the desire for goodness as an inherent part of our nature, as an inherent part of all life.

For though the lack of religion by no means, as we believe, implies the lack of morality, yet many there are who, without religion, drift rudderless, and ask themselves in vain just why they should be good. Doubting all things, searching all things, as they do, they come upon this desire that they find in themselves just to be good. They question it and analyze it, bringing all their instincts to the touchstone of pure reason. You tell them that they must desire to be good because that will please God. Not knowing God, that plea has no meaning for them. You tell them that they must desire to be good because being good will

make them happy. They doubt your word, and point to many instances which apparently disprove it. Unless you can appeal to their reason you talk mere wind to them. And many and many a man has lost himself, and deliberately gone out among the swine and fed his soul with husks—ah, far, far more of the very finest kind of men have been lost that way than the world commonly thinks—just because they failed to find a logical reason for this instinct, this desire to be good.

And now science has shown us that there *is* a logical reason. You ask for guidance in your conduct as a human being? Well, obviously, it is reasonable to take the fundamental laws and principles of life itself as your guide. If you find a law, a principle, a tendency, an instinct, a desire, that has been instrumental in producing a human being from what Sir Gilbert Sullivan, in "The Mikado," calls a "primordial atomic globe," why surely that law or instinct has ample warranty. It is not merely of good report—you can conceive of no recommendation it could carry that would weigh more with you as a human being. As a human being, it is reasonable for me to conform to the laws of life. That is the only thing I can logically do with life. And life is the only thing I can, at present, know. Later, there will be death, also, to experience. Swinburne sings of death: "We know not whether death be good, but life at least it will not be. Men will stand sad-denying where we stood, watch the same fields and flowers as we, and the same sea." Well, death will come in any case, and to deliberately gamble on death being better than life and so exchange life for death is therefore objectless, and not reasonable. Yet, if this desire to be good is truly a fundamental, intrinsic part of life, that is surely just what we should be doing in ignoring or running counter to it. "If I be ruled in otherwise, my lot is cast with all that dies; with things that harm and things that hate, and roam by night and miss the gate."

And so, to your "forlorn and shipwrecked brother, wandering" rudderless "o'er life's solemn main" you can now

give a reason, an excuse, for being good, so that he shall no longer be rudderless. Stevenson says of marriage: "Once you are married there is no escape for you, not even suicide, but to be good,"—and that we now know is equally, logically, and quite scientifically true of life itself. The only useful, reasonable, logical, scientific, sensible thing for us to do is "just to be good." The struggle to be good has evolved man from the microbe. It is up to us to continue the struggle in order that from man may be ultimately evolved some being who shall be really worth while.

Events.

Unitarian Club.

The Unitarian Club of California held its twenty-third annual meeting and dinner on the evening of September 29th at the Fairmont Hotel. The business incidental to an annual meeting was speedily disposed of. The annual reports are always summarized and offered in printed form as a part of the booklet that serves as a souvenir program. The club membership is 145. The annual receipts had exceeded the disbursements by \$282 and the treasury balance stood at \$1,252. President Symmes was re-elected and J. S. Severance and Philip C. Knapp were added to the Council in place of the members whose term expired. Professor M. W. Haskell was elected Vice-President.

The evening was devoted to welcoming Rev. Caleb S. S. Dutton, minister of the San Francisco church. The speaking participants were Dr. David P. Barrows, acting President of the University of California; Professor W. H. Carruth, representing Stanford University, and Rev. Dr. F. W. Clappett, rector of Grace Church, on behalf of the ministers of San Francisco.

Dr. Barrows spoke in a very pleasant vein, seasoned with a judicious seriousness. He thought that San Francisco would be found to be no worse, and probably no better, than the average city. It was exposed to the dangers that beset a pleasure-loving age, but was not without

substantial virtues. He felt that everywhere there was need for a return to the sturdy self-control and adherence to righteousness that gave such strength to our ancestors, and he welcomed to the community one whom he believed would be a force in upbuilding the moral and the spiritual in the life of the community.

Professor Carruth was warmly welcomed, both as an eminent educator and a representative of Unitarian laymen. He won instant favor by the simplicity and wisdom of his address. He alluded to how brief had been his residence in California, and to the surprising ease with which he found himself speaking of "our" State. He spoke with great kindliness and warmly welcomed the new worker among those who believed that a man could be honest though religious.

Dr. Clappett was breezy and unreserved. He alluded to how often he had enjoyed the hospitality of the club and of how profoundly he was impressed by the presence and power of Dr. Stebbins when he attended a dinner soon after his arrival in San Francisco. He told an amusing instance of an early experience. Returning to England, he was surprised to find himself announced as the Rev. F. W. Clappett, rector of Christ's Church, Illinois. Inquiring in regard to it, the response was, "Why, we understood that Illinois was the capital of Teheeygo."

He gave San Francisco a good character, comparatively, but confessed frankly its great need of spiritual leadership, and asserted his readiness to stand by the side or follow in the lead of the strong young man he was glad to welcome to the ranks of San Francisco ministers.

Mr. Dutton was greeted with hearty applause as he rose to speak. He responded with becoming modesty and a sincerity and earnestness not to be questioned, and in conclusion spoke of the outlook. This portion of the response we are privileged to present on another page.

A World Tour of Theists.

Word comes from Paris of a movement of note, the result of the recent World's Religious Congress. It is pro-

posed either next year or in 1915 to conduct a world mission in the interest of a simple belief in God and a providence. Those interested in it are leaders in many forms of religious thoughts, including such men as Dr. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life"; Professor Emile Boutroux of the Academy of Sciences; Pastor R. Reyss, general agent of the Liberal Protestants in France; Principal H. C. Mitra of the State College of Calcutta, and others belonging to Baptist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, Universalist, Moslem, Buddhist, and other religions.

The leader in the movement is Rev. Charles W. Wendle, D. D., International Secretary of the World's Religious Congress, the sixth of which has lately been held in Paris. Being interviewed on the proposed undertaking he is reported to have said:

"Despite opposition from both the Protestant and Roman Catholic press the Religious Congress, which just closed here, was a wonderful success. Perfect harmony prevailed, yet upon the platform at the same time were Reformed Jews, Modernist Roman Catholics, a Moslem, a Buddhist, an Episcopal clergyman, a Baptist missionary, several university professors, one or two world-famous philosophers, a lady delegate from Australia, a member of the German Reichstag, a member of the Langtag and others, including delegates from the United States.

"Our international committee now numbers twenty, Professor Wagner, Pastor Reyss, Claude Montflore of London, Professor Kirksop Lake of Leyden University (now lecturing in America in an Episcopal theological school) being among the latest additions.

"In the autumn of 1914, or if not then, in 1915, a party of us composed of two or three delegates from each of the many bodies of liberal non-conformists will start from London on a tour of the world, seeking to unite the theists of all nations, no matter what their denominations, in gatherings for mutual edification.

"From London we go to Budapest, where we will hold a meeting under the auspices of the Unitarians; thence to

Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo and Bombay. Here we will have the support of the liberal Parsees, Hindu Bramas, Sikhs and divers Moslems. We expect good meetings there, for we must not forget that the 1,700 Hindus studying in England — whether Hindus or Moslems — are adherents of the theistic faith.

"We shall probably proceed, next, to Amristur, among the Sikhs, thence on to Delhi, Benares and Calcutta, where a meeting lasting fully ten days will be held in conjunction with theosophists there, Mrs. Annie Besant having already promised us their co-operation.

"Colombo will be the next stop for a series of meetings which modern Buddhists have arranged. At Shanghai we will hold meetings in connection with the Rev. Gilbert Reid's Institute of China. Hong Kong and Tokio come in the order mentioned. The Unitarians, liberal Germans, Universalists and various other denominations have already arranged for a series of meetings at Tokio, in which city liberal non-conformists propose to establish a theological school."

The Hold of Shakespeare.

By Charles A. Murdock.

Among the many marvelous facts of the age of wonders there is nothing more noteworthy than the undimmed supremacy, as a playwright, of the immortal Bard of Avon. How he wrought his magic, or whether his name was Wm. Shakespeare or Francis Bacon we may not know, but this we do know, that his plays stand undimmed in spite of three centuries of wonderful progress in most other things. We are told that in America eight companies this season turn from the cleverest of current producers and offer to the public the well-worn and supposedly threadbare plays of an obscure actor who blazed forth when Elizabeth was queen of Britain.

Almost of equal significance is the accomplishment of an ambitious, brainy American woman, in, for the first time in all these three hundred years, bringing out possibilities hitherto dormant so that by comparison we never before have had the opportunity of appreciat-

ing a Shakesperian play. In other words Shakespeare for the first time has a chance to appear to us with all his power and wonder. The Taming of the Shrew presented by Margaret Anglin in San Francisco on September 22d was nothing short of an event. It was more than a performance, it was a revelation of Shakesperian genius plus the highest intellectual conception of the value of every line of the play and prodigal expenditure and perfect taste in presenting to the eye an idealized Italy and perfectly garbed characters of the play. Each scene was a carefully studied and beautifully painted picture and harmony of color and perfection of grouping, left nothing wanting to please the eye.

The lines were beautifully read and artful silence and clever by-play added illumination. Some of the finest effects were in action with not a spoken word. That a sympathetic penetrating mind had deeply studied the play and labored lovingly and arduously in interpreting it in terms of art rarely if ever so effectively presented was plainly apparent. There was evident a high idealism that subordinated everything. All thought of personal triumph and ascendancy seemed lost in securing for every part the most fitting representation and from every participant the most complete portrayal. It was a fine example of a degree of excellence that represents the highest possible achievement and quite apart from the pleasure it conferred it contributed a challenge to the possibility of accomplishment that awaits the resolved will on every side.

For the Children

Freda and Nellie in England.

(Continued from September number)

By Annie Margaret Pike.

CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT OUTSETHORPE, AND THEN HOME AGAIN.

One side of Queen's Square fronted on the river Ouse, and the children liked to watch the brown-sailed fishing smacks and the larger vessels that came in from the North Sea.

Once a year there was a regatta at

which swimming races were held, and the year Freda and Nellie were in Ouse-thorpe the whole school was interested in the competition, for the brother of one of the pupils was the winner of the principal race. The Misses Jowett had taken the girls to see it and as they stood grouped on the bank an old gentlemen running at full speed and carrying a huge horse-cloth shot past them with a hurried apology. It was Mr. Elphinstone going to meet his son at the winning post, and to wrap him up for fear that he should catch cold on his way to the pavilion to dress.

No one who had seen Mr. Elphinstone could forget his appearance. He was very tall and had long white hair hanging in locks almost to his shoulders. His beard was long and white, and his wide white shirt cuffs, which were never starched, were turned back over the sleeves of his coat.

A story went the rounds that he had taken one of his sons when a baby of less than a day old to the bank of the Ouse to see if there were any truth in the statement that so young an infant could not sink.

Margery Elphinstone was the youngest of the family, and was a day-scholar at Queen's Square. She had become very friendly with her little Irish school-fellows.

The Elphinstones were watchmakers and jewelers and had a large house in one of the principal streets of Ouse-thorpe. It had no garden, and as the Elphinstones were all lovers of fresh air, they often spent hours at a time on the roof, which had a high parapet in front and wide gutters between the gables.

The mother was a small, delicate looking woman, who wore her hair parted in the middle and brushed down smoothly to form loops that covered her ears. Freda and Nellie were first introduced to her as she sat peeling potatoes near the sink in the large room on the first floor that served as both kitchen and living room, and they always pictured her to themselves afterwards as so occupied. An enormous rockinghorse stood at one side of the room, which was uncarpeted; and a

very large table and a great many chairs were the most noticeable of its other furnishings. The drawing-room was fully and beautifully furnished, and had a wonderfully carved wooden overmantel that reached to the ceiling.

Mr. Elphinstone liked to stand, just as the Haworth's uncle in London had done, with his back to the fire and talk to his family and guests, and he always had something to say that was interesting, more often than not on scientific subjects.

Their love of an out-of-doors life had led the Elphinstones to buy a cottage and large garden outside the town, and in summer they took it in turns to live there. The garden had a high wall around it, and they all, girls and boys alike, went barefoot in warm weather while living there. The flower-garden was lovely, with great tangles of rose bushes and quantities of other flowers, and the vegetable-garden was well cared for by the young people.

Margery often brought the pony trap round to the school on holidays, and took her little friends out driving. She warned them that she had had many spills, but that it was generally on the country roads and into a furze bush.

Freda and Nellie, however, were quite willing to take the risk.

One of the excursions they made was further afield, for they drove out to see the ruins of Castle Rising, the pictures of which had been shown them by Helen Franklin.

Margery knew the history of the place well and described to them how King Edward III had been obliged to imprison his mother, Isabella of France, there. The same Queen Isabella who had had her husband, Edward of Carnarvon, murdered in Berkeley Castle.

There was a deep moat all round Castle Rising, but there was no water in it, and the sloping sides were covered with smooth green grass. All three girls wished to toboggan down the slopes, but they had no toboggans. Nothing daunted, however, they accomplished their desire by sliding down without, much to the detriment of their light summer dresses.

From the bottom of the moat they

looked up at the frowning ruins and wondered what the queen imprisoned there so long ago would have thought if she could have seen them. Venture-some Margery took them to the top of one of the castle walls, from which they had a view over many miles of country.

They had brought a basket of provisions, and with these they picnicked comfortably before trusting themselves to the vagaries of Pansy, the frisky poney, for the return drive. However, she must have been on her good behaviour for the benefit of the visitors from Ireland, for she played them no tricks, and they all reached home in safety before it was quite dark.

The regulation supper at the school was of bread, Dutch cheese, and beer, which the housemaid brought up on a tray to the schoolroom shortly before bedtime, but as Freda and Nellie were teetotalers they were allowed glasses of water instead of beer, greatly to their satisfaction.

The staple remedy for colds or pains and aches of any sort was weak brandy and water, and as this was accounted a medicine they were obliged to drink it when it was ordered for them by the household authorities, and Miss Anna stood over them grimly to see that they did not shirk. It was in vain they protested. She was relentless. At last one evening an involuntary rebellion occurred, when Nellie could not keep her dose down, and after that no more brandy and water was given to her or to Freda.

School work went steadily on day by day, and the children learned dancing and music in addition to the more solid elements of education. They felt it to be a great day in their lives when they could play "Ring the Bell. Watchman!" as a duet without once breaking down.

Their first experience of a thunder-storm had been in London. Their second occurred at Ousethorpe. The schoolgirls were out walking and were some distance from home when the storm broke. As they turned to go back a troop of horse-soldiers galloped down the road, the lightning flashing on their accoutrements. The horses pranced and curvetted and the girls had

some difficulty in crossing the road. When they got to the other side they discovered that Freda and Nellie had been left behind, so one of the elder girls ran back for them. Just as she had them safely by the hand they were all startled to see a fireball as large as a harvest moon, but much more fiery looking, drop from the sky only a few hundred yards ahead, as it seemed to them.

In reality it fell into a field outside the town and fortunately did no damage.

They got home barely in time to escape the heavy rain that followed the storm, and which they were told made the lightning much less dangerous.

That evening when Mr. Seward came to call on Miss Jane, he told the children that the fireball they had seen was called a meteorite, and he gave them an interesting little talk about meteors and comets and shooting stars.

In the spring they had been for a few days' visit to some Irish friends at Downham. It was a large family of seven, the two youngest boys being about the same ages as Freda and Nellie.

The little girls had new frocks for the occasion in the "princess robe" style, of a rather bright blue paid material mixed of wool and cotton, and they had gone into the woods with the boys to see a young cuckoo in another bird's nest. While they were a long way from shelter, a heavy shower of rain had fallen and the new frocks had been soaked through. It was all the more sad because the material "cockled" in the drying and never looked new again; however, they had seen the young cuckoo and that was something.

On the Sunday evening at Downham the whole family had gathered in the drawing room and one and another recited hymns or poems. One of the boys had just been learning "The burial of Moses," and gave it as his recitation, much to Freda and Nellie's delight, for it was new to them and they admired it very much indeed.

Their year at Ousethorpe passed rapidly, and then came the time to return home to Dublin.

The first part of the journey was

from Ousethorpe to Cambridge, and this they traveled alone. Their friends had warned them against getting into conversation with strangers, and told them to be especially careful not to accept food from anyone they did not know; so when a benign old gentleman got into their compartment at a wayside station he found it impossible to get more than a polite "yes" or "no" from his young traveling companions. Finding his efforts at conversation unsuccessful, he offered them some figs. Freda and Nellie thought it would seem very rude if they refused, so they accepted the gift but did not eat it, and when the old gentleman came to his own station and got out of the carriage they put the figs under the seat.

Their Downham friend was waiting on the platform at Cambridge, and took them across to the London train. He was going to London himself, and they were very glad to find themselves in his care.

The cousins with whom they had stayed in Essex had now moved up to London and were living at Willesden, and Freda and Nellie spent the night at their house. With Phyllis and Eva as guides, they explored the house from cellar to attic; but alas for any hope of romantic discoveries, there was not a single imprisoned princess to be found, nor so much as the sigh of one to be heard. The only discovery they made was that the potatoes that were stored in the cellar had begun to sprout.

Next morning their aunt and elder cousins went to the railway station with them, where they met a lady who was traveling to Dublin, and who had promised their mother to look after them on the journey.

They returned as they had come, via Holyhead, and when the steamer reached its berth at the North Wall in the late evening they found their father and Jack waiting for them, and this time Jack did not refuse to be kissed.

(The end.)

Little Darwin Laplace said, "I wonder
If it's lightning that hurts or the thunder;
I don't mind the light,
But I'm all of a fright
When I hear the roar of the thunder."

Selected

The Worth of the Ministry.

On September 21st Rev. William Day Simonds of Oakland preached a sermon on the ministry as a calling and the temptation that sometimes came to leave it by reason of an apparently growing demand for sensationalism after setting forth the place of the minister in comparison with that of other professions he said:

"Ministers are sometimes called parasites in these days of crass materialism. Parasites because they are not producers of the things men wear, or the things they eat. So bear with me in this word of defense. I have often thought that if I did nothing more in this city than to pass as I do, week after week and year after year, from one house of mourning to another, hiding as best I can whatever care or grief may rest upon my own heart, bringing always to saddened men and women the gospel of hope and the promise of God's eternal love—if I did nothing other than this I should honestly merit all that society does for me or mine. Leave the ministry for more useful service, for a nobler profession? Impossible. Rather pray to become worthy of this ministry of blessing in a sad and tragic age."

To this the Oakland *Enquirer* adds, in the editorial based on Mr. Simonds' discussion:

"The conclusions of Dr. Simonds are consonant with the highest ideal of ministerial obligation. The pulpit is not a place for the swapping of wares nor pandering to prejudices nor preferences. It affords no avocation for which compensation may be expected other than as a means to the end represented by it. It is an opportunity for service and, like virtue, is its own reward. Once it afforded opportunity for the preaching of dogmatic theology and hopeless speculation upon the duration and suffering of an endless hell, while a merciless God was held forth clothed in all the attributes of human frailty. That time has, to a great extent, passed and the pulpit is elevated thereby.

"Today the world needs spiritual ministrations as never before. The advance-

ment of scientific study, the researches of men of exhaustless energy and untiring assiduity, and the spread of general education among men, all unite to emphasize the need of the steadying influence of pulpit counseling and encouragement. Instruction and spiritual advice are the greatest need of this period and men hunger and thirst after them as never before.

"Accepting the call to duty in the ministry as being prompted by the lofty motives entertained by Mr. Simonds, and rendering service conforming to such ideals, is the highest calling open to man. Nothing else at all compares with it. It is most fortunate that the pulpit contains so many conscientious men as it does, who are awake to this view of the situation, and it is most to be desired that their number may increase rather than diminish."

The Press and the Pulpit.

(Editorial in *The Editor and Publisher*.)

"The church survives only as a tradition; the real pulpit of to-day is the newspaper."

So says a prominent lawyer. But he is mightily mistaken. Had he said that the power of the church has become such that it dominates even the secular newspaper, he would have spoken the exact truth.

The newspaper represents the public thought and feeling and action. It is a mirror that reflects mankind as it is. The world may look in it and see itself. The bad is there as well as the good, and more bad than good, because truth requires it. If moral sentiment is there, it is because moral sentiment of the public demands it.

The progressive newspaper must keep pace with public morals, though it does not create them. It must note and reflect and appeal to man's increasing love for man, which other agencies than itself, however, have promoted.

The pulpit still appeals to those whose ideal is perfect morality. It steadily elevates that ideal and cultivates enthusiasm and activity in making the ideal applicable in the every-day lives of those who accept it. This is the heaven in the human loaf.

The newspaper knows nothing of morality as its prime purpose. But it is, nevertheless, a great leveler. To the vast mass that the pulpit cannot directly reach the newspaper carries the heaven that the pulpit gives to a class. It brings all men into a knowledge of the ideal, whether they seek it or not, because it is in the life that is reflected.

The torch that the pulpit keeps burning the press waves on the mountain tops, carries through the valleys, and thrusts into the darkest shadows of human existence.

If the torch burns true, it may be said that the press gives moral light to the world; but it does not supply the torch—it does not take the place of the pulpit.

It is true that the newspaper may inculcate moral principles without direct relation to religion, just as an infidel may lead a clean life; but it must be remembered that it is all due to the influences of a religious civilization that has been promoted and is being promoted now, more than ever before, by the pulpit.

The newspaper is one of the most matter-of-fact institutions in the world. Good people are prone to complain against it sometimes because it does not preach more and portray less. They mistake its mission and misunderstand its conditions. The newspaper is a ceaseless series of living pictures of the punishments that follow crime, of the suicides that follow sins, of the want and despair that come of improvidences or unjust conditions, of the successes that come of right endeavors, of the joys that are linked with honest loves and of the sweet and serene old age that ripens with right living.

But the illumination, the clear vision and the sense of discrimination between right and wrong come through the pulpit.

True Believing.

A mere acceptance of the fact of Love,

Of God above,
Of all the vast omnipotence
Of Him, our Maker and defense,
Is not believing; but to fight
Aggressively to spread His light,
To strive for Him incessantly, without relief,
Unyielding in the right,
That is belief.

Charade.

My first, though one of brothers three
 Who lived in far antiquity,
 Is chiefly food for spiders now;
 To time and change we all must bow.
 Some boys, 'tis in the Bible said,
 My second of a prophet made,
 And two she-bears forthwith were sent
 And those bad boys in pieces rent!
 My whole,—of law what strange denial,—
 Is doomed to hang before a trial.

F. L. H.

The Optimist.

Said a cheerful old bear at the zoo:
 "I never have time to feel blue.
 If it bores me, you know,
 To walk to and fro,
 I reverse it and walk fro and to."
 —Century.

My Ship.

Ah, years ago—no matter where,
 Beneath what roof or sky,
 I dreamed of days, perhaps remote,
 When ships of mine that were afloat
 Should in the harbor lie,
 And all the costly freights they bore,
 Enrich me both in land and store.
 What dreams there were of argosies,
 Laden in many a clime;
 So stoutly built, so bravely manned,
 No fear but they would come to land
 At their appointed time,
 And I should see them, one by one,
 Close furl their sails in summer's sun.
 And then, while men in wonder stood,
 My ships I would unlade;
 My treasures vast they should behold.
 And to my learning and my gold
 What honors would be paid!
 And though the years might come and go,
 I could but wiser, richer grow.
 In later years—no matter where,
 Beneath what roof or sky,
 I saw the dreams of days remote
 Fade out, and ships that were afloat,
 As drifting wrecks go by,
 And all the many freights they bore
 Lay fathoms deep, or strewed the shore.
 While ships of which I never thought
 Were sailing o'er the sea;
 And one by one with costlier lade,
 In safety all the voyage made,
 And brought their freights to me.
 What I had lost but trifle seemed,
 And I was richer than I dreamed.
 No wondering crowd with envious eyes,
 Looked on my treasures rare;
 Yet they were weightier far than gold.
 They still increase as I grow old,
 And are beyond compare.
 Would all the restless hearts I see,
 Had ships like those that came to me.

From the Churches.

LOS ANGELES. — Coming back from vacation we found our church home glistening with fresh paint exteriorly, and within were fresh mattings and a new furnace. This last will be more gratefully appreciated in February, when the cold begins to strengthen. All the church departments started off under a full head of steam. The Sunday-school stands loyally by Mrs. Hodgkin, who is a model Superintendent if ever there were one.

The Young People's Religious Union has many new members and much enthusiasm. Its class work will be the study of Andrew D. White's "Relation Between Religion and Science." Mr. Hodgkin will give a fifteen-minutes' talk, followed by discussion and illustrated by art photographs. The Union gives a vocational college evening to the young people of Long Beach, Pomona and Santa Ana on Saturday, October 4th. The Alliance assists and also resumes its own meetings. Already the success of the Los Angeles contribution is assured for the Pacific Coast Table of the Biennial Bazaar to be given by the National Union in Boston, November 6th. May all our parishes do their part.

The Social Service class is large and earnest. Topics so far have been: "Music and Morals," a plea for a civic center at each schoolhouse, where music, manual training, amusements, civic work, might all be presented under the best conditions for the uplift and uplift of the community; "The Anti-Prize Fight Bill," many of the class signing the petition; and the "Municipal Charity Commission." This was created May, 1913, and is *sui generis*. Kansas City and Cleveland had a somewhat similar plan, which failed because the commission had not the power to enforce its commands. The Los Angeles commission has this power. Its basic theory is to stop the charity of feudalism, which made and kept people dependent. Institutional charity has been unintelligent or misdirected. Modern charity takes ization seeks by scientific business methods the family as the unit. Its new organs such as the rich use in their own

giving, to being one agency more, if need be, to bear on the various members of a family to make them independent and strong. This commission looks to each case and sets the organized agencies at work, but it distributes no money, and has only one paid official, a stenographer-secretary. Its personnel is made up of men and women who have the fullest confidence of the citizens. It is endorsed by Jew and Catholic. The Catholic Bishop heartily approves and throws open the doors of all his institutions for the fullest investigation. The plan should bring about a correlation of betterment forces which would do away with the over-lapping now so troublesome. It will do away with street begging and the irresponsible collection of contributions. Collectors must be certified by this commission. It surely looks as though something truly sensible were to come from this new movement.

Best of all, the throbbing, pulsing interests of our church are the sermons of the minister. This is the second in his three years' course, the general heading being "Faith of the Pre-Christian Prophets." These sermons are not at all encyclopædais in character, but they clarify the turgid, muddy flow of thought which most people have about these ancient worthies, and connect them with the flowing stream of twentieth century thinking. Three of last year's sermons have been printed for distribution: "Holy Orders," "The Christ Element in Religion," and "The Best Use of Sunday."

The topics for September and October are: Sept. 21st, "Socrates the Questioner. Conflict with Greek Phariseism. Supremacy of the Moral Ideal." Sept. 28th, "Epicurus—The Gospel of Pleasure. Modern Epicureans—John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer." Oct. 5th, "Zeno—The Gospel of Self-Control. Present-day Epicurean and Stoic Movements—New Thought; Christian Science." Oct. 12th, "Plato the Speculator. Idealism, Ancient and Modern. Right-nessness Writ Large." Oct. 19th, "Aristotle, Organizer of Knowledge. The Happy Mean; Power and Beauty of the Balanced Life; Nothing to Excess." Oct. 26th, "Marcus Aurelius, the Noblest of the Romans. The Romans. The

Roman Contribution to Christianity. Supremacy of Law and Order."

SANTA ANA.—The Santa Ana church was closed during the month of August. It was reopened on the first Sunday in September with a good congregation in attendance. A number of the ladies of the Alliance spent the Friday before in giving the building a thorough cleaning. But they threw away the dirt, showing thereby that they are not as thrifty as one of our neighbors, as the following ad, which appeared in one of our papers a few weeks ago, will testify: "For sale—Dirt from the Presbyterian Church."

The Alliance ladies recently spent a day with a friend in Anaheim and another day with a member of the Alliance at Newport Beachm wefaw fedwat how to combine good cheer with their work.

The Sunday-school also resumed its sessions on the first Sunday in September.

SANTA BARBARA.—The varied activities of Unity Church are getting well under way, ready for the year's work. Mr. and Mrs. Goodridge have been welcomed back with open arms after their year's sojourn abroad. On September 3rd a reception was given for them in Unity Hall, when the church people rallied to greet them, and many friends from outside the church as well. One sad drawback to the occasion was the absence of Dr. Theodore Williams, owing to illness, he having won high favor by his fine sermons and genial manners during the year he supplied Mr. Goodridge's place.

The Alliance programs are made out, taking for the first several months the study of the different Unitarian organizations. The all-day sewing meetings, with luncheon, in Unity Hall are well attended, and the usual supply of aprons is being made ready.

One pleasant event in September was the eightieth birthday of Henry F. Spencer, a loyal supporter of Unity Church and Unitarianism generally. The Alliance members and others could not allow the day to pass without a friendly hand-clasp and greeting.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Dutton's ministry began encouragingly. The kindest expressions are heard on every side and the future seems full of promise. The four sermons announced for September, covering a wide range of topic and character were closely related in spirit, and confirmed the impression made by his previous utterances. The man who has a message and presents it as from his soul, as though compelled, is sure of a hearing. Like begets like. An earnest speaker receives earnest response. Mr. Dutton holds the close attention of his hearers and the character of his preaching demands it. His sermons are closely packed with thought and when the end is reached one feels that his intelligence has been appealed to with power and his aspirations for better life have been quickened and strengthened. He is so carried away with his purpose to present the great truth in hand that he is almost prodigal of matter and of strength. He has great vitality, and speaks rapidly, with an energy and directness that is very impressive. In fact he is distinctively a preacher, and appeals strongly to the best that is in his hearers.

The September meetings of the Society for Christian Work were both unusually large. The welcome to Rev. and Mrs. Dutton on September 8th was informal, but very cordial. Mr. Dutton's words to us were so earnest, so hopeful, so enthusiastic that we were all drawn to him, and certainly strengthened in our determination to be a help to him in every way possible to us. On September 22d, after our usual business meeting, one of our own dearly loved members, Miss Alice Burr, gave us an unusually interesting paper on "A Fortnight in North Africa," illustrated with many fine pictures, many of which were taken by herself.

In All Our Life.

We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.
And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

—F. L. Hosmer.

Sparks

A Scotsman, visiting in America, stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached. "That was a great and good man, Sandy," said the American; "a lie never passed his lips." "Weel," said the Scot, "I praysume he talked through his nose, like the rest of ye."

The host was uneasy and inexperienced, and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of the song. "Ladies and—er, gentlemen," he began, "before Mr. Jones apologize for his—er—voice, but I omit—started to—er—sing, he asked me to ted to do so—er—so—I—er—apologize now."—*Argonaut*.

A good cause need not be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

A little Christian Science girl fell down one day and bumped her head. She began to cry, and her mother came running to see what was the matter. "Are you hurt, Mary?" "N—no, I'm not hurt." "Then, if you're not hurt, why are you crying?" "I'm crying 'cos I'm e-cross." "But what are you cross about?" "I'm e-cross," she explained between her sobs, "'cos I can't feel I'm not hurt!"

"My father," says Rev. W. Temple, "once said to a masters' meeting at Rugby: 'You may take it as a sound principle that the boys are always right, the masters sometimes right, and the parents never right.'"

Mother (after reading pathetic story)—"Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw to-day who hasn't any father?"

Reggie (clutching rabbit)—"Couldn't we give him father instead?"—*Punch*.

"What is that chirping sound in the closet?"

"Young chickens," gasped the husband guiltily.

"I knew it. You forgot to mail that dozen eggs I gave you three weeks ago."—*Spokane Chronicle*.

It is harrowing to the silver-tongued orator to tell him that silence is golden.—*Dallas News*.

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